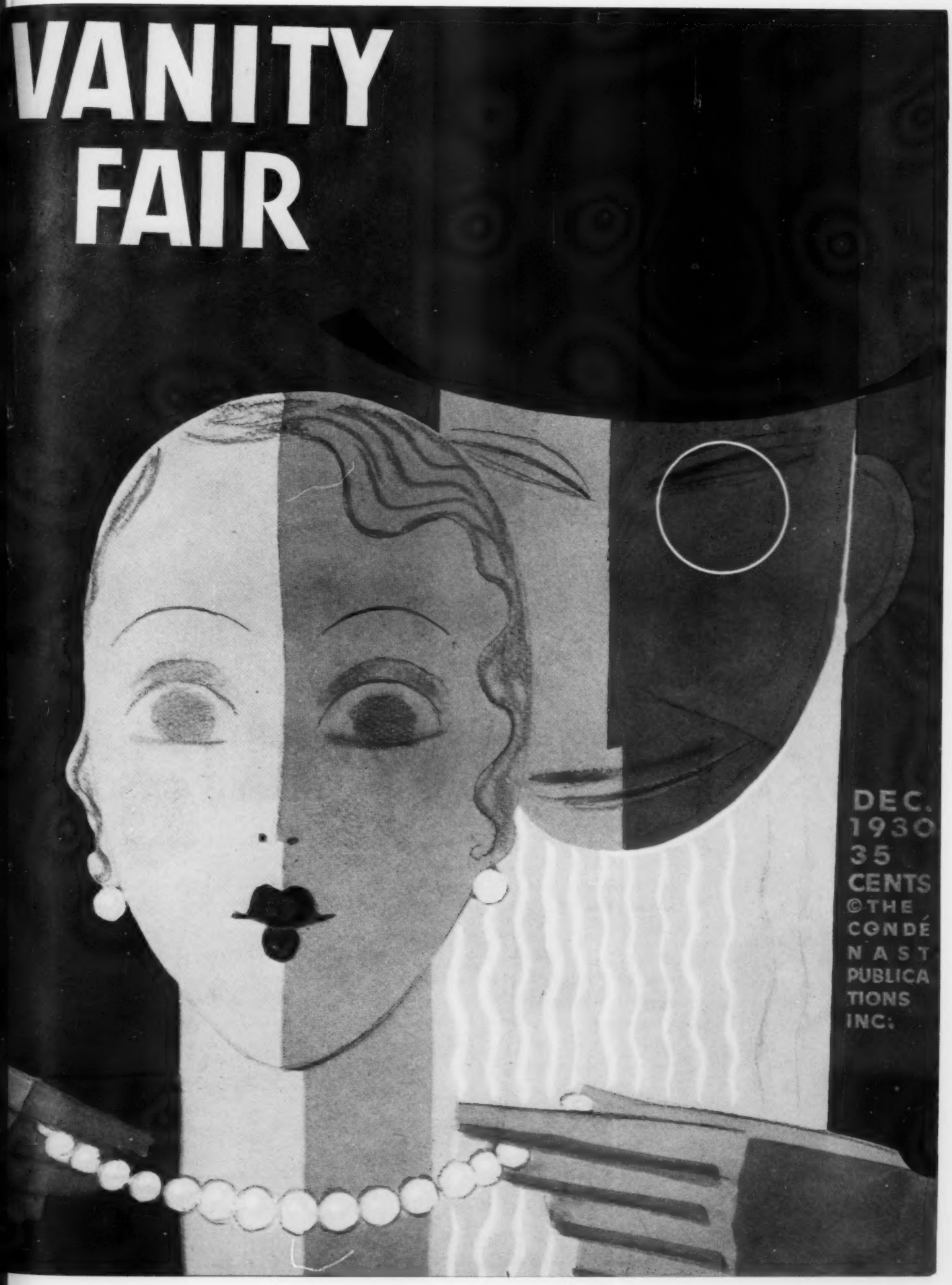
VANITY FAIR



DEC.
1930
35
CENTS
©THE
CONDÉ
NAST
PUBLICA
TIONS
INC.

For winter sports – DRY SNOW
for winter driving – DRY GAS
TEXACO–ETHYL, THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

SKIING—what thrilling fun when the snow is dry! But if the snow is wet, skis stick, move jerkily—sport becomes toil.

There's the same difference in winter driving. Some gasolines form a sluggish "wet" gas which resists the spark—causing coughing, sputtering starts and battery waste. For real winter driving pleasure and dependability you should insist on Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline.

Remember, the base in Texaco-Ethyl is the quick-starting *new* and *better* Texaco, the original "dry" gas. Because it's "dry" it vaporizes readily, responds to the first spark flash and follows through with smooth power even in zero weather.

You can drive the children to school in December as easily as you take them to the beach in July. Just use Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" Ethyl gasoline, and drive with a smile the winter through.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

© 1930, The Texas Company

TEXACO *the original* "DRY" GAS + **ETHYL** *nationally famous* ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND = **TEXACO–ETHYL** THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

and Pearls for
Additions to Necklaces

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Parfum de Jeunesse
CARON
Paris

VANITY FAIR
December, 1930

Vanity Fair is published every month by the Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $3.00 a year in advance.

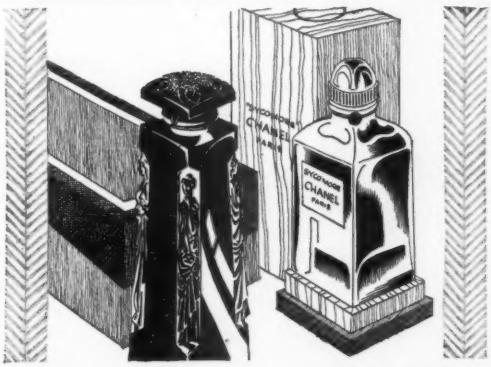
Vol. No. 35, No. 4

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York

Luxurious Gifts — Precious Jewels in the new romantic manner

Bijoux Fleuris bowknot brooch, $62.50. with earrings to match, $30.



Perfumes from France—Chanel's Sycamore, $45.—D'Orsay's Ambre, $35.

black enamel compact, $47.50—onyx pendant with gold basket motif, $27.50

gold and black enamel chain, $32.50—14 Karat gold wrist watch, $47.50—morocco case with colored enamel fittings, $175 *Just a few of the distinctive gifts*

Fortunate Gentlemen Are Coming
to Havana This Winter—
In considering your wardrobe for your southern trip may we suggest that you plan to supplement it after your arrival in Havana . . . For many years El Encanto has had a reputation for authentic correctness among distinguished visitors and leading gentlemen of Havana.
Among the items of apparel we are famous for are—
Montechristi Panama Hats
English and Austrian Cravats
English Sport Suits
Monogrammed Handkerchiefs made in the Spanish Manner
Custom-Made Shirts
Write for our interesting Tourist booklet
Our Gift Department brings you imports from all over the world—French perfumes—shawls—antique jewelry —the sort of presents women love.
El Encanto
SOLIS, ENTRIALGO & CO.
Cuba's Largest and Smartest Department Store
• HAVANA •

. . . to reveal, as words might not, your true regard and affection

IT REALLY doesn't matter how much you decide to spend. Friendship and affection will not be influenced by a price. But your gift, in its very nature, should be the symbol of your feeling . . . a fair translator of the thought you would express. And it will reflect, as well, your own good taste.

Of late, there has been an increasing tendency among cultivated people to give articles of fine leather for Christmas. There are many lovely things from which they choose . . . jewel cases, on whose soft velvet, rubies soon will smoulder . . . an exquisitely wrought book-cover . . . smart bags, in delicate, tawny ostrich skin.

And most frequently, such people govern their selection by the presence of a tiny golden keystone R. That insignia, placed upon every piece of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., of Philadelphia, is their assurance, and yours, that the gift is good.

With the coming of another month, this establishment will have entered upon its eighty-second year. Throughout that time, it has been the continuing endeavor of the founder, and of those in the same family who have followed him, to maintain and enhance a bright tradition. To what degree they have succeeded, a country-wide reputation will witness.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather goods of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods and department stores, at stationers, jewelers and haberdashers.

1 . . . a man's jewelry box, in ostrich. There are compartments for buttons, links, and other accessories, and space provided for stick pins and dress studs. The box may be had also in walnut calf, and in other black and brown leathers.

2 . . . a pipe and tobacco pouch, which is closed and opened with a Talon Hookless Fastener. In black and brown goatskin, pigskin, and ostrich. Patent applied for.

3 . . . an under-arm bag, in ostrich, lined with calfskin, and equipped with pocketbook and mirror.

4 . . . a toilet case, in pigskin, lined with scarlet leather and equipped to open with a Talon Hookless Fastener. Fittings of black or brown. The case may be had in a variety of other leathers.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

Could YOU *remember the* CHRISTMAS *of* 1915?

Here is an unusual incident. And it is true. It was after dinner. We were reminiscing. The host suddenly pulled out his watch, glanced at it and went to the phone. His wife set down her coffee cup and leaned closer to one of the guests. "Did you see that lovely old Hamilton of John's?" she whispered. "Don't tell him, please, but we're going to give him a *new* Hamilton this Christmas."

"Great idea! How long has he had that watch?"

"His father gave it to him in 1915. He'll always remember that date exactly. You somehow *do*—when it comes to things like that."

♦ ♦ ♦

Today's Hamiltons are more modern, of course, and more gracious than the Hamiltons of yesteryear. Styles change, and so do people's tastes. But Hamiltons have the same uncanny accuracy that they have always had.

If someone in your family hasn't a fine watch, we invite you—we urge you—to give him (or her) one of these new Hamiltons, so that Father or Son or Daughter will have an accurate, beautiful watch to treasure for years ahead—a watch so lovely, so precious, they will all *always* remember Christmas, 1930.

Let us send you "The Timekeeper," an illustrated booklet giving minute descriptions of all the handsome new gift Hamiltons. Address Hamilton Watch Company, American manufacturers of high-grade watches, 907 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

(Pocket models) *Above*, MASTERPIECE "B"—18k extra-heavy white or green gold, 18k gold raised numerals, $250. *Below*, MONTICELLO—14k filled natural or white gold, $50. With secometer dial shown, $55. (Wrist models) *Above*, BIANCA—18k white gold, platinum top, with 14 fine diamonds and 8 sapphires, $250. *Below*, BRIARCLIFFE—14k white or natural gold, $75. (Strap models) *Left to right*, PERRY—14k filled gold, natural or white, $55; with raised gold figure dial, $63. PALISADE—14k filled natural or white gold, with filled gold band, $65. SQUARE B, Plain—14k filled gold, natural, green or white, $55. 14k solid gold, natural, green or white, $85; with dial shown, $8 extra. FLINTRIDGE—14k solid natural or white gold; 19 jewels, $150; 17 jewels, $125. Other lovely Hamilton Watches for both men and women, $48 to $685.

HAMILTON

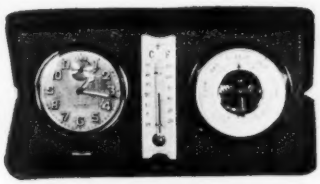
The Watch *of* Railroad Accuracy

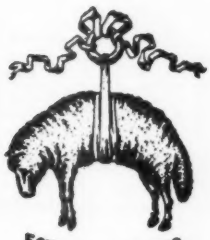
Tune in on the Hamilton Watchman . . . Thursday, 8:45 P. M. (E. S. T.) . . . over 20 stations of the Columbia Chain.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

$25.00 to $65.00

$35.00





ESTABLISHED 1818

$26.00

$13.00

Others $4.50 to $92.00

$25.00

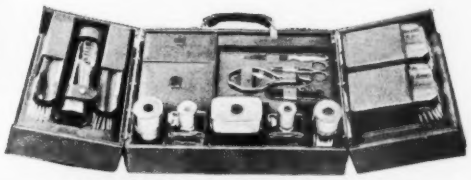
Others $5.00 to $40.00

$29.00
Others
$23.00 to $110.00

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

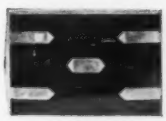
$24.00
Others $14.00 to $45.00
Pipes, singly
$5.00 to $20.00

$25.00 to $28.00
Others $9.50 to $28.00

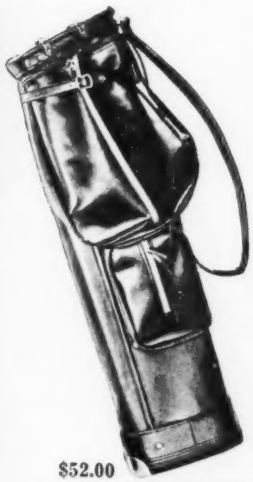


$275.00, Others $350.00 & $385.00

$16.00
Others $16.00 to $210.00



$50.00
Others $1.75 to $58.00



$52.00
Others $4.00 to $52.00

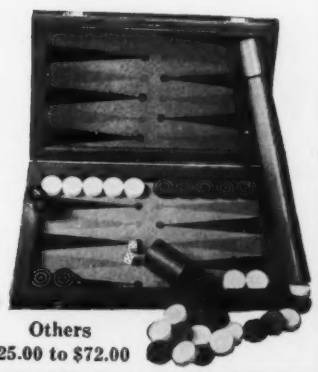
$10.00 to $37.00

$250.00
Others $115.00 to $525.00

$83.00
Others $30.00 to $127.00

$65.00
Others
$18.00 to $122.00

$55.00, Others $20.00 to $150.00



$50.00
Others
$25.00 to $72.00

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Cross marks the spot which the mirror doesn't reflect

● **Perhaps if shoes were tied before the mirror, as are cravats, no one would ever overlook the matter of what shoes with what suit . . . and this page could have been devoted to Corey Ford or Covarrubias and Christmas cheer. As it is, the old formula bears repeating: Straight tip, custom-type oxfords (below at left) with suits of smooth, hard-finished materials . . . Full brogues (below at right) if you're informally dressed, headed for the country, or traveling in tweeds.**

BRISTOL: *A custom-grade Walk-Over of imported heavy black calf. The Main Spring* Arch gives a quick pick-up to your step.* **$10.** *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WARWICK: *Full brogue Walk-Over with correctly patterned perforations on the toe and on the trim. Made in black or brown imported calf.* **$10.**

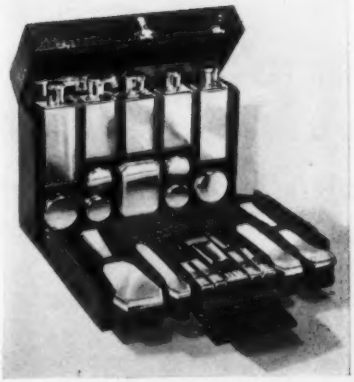
WALK-OVER

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

●

SELECTING THE DISTINCTIVE GIFT

Among men and women of the smart international world of both continents, the creations of Hermès enjoy so high a preference for their perfect craftsmanship, their originality that to select any one of them as a gift is to be assured of completely pleasing the most fastidious or difficult temperament.



CREATOR IN LEATHER

HERMÈS OF PARIS INC.

1 EAST 53rd STREET, NEW YORK

24 FAUBOURG ST. HONORE, PARIS

CANNES BIARRITZ SAUMUR CHANTILLY

For Formal Occasions the Evening Wrap is *Long*

•

The short evening wrap has a gay insouciance suited to semi-formal affairs, but the long wrap that touches flashing heels or finishes in a graceful train is Fashion's choice for really important occasions » » » A Patou original in green velvet and Canadian Marten with marvellous sleeves » » » A Revillon Frères creation in Russian Ermine, shaped about the face to a miracle of flattery.

Revillon Frères have recently established a Salon in Chicago where their complete New York collection is displayed.

Revillon Frères

NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 54th St. » » » » CHICAGO, 919 N. Michigan Ave.

LONDON PARIS

You will find Schrafft's candies in many gay Christmas packages — at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.

That

INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

— in some young lady's eyes

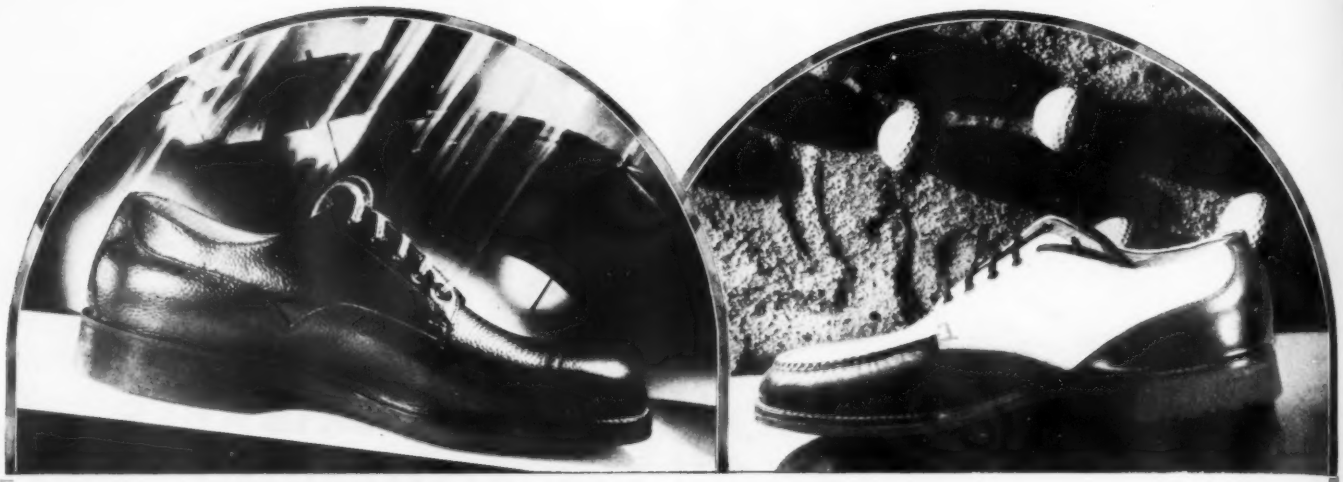
WHEN gay ribbons unfurl their Christmas surprises, and eyes dance—Oh, gentle reader, what words can describe that look of ecstasy! It is an "Indescribable something"— beautiful to behold but impossible to describe.

And just as difficult is the task of describing the delightful flavors of Schrafft's candies. For in these delicious creations there is something equally beyond the power of words to portray—an indescribable goodness—that will kindle that *indescribable something* in any lady's eyes on Christmas morning!

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY



Wouldn't You Like A Pair?

THE MUFTI • *SPORTOCASINS*

On sloppy, stormy days haven't you often wished for a pair of shoes that would really keep your feet dry and comfortable—that would let you do what you have always wanted to—*throw your rubbers away?* A pair of shoes that at the same time would be dressy and appropriate for all ordinary occasions.

That's the almost unbelievable combination that you will find in the *Abbott Mufti.* It's really a shoe within a shoe and because of this unique double construction you can set a pair in a pan of water for three days and still find them dry on the inside. The leather is of finest imported Brown Scotch Grain—the last stylish and comfortable.

Really the *Mufti* is the ideal shoe for winter in either wet or dry weather.

As every golfer knows there is more to golf footwear than appearance—above all it must be comfortable and it must properly support the foot muscles at all times.

That's why *Sportocasins* deserve their place at the pinnacle of golf footgear—that's why 47% of the match players and the Winner in the 1930 American Amateur Tournament at Merion wore them. That's why you will get more enjoyment out of golf and take a stroke or two off your score if you wear *Sportocasins.*

And even if you are not a golfer you will find the foot comfort you have always dreamed about in a pair of these *genuine moccasins.* They are made in many attractive color combinations from the choicest of imported leathers for both men and women.

Wouldn't You or Your Friend Appreciate A Pair for Christmas?

For the name of your nearest dealer and Free Abbott Style Booklet merely write to the address below. Please tell us whether it's the Mufti or Sportocasins in which you are interested.

THE ABBOTT COMPANY
300 Elm Street
Yarmouth Maine

New York
404 Fifth Avenue
175 Broadway

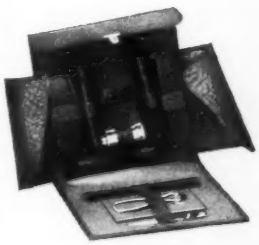
Boston
145 Tremont Street

ESTABLISHED 1845
MARK CROSS
FACTORIES WALSALL WESTBURY ENGLAND

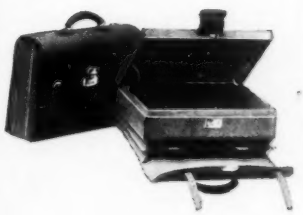
Distinctive Christmas Gifts *from the* House of Leather

For more than eighty years, Mark Cross has been renowned for its distinctive leather goods. Here, a woman will find those *special* gifts she seeks for men. At the same time, she will be able to pick up those particular things she, herself, has craved. Moreover, she will be delightfully surprised at the reasonableness of the prices.

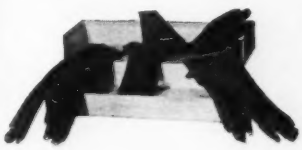
Catalogue sent on request



Here's a gift any man would appreciate! A fitted toilet case of tan pigskin or brown buffalo with red or green colored lining. Black or natural ebony and celluloid toilet articles. $24.00



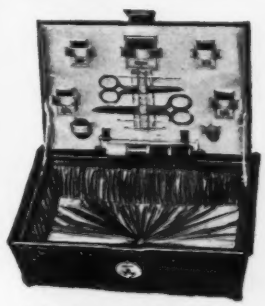
What a luxury to have a suit-case-portfolio with a large pocket on one side, in which to carry clothing, and one on the other side for important papers! This one is 16" x 11" Tan or black cobra hide. $29.50
Pigskin $55.00



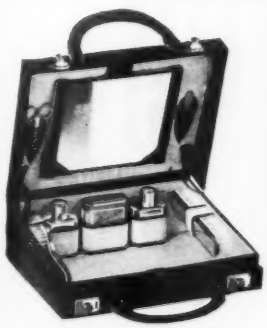
A box containing three pairs of Mark Cross gloves makes a gift that will be highly prized by man or woman!

Glove box, for women, contains 1 pair each slip-on pigskin, suede and kidskin gloves $12.90

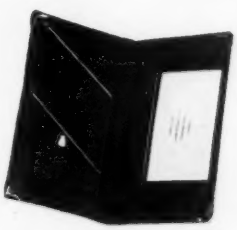
Glove box, for men, contains 1 pair each mocha, pigskin and capeskin gloves $12.75



A lovely sewing basket, like the one illustrated, would induce any woman to become industrious with her needle. Tan English wicker with blue, pink, purple, green or tan crushed levant cover. Satin lined. Size 10" x 8" $18.00
14" x 10" $24.00

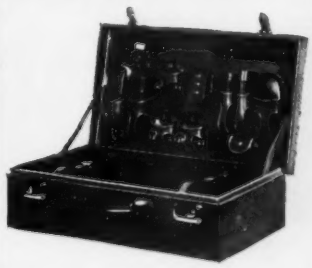


Any woman would simply adore this fitted motor case with enamel and gilt toilet articles. It's so lovely! It's so compact! So inexpressibly feminine! 12" x 9½" $45.00



A nice roomy wallet, like the one illustrated, will hold all of the many things a man wants to carry in it. Black pin seal or tan pigskin, with four gold corners $10.00
Tan ostrich $13.00

Smart and up-to-the-minute is this envelope purse of durable pin morocco, with its unusual front fastening. Handle on back. Lined throughout with silk. Attached change purse and mirror. Black, brown, or green. 10¼" x 7". $15.50



This fitted suitcase of handsome tan hide is lined throughout with leather. The toilet articles are black or natural ebony and celluloid.
18" size, $53.00
20" size, $55.00
22" size, $57.00

The Finchley Derby

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD OF STYLE AMONG YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO RELISH THE FLAVOUR AND HINT OF FORMALITY ASSOCIATED WITH A HARD HAT.

TEN DOLLARS

OTHER DERBIES FROM EIGHT TO TWENTY

AGENTS IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES

Just the **GIFT** *for a man* ...

A PRINCE GARDNER BILLFOLD

HANDSOME, practical and useful, a Prince Gardner Billfold is a gift every man will appreciate. He will carry it for years—a constant reminder of the giver.

Prince Gardner Billfolds combine every feature any man could want and hold dozens of bills and cards without bulging or buckling.

Made in pin seal, imported morocco, calfskin, alligator, snake skin, ostrich, pigskin and other genuine leathers.

Prince Gardner Key Case, built for long life.

Prince Gardner Self-Adjusting Cigarette Case.

Patents Pending

Prince Gardner Key Cases and Cigarette Cases to match are obtainable.

"Fully Guaranteed"

Prince Gardner Billfolds are made in a variety of styles. Some popular numbers sell for $2.50, $3.50, $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00—others up to $25.00.

PRINCE GARDNER
Fine Personal Leather Goods
TRADE PG MARK

GARDNER POCKET BOOK MFG. CO. 1906 PINE ST., ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

WHO'S WHO

At every smart gathering the world is always interested in "who's who". For these are the people who are the style leaders and set the fashions.

Mere man, of course is merely a background for feminine loveliness. All the more important then, that "that background" be meticulously correct in every detail!

If you could see and identify the manufacturers' name, every time you noticed the jewelry worn by the well-turned-out man you would be amazed by the masculine preference for Krementz Studs, Links and Buttons.

Krementz Jewelry is internationally styled. It has to be, because it is worn the world over! Indeed, many of the smart Krementz designs in Dress, Business and Sports Jewelry are originated in London and in the important Continental style centers, which explains why Krementz Jewelry is as popular among well dressed Britishers and Europeans as it is in America.

Krementz Jewelry is as much at home on the Golf Links as at the Opera.

Every man who gets Krementz Jewelry for himself, or is lucky enough to receive it as a gift, can be sure that it is faultlessly fashioned and absolutely correct.

There are handsome Krementz sets for full dress wear, and the right studs, links and buttons to be worn with the Tuxedo. There are Krementz Soft Collar Holders and Tie Holders to keep neckwear as "neat as a pin", and Krementz Cuff Links in a fascinating variety of smart colors and designs. There are Krementz Wrist Watch Bands which are "simply perfect" because "so perfectly simple".

If the ladies only could know how many well dressed men prefer Krementz Jewelry—they would have a most helpful clue to the headachey problem of what to give a man for Christmas.

The better stores everywhere carry Krementz Jewelry. May we send you our handsomely illustrated booklet which contains a Dress Chart showing what is correct to wear for each and every occasion?

KREMENTZ & CO., Newark, N. J.

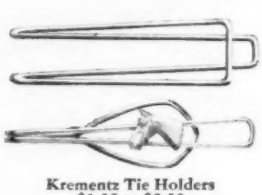
Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866

New York Office: 286 Fifth Ave.—LACkawanna 3123

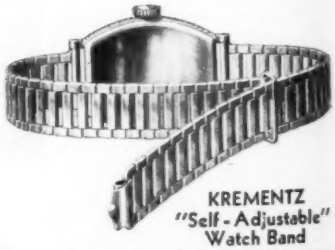
KREMENTZ
Correct Evening Jewelry
Full Dress and Tuxedo sets in handsome gift cases. From $7.50 to $35.00.

Krementz Soft Collar Pins
50c to $1.00

Krementz Soft Collar Holders
50c to $1.50



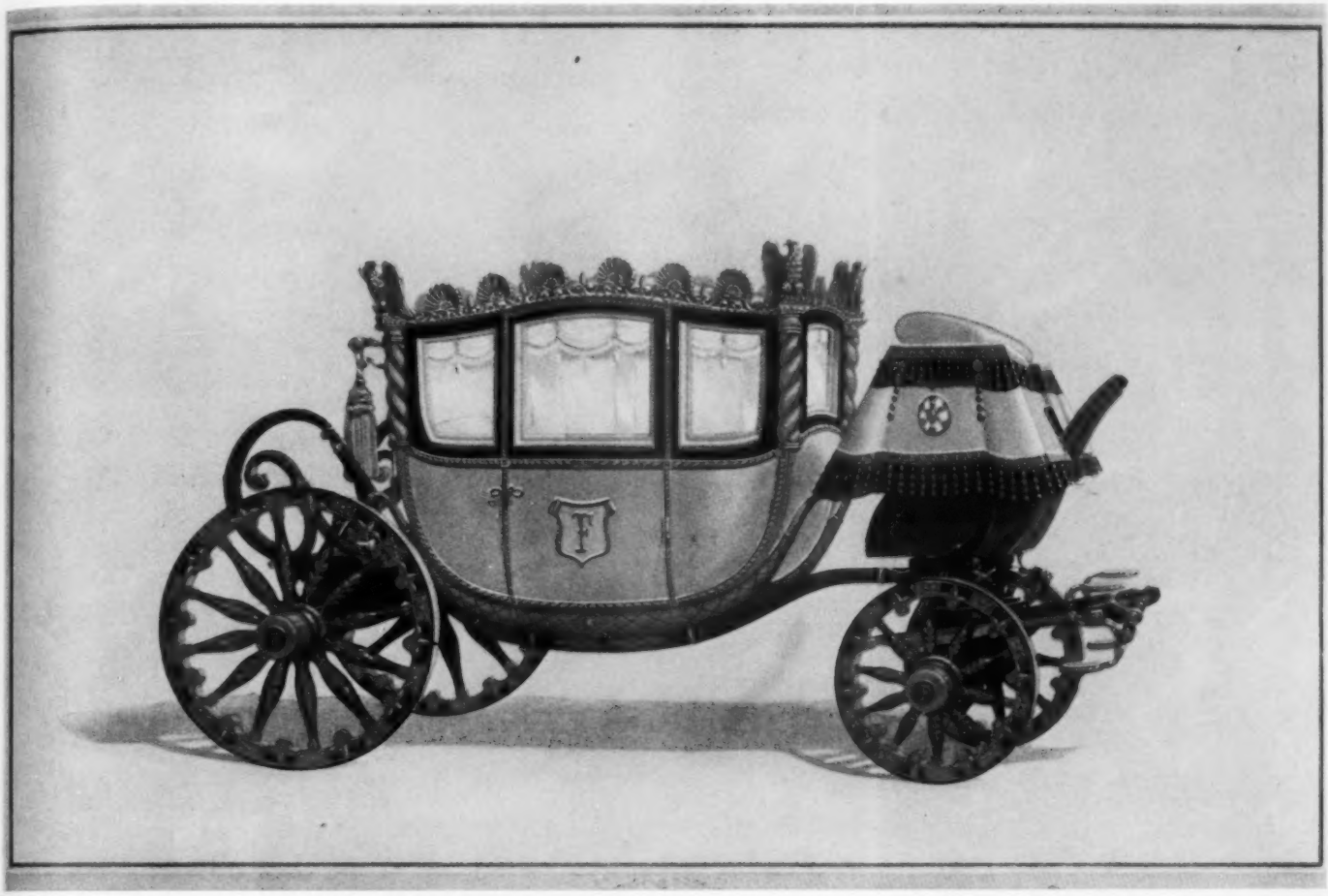
Krementz Tie Holders
$1.50 to $2.50



KREMENTZ
"Self-Adjustable" Watch Band
A clever little clasp which snaps into *any* link of the band gives you an exact fit, *instantly*. The Krementz Watch Band is automatically *self-adjustable* to any size wrist. From $7.50 to $20.00.

KREMENTZ

GIFT JEWELRY FOR MEN



PORTRAYED above is the miniature model Napoleonic coach which boys in the United States are to build as members of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

Its design is a composite of the two famous coaches used by Napoleon. One, used at his coronation, is now in the Museum at Versailles, France. The other, in which he rode with his second bride, Marie Louise of Austria, now reposes in a royal museum at Vienna.

To perpetuate the practices and principles of craftsmanship is the purpose of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild which is sponsored by the builders of Bodies by Fisher. And to encourage the boys to build this miniature coach, the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild offers every boy between 12 and 19 years, inclusive, unusual opportunities —four complete university scholarships of four years each, industrial recognition and numerous other awards.

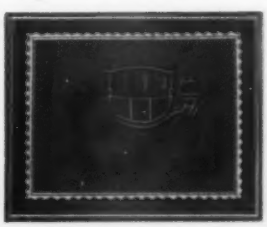
For it is the sincere desire of the builders of Bodies by Fisher that tomorrow shall see this country peopled by men to whom honor can be given for their ability to design well and to build soundly whatever their generation may require.

Any boy in the United States between the ages of 12 and 19, inclusive, may enroll in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild at the showroom of any General Motors car dealer. Membership is free. There are no fees or dues of any kind. If there is a boy in your family or community who is eligible for membership, urge him to enroll today.

CADILLAC · LASALLE · BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · CHEVROLET

FISHER BODY CORPORATION · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors



SHOES MARK THE MAN
For correct styles in shoes as well as for correct fitting consult shoe merchants who display this emblem.
HOW MEN
For a free copy of this booklet write to Executive Advertising Committee, 14th floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A checkerboard guide to CORRECT FOOTWEAR

WITH the return of normal living and normal buying the well-dressed man is faced again with the problem of how to select his wearing apparel for the winter season. The shoe and leather industry of America, co-operating with the National Shoe Retailers Association, presents this guide to correct footwear as its contribution to a solution of the problem.

In the top row, left-hand panel, is shown a sturdy pair of dark-brown oxfords for general town and country wear with the heavier, woolly fabrics of winter. In the center panel is pictured a pair of conventional plain-toe patent oxfords for wear with the Tuxedo dinner jacket and the formal evening tail coat. In the right-hand panel is a light-brown oxford, plain pattern, for wear in the business office and with the lighter, more closely woven fabrics of town clothes.

In the second row, left-hand panel, is a plain pattern oxford in the popular dull black—a shoe that is appropriate for all semi-formal occasions during the day or after six o'clock. In the center panel is shown a pair of spiked golf shoes that should be in the wardrobe of every true devotee of the ancient Scottish pastime. In the right-hand panel is illustrated a pair of sturdy black brogues that will be worn whenever the weather is in one of its unruly moods.

The left-hand panel *of the third row* pictures in miniature the emblem displayed by shoe stores who are participating in the nation-wide campaign to disseminate correct shoe-style information. The center panel shows one of many attractive styles which will be worn this winter wherever the grass is green and the sun is shining overhead. And the right-hand panel illustrates in reduced size the cover of the booklet, "How Well-Dressed Men Get That Way," which may be had at any shoe store displaying the campaign emblem—or direct from headquarters.

These nine panels give you in brief, sketchy fashion, the essential information on which to base your own footwear preferences. Always bear in mind the fact that the shoes pictured are given as *types*—not as definite lasts or patterns. The well-dressed man will first select his clothes according to his requirements, and will then remember that shoes should "follow suit."

In Every Walk of Life

SHOES MARK THE MAN

FOR THE MEN ON YOUR "GIFT" LIST

-SPATS

Whether or not they now wear Spats your gift of a pair of "Standard" Spats will be most welcome. A Spat is either correct or it isn't! Your safe=guard—and the safeguard of thousands of Spat wearers—is the name "Stand=ard" (on the leather label inside the Spat). "Standard" Spats include a wide range of colors and prices. The better grades are made of imported English box=cloth. Behind that name is the world's largest manufacturers of fine Spats.

S. RAUH & COMPANY, 650 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

"Standard"

© 1930 by RAUH CO.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SPATS

. . . as one friend to another

SPEAKING of that Christmas list — and who isn't — few men ever have too many braces, belts or garters. Particularly in these days when all items in men's wear bear such definite relation to each other in color and design . . . Hence for those gifts which modestly represent the season's gesture from one friend to another, the smart Braces, Belts and Brighton Garters sponsored by Pioneer offer a happy solution. A few of the Pioneer selections, with accompanying descriptions, appear on this page. These, with a host of other Pioneer offerings, may be found in the better shops. Pioneer Suspender Company, Makers, Philadelphia.

•

PIONEER BRACES. . $1.00 *to* $5.00
PIONEER BELTS. . . $1.00 *to* $5.00
BRIGHTON GARTERS . 50c *to* $1.00

• ILLUSTRATED •

A. *A smart effect in braces for the man who prefers the richness of solid colors. Handsomely packaged in the true holiday spirit.*

B. *Here Pioneer offers a subdued stripe in handsome braces, with two cord elastic ends and buckle after the British manner. In attractive holiday box.*

C. *Pioneer Braces and Brighton Garters matched in a smart, self-figured design, and offered in the handsome Christmas container shown.*

D. *Looks just like a book! But tucked between these covers are two pairs of handsome Brighton Garters, with gold-plated metal parts and pads of soft fine leather.*

E. *Pioneer Belt and Buckle Set, with genuine cowhide belt in Morocco grain, and initialed silver-plated buckle in modernistic design. Smartly packaged in a special holiday container.*

F. *A smart set of Pioneer Braces, with Brighton Garters to match. In best quality elastic, distinctively patterned. Both set off nicely in a handsome combination holiday case.*

G. *These Braces are a striking example of Pioneer's smart styling. The rich effects of the solids against the heavy white edging make a sprightly contrast, while the animal head buckle lends an added touch. In smart holiday box.*

H. *Brighton Garters in distinctive striping, and with gold-plated metal parts and fine soft leather pad. All in a smart container that heralds "Season's Greetings."*

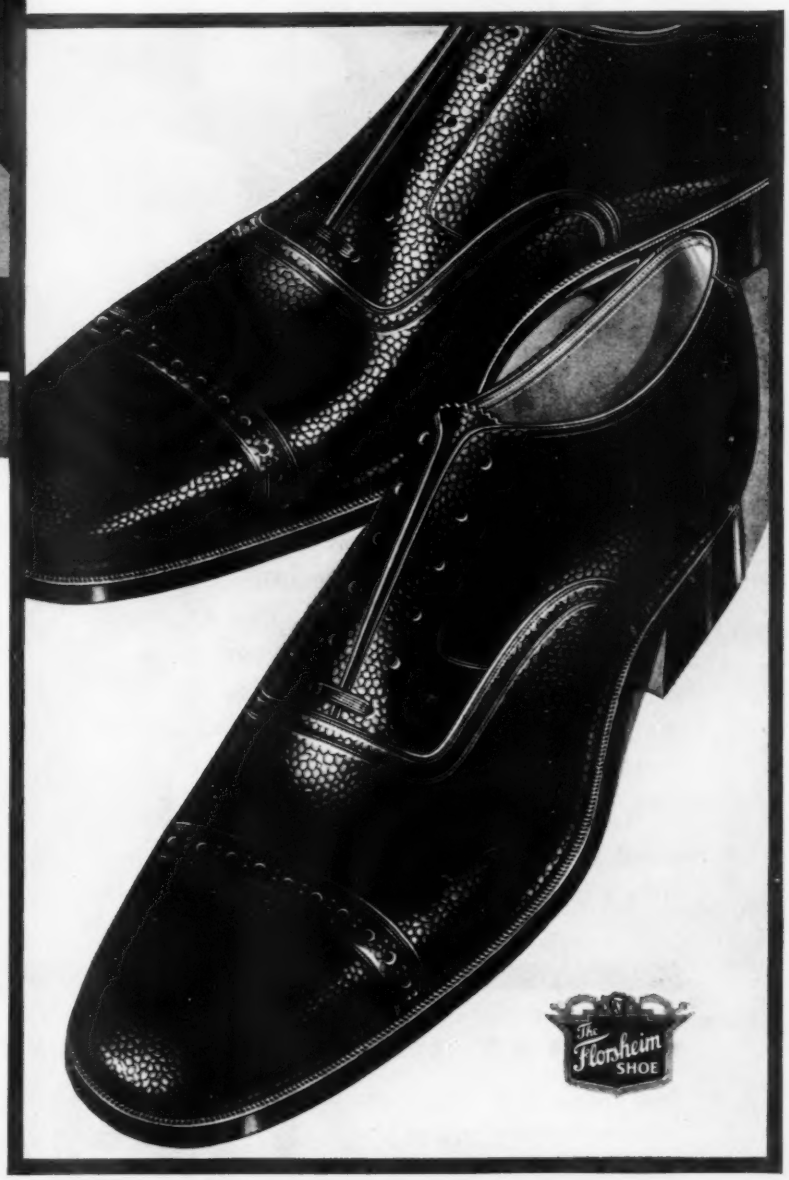
I. *Imported Goatskin Belt with sterling silver initialed buckle. A smart individualized gift in a handsome holiday setting.*

J. *Pioneer offers a genuine hand-boarded cowhide lined and stitched belt, with hammered solid-nickel buckle of the tongue type. Also set off in a striking holiday container.*

Sturdy

HEAVIER SHOES . . . .

FOR THOSE BRISK DAYS



KEEN as a cold, clear Winter day, the new FLORSHEIM brogues have caught the very spirit of the season. These sturdy, cold weather FLORSHEIMS are smart to see with new Winter clothes . . . . more comfortable to wear when the footing is bad . . . . longer in your service since stamina's there as well as style. Shown now by Florsheim dealers everywhere. The STANFORD . . . . *Style* M-411

$10

"FLORSHEIM SHOE FROLIC"—on the air every Tuesday night—N. B. C. Network

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · · · Chicago

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

This Christmas, give an all-year gift . . . something that won't be stowed away in a drawer the minute the tree is taken down.

Make out your Christmas list today and put one of the Condé Nast Publications . . . Vogue, Vanity Fair, House & Garden, The American Golfer . . . opposite the names of your most discriminating friends. Your gift will be a compliment to their own good taste . . . and will repeat your good wishes every month of the year.

We will send an engraved gift card in your name to each recipient in time for Christmas, by air mail if necessary.

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Twice a month, Vogue reports the best and newest fashions . . . takes its readers through the shops and selects their wardrobe . . . discusses social usage . . . writes about the parties and interests of New York and continental society.

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VF 12-30

THEY ESTABLISHED STIRRUP-CUP ...AND COOLER SMOKE

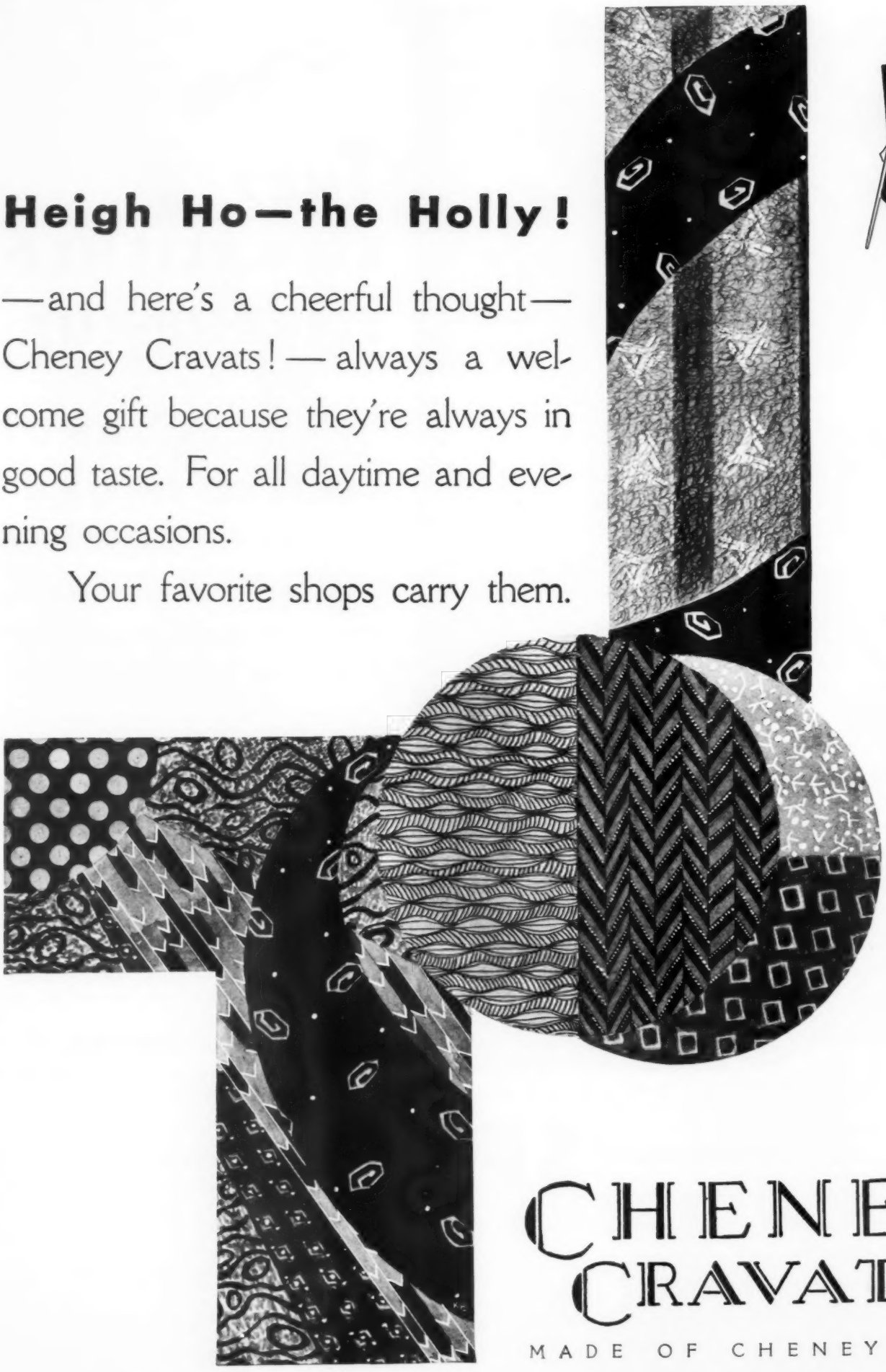
These care-free, charming people . . . always has it been their lot to discover each new enjoyment of their generation. And so they discovered Spud's cooler smoke. Their pleasure-trained senses found that cooler smoke revolutionized tobacco enjoyment . . . that it lifted old-fashioned restraint from modern tobacco appetites . . . keeping mouths and throats forever moist-cool and comfortable. Thus, they pioneered in Spud's cooler smoke, and established this generation's delightful new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

Heigh Ho—the Holly!

—and here's a cheerful thought—Cheney Cravats!—always a welcome gift because they're always in good taste. For all daytime and evening occasions.

Your favorite shops carry them.

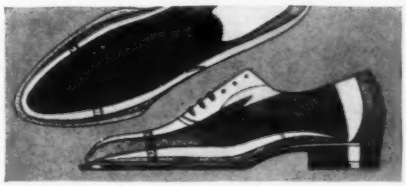


CHENEY
CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS

December IN THE AIR AND UNDERFOOT . . .

BEHOLD the Renfrew en garde, ready to escort its wearer smartly through the winter months. A stout fellow this . . . a shoe that is Stacy-Adams' challenge to winter, smoothly rugged and very much of a gentleman. The trim shapeliness of the Renfrew . . . its pleasing personality . . . are readily apparent whether encountered on the street or in the office. The comfort of the Renfrew, built into the exclusive Stacy-Adams lasts, can only be experienced. A custom grade shoe and within the Stacy-Adams price range of twelve fifty to eighteen dollars. Stacy-Adams Company of Brockton, Massachusetts.



Stacy-Adams Bench made shoes (hand made throughout) represent the extreme of foot elegance and value. A number of exclusive shops sell them at $25 to $35 the pair.

STACY·ADAMS

Custom Grade Shoes for Men

TO MIAMI FOR A GLORIOUS WINTER OUT OF DOORS

PERHAPS you "did" the resorts of the Continent this summer. You'll find Miami more than ever delightful by comparison. Once an experiment in resorts, Miami is now the established vogue among the travel-wise. And for good reason. No other resort can provide the natural setting or the superlative facilities that make the Miami winter vacation such a joyous experience in living. As usual, this year, Miami will provide the world's outstanding program for active and spectator sports. The races open January 15th . . . winter racing under summer skies. A greater program of "big-time" golf, including the international four-ball and the famous La Gorce open at Miami Beach. Ten sporty golf courses . . . tennis, winter surf bathing . . . jai-alai . . . yachting . . . the mid-winter regatta and the finest big game fishing in America . . . all are reasons for sending in early reservations to your favorite hotel or apartment . . . with a view to coming early and staying late. Miami, you know, can entertain more visitors, more comfortably, than any other resort in the world. You owe yourself a Miami vacation. Bring the family down in the car . . . good roads all the way from everywhere . . . 33 hours from New York by train . . . 40 from Chicago. A short delightful cruise in the finest coastwise ships from all Eastern ports For further information and literature, address: Department of Publicity, 315 Venetian Arcade, City of Miami, Florida.

MIAMI

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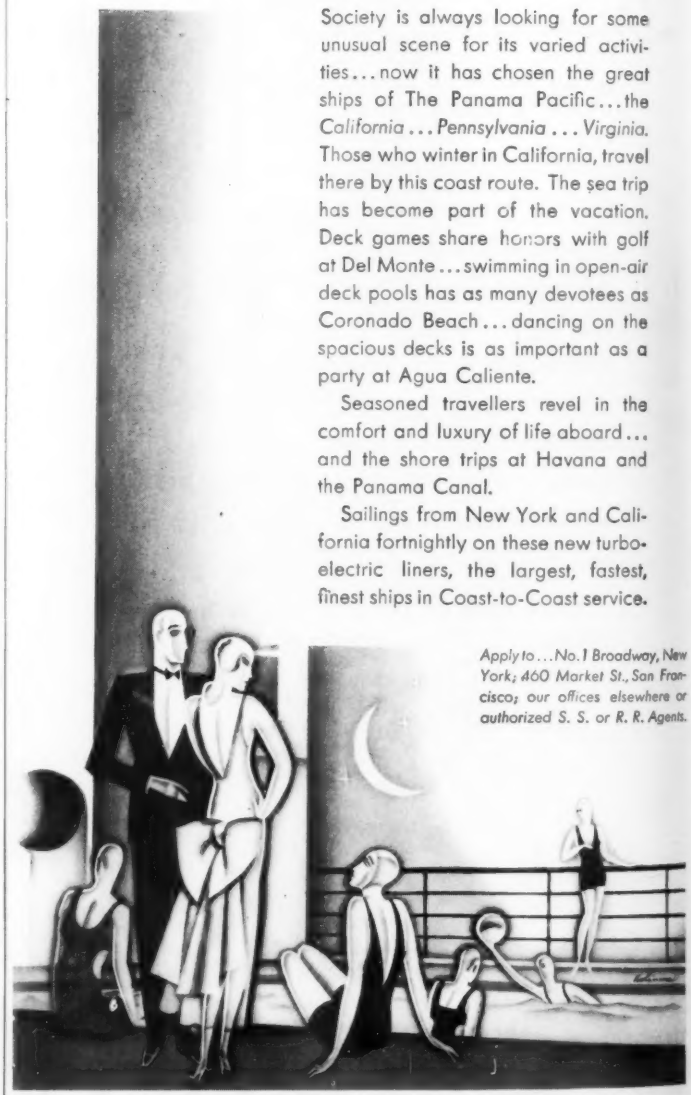
Now you can travel in unprecedented luxury to . . . . .

CALIFORNIA

by sea in 14 sparkling days



Society is always looking for some unusual scene for its varied activities... now it has chosen the great ships of The Panama Pacific... the *California*... *Pennsylvania*... *Virginia*. Those who winter in California, travel there by this coast route. The sea trip has become part of the vacation. Deck games share honors with golf at Del Monte... swimming in open-air deck pools has as many devotees as Coronado Beach... dancing on the spacious decks is as important as a party at Agua Caliente.

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

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With the glittering brilliance of winter's social season on the wing, the gay informality of formal dinners...the smart turn-outs at fashionable first nights...and the younger set switching affections from this rendezvous to the next...one preference remains unchanged—the marked preference of the male of the species for Johnston & Murphy Shoes.

THE J & M STYLIST CREATES

THE "HARVARD" FOR FORMAL WEAR

In Patent Coltskin No. 419

A sleek Oxford done in patent coltskin... whose crisp lines and distinguished styling capture the favor of those who know. Light, airy, unusually pleasant to dance in, it nevertheless is imbued with the rugged strength and capacity for holding shape that characterize all J & M Shoes. The price, everything considered, is modestly reasonable. Johnston & Murphy, 40 Lincoln St., Newark, N. J.

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There's a deep inward satisfaction in the consciousness of hands gloved by Daniel Hays. The feel of fine leather The assurance of correct styling. The inherent character apparent at a glance. All in all, the gratifying knowledge that whatever the style you choose no finer gloves can be found.

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Around the World

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All this, and much more, through many lands in a mood of carefree leisure . . . stopping where you will . . . resuming your journey when you will . . . unfettered by timetables and sailing dates.

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Give a Gift of Travel This Christmas

When we were children, Christmas was a magic day, and on that tall unearthly glittering Tree hung all the marvels of a marvellous world . . . When the door opened—slowly, slowly—our hearts were in our throats. And there, even more glorious than we thought he'd be, was Santa Claus.

When we've grown up, some of us are a little wistful as December rolls along, and some are frankly cynical . . . A diamond bracelet? Thank you, John . . . A new car? Dad, that was sweet of you . . . We go on over to the Club, say Merry Christmas to a lot of other people who all have diamond bracelets and new cars . . . we have them too . . . and then we leave.

The same roads flash by, a little faster. The diamonds sparkle, but the eyes we turn on them are the same eyes, a little weary. No one has given us anything that has wrapped the common earth in a mist of stars. No one has given us anything that has changed *us*.

What do you know of this huge spinning ball, spangled with seas and girdled with wonder? Mountains where the snow has never melted since Adam kissed Eve. Cities where the least of the stories would start a new Arabian Nights. Roads that climb to unimagined sunsets. Moons that rise to music that twists the heart. People and places and loves and hates old as the Serpent and new as tomorrow's dawn . . . Children can be happy in a very narrow span. We can swing out to heights no child can ever know.

Take your diamond bracelet, take your new car—and go find new lights, new roads, new romance—and a new *you!* Ask for a ticket that lays down a magic paper path to things you've never seen and done before. Give tickets to your family, instead of adding to the heap of things they've had to satiation . . . Open the door this Christmas and go gypsying out. You're only as old as your sense of wonder . . . and this is a wonderful world.

The travel advertisers in this issue will be glad to give you immediate co-operation in your Christmas travel shopping

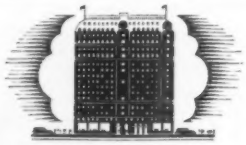
THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS: VOGUE, VANITY FAIR, HOUSE & GARDEN, AMERICAN GOLFER

CUBA for a Happy Winter in the Tropics

WHATEVER the requirements of your perfect winter resort, you'll find them all in Cuba. If your plan of recreation calls for a whirl of gayety, Havana . . . Smartest City in America . . . has no peer. The Casino Nacional, Monte Carlo of the Americas, is the social rendezvous of two continents. Here the worth-while people of the world gather to dine, to dance and to woo the Goddess of Chance. You'll revel in thrills during ninety days of racing at Oriental Park, Havana-American Jockey Club, or at Jai-alai, incredibly fast Spanish ball game.

If you're a golfer, you'll find the beautiful courses of the Havana country clubs were built especially to vex you, with their subtle hazards, and rolling contour . . . while gorgeous tropical verdure, lofty Royal Palms and brilliant flowers create an entirely different golf environment. You'll loll on perfect white beaches while you're soothed by the music of a lazily pounding surf. You'll attend smart parties at the Tropics' smartest places . . . supper clubs, tea dansants and modern, gay hotels. You'll hunt, you'll fish, and so on, ad infinitum. All of that you could possibly want . . . and something else. You can steal away, when you've had your fill, to the restful quietude of age-old environment. You'll find yourself transplanted to the Old World. "Old Spanish Customs" become realities as you study native art, architecture, music. Bring your car if you'd see Cuba at its best. For mile upon mile through vistas you never believed could exist, over rugged mountains, through palm-clad valleys, the new Central Highway takes you on to new experiences. Quaint native towns, that hearken far back into history, proudly bearing scars of pirate raids and the "conquistadores" days. And all so near at hand. A short, pleasant, direct sea trip from New York . . . or by rail to Miami and thence across in two hours by plane or overnight by train and ferry. No passports . . . no red tape. Hurry over. : : : : : : : : : :

For information, literature, etc., see any Motor Club, any Cuban Consulate, any railroad, steamship or airline passenger office or address the Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba



AGAIN
SMART NEW YORK DINES ANEW

Again, the established graciousness of the St. Regis keeps tempo with the momentum of smart New York. It opens the Egyptian Room . . . a lovely blending of ancient splendor and modern restraint by Karl Bock . . . a brilliant new seclusion to keep pace with smart New York's whims about lunching and dining in public. It is this same seclusion that typifies the residential St. Regis suites and rooms . . . internationally cherished by the city's more discriminating visitors. *Suites . . . short or long-term lease. By-the-day accommodations.*

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Direct main line—quickest by hours—Chicago to America's sunniest clime—eleven famous winter resorts. Sport-Paradise—golf, polo, bridle-paths in a patchwork of color—orange and olive groves, desert palms and Sahuaro cactus giants. Luxurious hotels—ranches. Mountains and dunes peopled by romance—cliff-dwellings, old Missions, Mexican adobes, Indian wickiups.

Low altitude warm winter way to Los Angeles and San Diego
Through service—faster time—to Santa Barbara

NO EXTRA FARE

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For further information, mail this coupon

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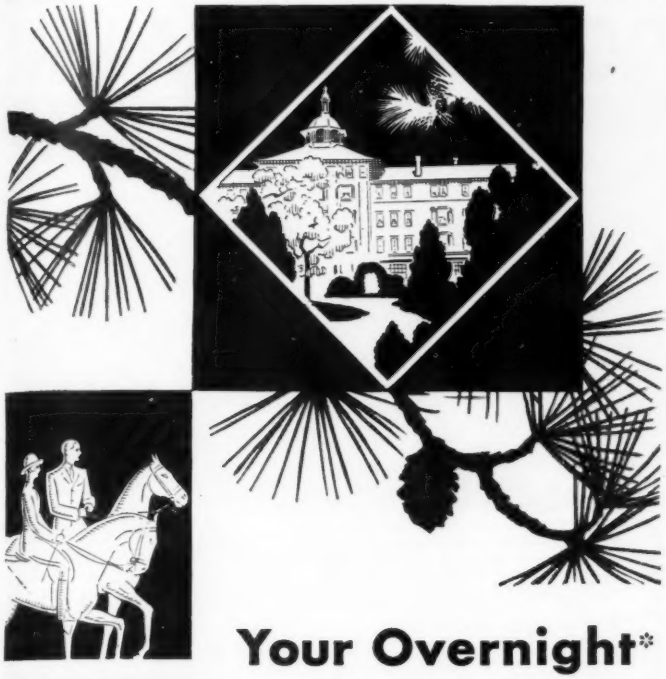

Your Overnight* Golf Bag

Pack up your niblick in your new golf bag and smile ... in the pine-fragrant air ... under the sunlit sky ... on the rolling, interesting fairways of the 5 D. J. Ross golf courses, each different, providing variety for all ... in Pinehurst ... the golfer's paradise ... where winter never comes. Good times at tennis ... riding ... polo ... archery ... shooting. Happy days and nights at the exclusive Carolina Hotel, with its friendly atmosphere ... its modern luxuries.

For reservations or new illustrated booklet, address General Office, Pinehurst, N.C.

CAROLINA HOTEL NOW OPEN
NEW HOLLY INN OPENS DECEMBER 18

*Pinehurst is only 14¾ hours from New York on the special through train, the "Carolina Golfer". Leaves N. Y. 6:40 P. M. Arrives Pinehurst 9:25 A. M.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

"Ease up" this winter

● Next winter, basket-sled parties slide down Funchal's mountain ... Bedouin sheiks crowd Algerian cafes ... pilgrims muse in the Garden of Gethsemane. For little more than $12 a day, you can make next winter your Mediterranean summer. Once you board the Empress of France, yacht-like giantess, your nerves ease, your sense of living returns with her New York-Paris service and cuisine ... And remember, hers is the Mediterranean cruise with a "5th Ace" ... Canadian Pacific's famous one management, ship and shore. You'll have nothing to do but enjoy! Booklets, ship plans, from your own agent or Canadian Pacific offices: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, 30 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

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Gethsemane . . .
Bethlehem . . .
Herod's Wall . . .
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MADEIRA
Residents' Ball ...

ALGIERS
Moors ... Bedouins

MAJORCA
Velveteen suits ...

SICILY
Eyes . . . shawls

NAPLES
Fish . . . . . lava

VENICE
Songs ... mosaics

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Sashes ... fortresses

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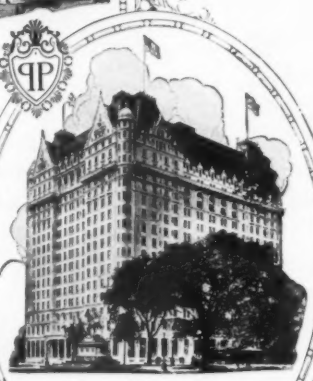
Rooms—$4.00 and up



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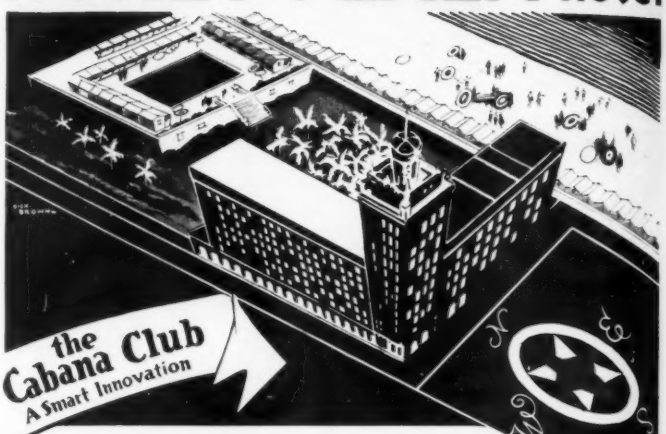

the Cabana Club
A Smart Innovation

CREATIVE minds gravitate to the stimulating charm of Miami Beach and the intellectual comraderie of the Roney Plaza. Thus has America's finest seaside hotel become "play headquarters" for the World's worth-while people. Here you've been accustomed to meeting your kind . . . aristocrats of mind as well as manner . . . people whose achievements have established them in the higher zones of better living . . . people who influence the modern viewpoint . . . who work successfully, think profoundly and play intelligently. This year the Roney Plaza, because of added facilities for your pleasure, will be more than ever attractive. The new Cabaña club, for example, with its gorgeous swimming pool . . . at the north end of the Palm Gardens. Here, in a setting of tropic luxury and modern comfort, is the center of smart wintertime activities. The demand for accommodations this year is brisk. We suggest early reservations. : : : :

OPENS THANKSGIVING DAY

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

Join the Smart World at its
New Winter Rendezvous...

SUNNY TUCSON

Now society is on its winter "trek" to Tucson ...taking the trail to daily outdoor sports...and sunshine.

Here you golf every day on green grass courses ...play tennis and polo...fly and ride...or hike and hunt in nearby mountains. And every day is the "best" day to motor...thru giant cactus forests...to cattlelands...pueblos...or to scintillating Old Mexico, but two hours away.

In the city itself, new friendships form and old friendships renew, as voyageurs gather in modern hotels and clubs.

Come...enjoy life in Tucson this winter.

Send coupon for descriptive booklet and full information covering rates and reservations at hotels, air, rail and road transportation. Or, wire us. We offer our personal service to visitors before and after arrival, without obligation. Winter rates and stopovers now available on Rock Island and Southern Pacific Lines

SUNNY · TUCSON

TUCSON
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1021L Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the free "SUNSHINE BOOKLET"
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Rx VANITY FAIR PRESCRIBES A CRUISE

Are you bored? Tired? A bunch of nerves with a slim silhouette? You need a cruise.

The West Indies?—exotic jewels set in a laughing sea. The Mediterranean?—all the warm loveliness of southern Europe and the hot tropic splendor of Africa. Around the World?—the whole mad spinning ball posed for your sovereign entertainment! . . . Which shall it be? . . . On what ship of wonder?

Look through the travel advertisements in this magazine . . . write to these companies for literature . . . then you can decide.

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PRESIDENTE
HAVANA

AN Hotel of distinction, convenient to the Country Club, Jockey Club, Casino, Yacht Clubs and bathing beach, occupies a strategic position in the very center of Havana's social and diplomatic world—yet away from the noise of the city. Then too, one may dine on the Terrace in the Continental manner overlooking the Boulevard, along which flows a picturesque and everchanging vista of Havana life.

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Reservations may be made in New York by addressing
Hotel Presidente Booking Office
221 West 57th Street, N. Y. City Telephone Circle 7700
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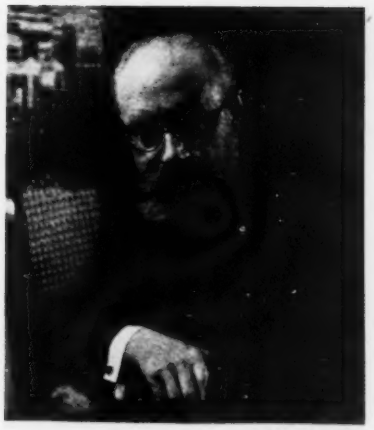

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Edward Steichen is admittedly the greatest of living photographers. For nearly ten years his photographs, particularly those of stage celebrities, have appeared exclusively in Vanity Fair and Vogue. There is no department of life which he has failed to illumine by these brilliant portraits, and most of the personalities of the world have posed for him. Appreciating Steichen's genius, Vanity Fair always takes the greatest possible pains to reproduce his photographs perfectly—with the aid of the best printing, paper, and engravings. Photographs by many other photographers also appear in every issue of Vanity Fair, which is now the most completely illustrated of modern periodicals.

Steichen photographs are just one of the many features of Vanity Fair. Every month, Vanity Fair's dramatic critic, George Jean Nathan, reviews the new plays. Articles on world affairs . . . short, short stories by American and continental writers . . . news of the world of art, the work of modern masters. Caricatures by Barton, Covarrubias, Luks. Rules of contract bridge, backgammon. Golf. Fashions for the well-dressed man . . . women's sports clothes. Take advantage of the new reduced subscription prices . . . sign and mail the coupon today!

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(that extra year for just one dollar)

The price of Vanity Fair has been reduced from $4 to $3 a year.

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Enclosed find $4 for which send me TWO YEARS (24 issues) of Vanity Fair.
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. . . to sunny California. Experience has proved its superlative qualities. Smooth riding comfort all the way, expert cuisine, ultra modern appointments. Observation club car, bath, barber, maid, manicure and valet service...no extra fare.

Only Union Pacific Offers Such Service

Largest fleet of daily trains to California, led by the Los Angeles Limited and the famous Overland Limited. Observation and dining cars on all trains. Smoothest roadbed on earth. Convenient service from Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Frequent and convenient sailings from Pacific Coast ports to Hawaii and the Orient.

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

UNION PACIFIC

To those fathers and husbands who want this Christmas to be best of all!

Christmas·1930
To the whole family
This certificate will be exchanged on or before July 30 1931, for a real vacation in the fascinating California centered by San Francisco!
Love Dad

HOW often have you tried to outwit Christmas expectation . . . how often have you sought for something thrilling, yet worthwhile and lasting, that would take each member of the family by surprise?

This year there's one short, happy end to seeking! California offers you the present you've been looking for...a thrilling trip to a famous land *in the summer that's coming next year!*

Let us send you a book full of pictures and story about this greatest vacation land . . . Let us tell you of days above the world at high Lake Tahoe and in Yosemite Valley. Days in the giant Redwood Empire; days filled with the romance of the sunny sea at Monterey, Del Monte, Santa Cruz. Days of golf and riding and days beside this northern California's flashing mountain streams . . . days, and nights, in fascinating San Francisco, where through the Golden Gate there come the flavors of the other storied cities of the world . . .

This is one trip no dimming memory ever dulled. A Christmas present that will last when every other one is gone!

And we've made it easy for you, too. No need to bother now about your dates (or cash tied up in tickets). Just write for the illustrated book that will help you plan this summer-Christmas present. With it we'll send a card, like the one above, to make known your intention.

SAN FRANCISCO

IN CALIFORNIA—"WHERE LIFE IS BETTER"

CALIFORNIANS INC., Dept. 1712, 703 Market Street, San Francisco:
I would like the Christmas card and the book "California Vacations" without obligation, of course.

Name_____

Address_____

This land seems meant for *play* alone

there are so many ways to enjoy winter in romantic Santa Barbara County . . .

Exciting polo matches

Flower fields of Santa Maria Valley

SAIL across the friendly waters of the blue Pacific to the picturesque Channel Islands, thirty miles off Santa Barbara's crescent shore. Or sit in the sun and watch international polo stars in action. Play golf, between mountains and ocean . . . hunt in Santa Barbara National Forest . . . enjoy every sport. Explore historic Santa Barbara Mission . . . and see the architecture of its period reflected in modern public buildings like storied castles in Spain, and homes famed 'round the world.

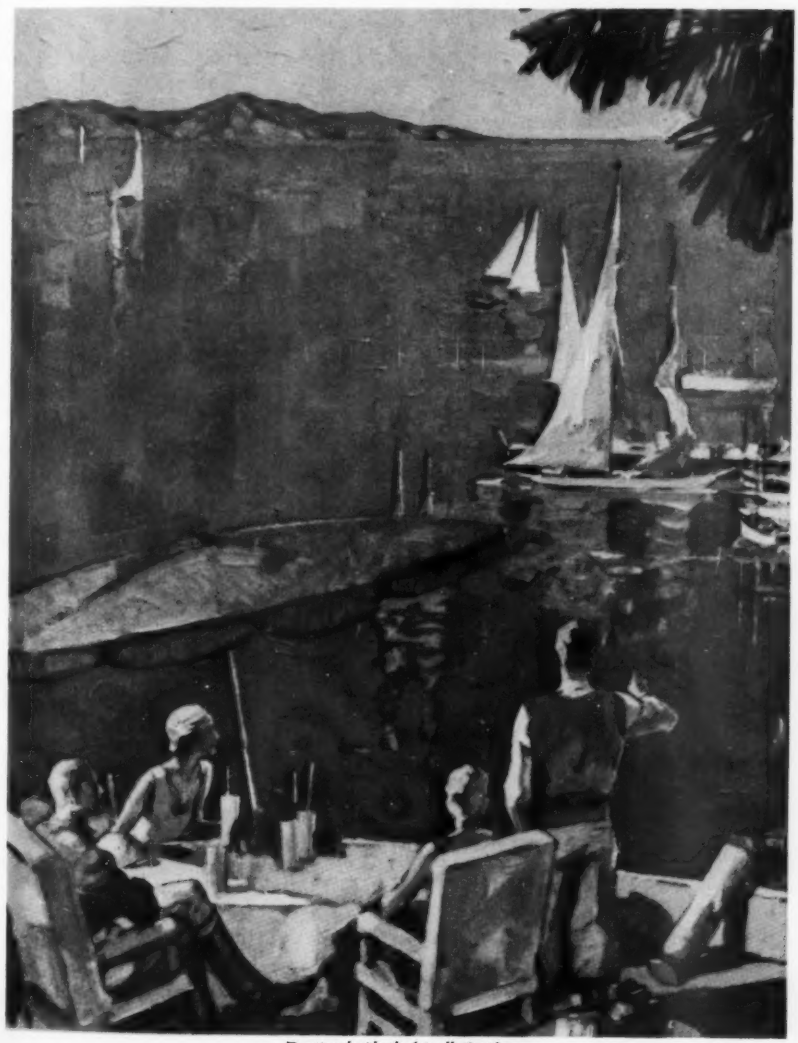
Motor from Montecito, noted for its gentlemen's estates, up the curving highway skirting the ocean's very shore . . . to picturesque Santa Maria, to Lompoc and to Guadalupe, where 60 per cent of the nation's flower seeds are grown. See acres of gladioli and dahlias blooming *this winter*. At every turn this region presents scenic beauties that you'll remember always.

And less than three hours down the coast are Los Angeles . . . Hollywood . . . Pasadena . . . Long Beach . . . Beverly Hills . . . a score of other fascinating places to see and things to do. World travelers come to Southern California because it offers the elements of half-a-dozen vacations in one. You can stay six months and do something different every day. Or, if time is limited, even a two-weeks vacation, from most points in the country, gives you eleven days actually here, besides the interesting journey out and back through the scenic, historic west.

Another thing that makes a Southern California vacation so attractive is the fact, appreciated by those who come here regularly, that the costs are surprisingly moderate. This is a year 'round vacation land with no seasonal "peak prices" to pay. In fact, U. S. government figures show living costs here are less than the average for the nation. It is possible to play all winter long and spend no more than at home!

New Free Vacation Book

Send coupon now for free book describing Santa Barbara County in detail. If you wish *another* book, "Southern California through the Camera," containing 71 large gravure photographic views of Southern California scenes, send 4c in stamps (postage cost). Clip the coupon below, and send it now for both these books.



Tea-time beside the friendly Pacific

The etmosphere of Old Spain

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 12-N
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ Please send me free Santa Barbara County booklet.

☐ Please send "Southern California through the Camera." Four cents in stamps (postage cost) enclosed.

Name _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

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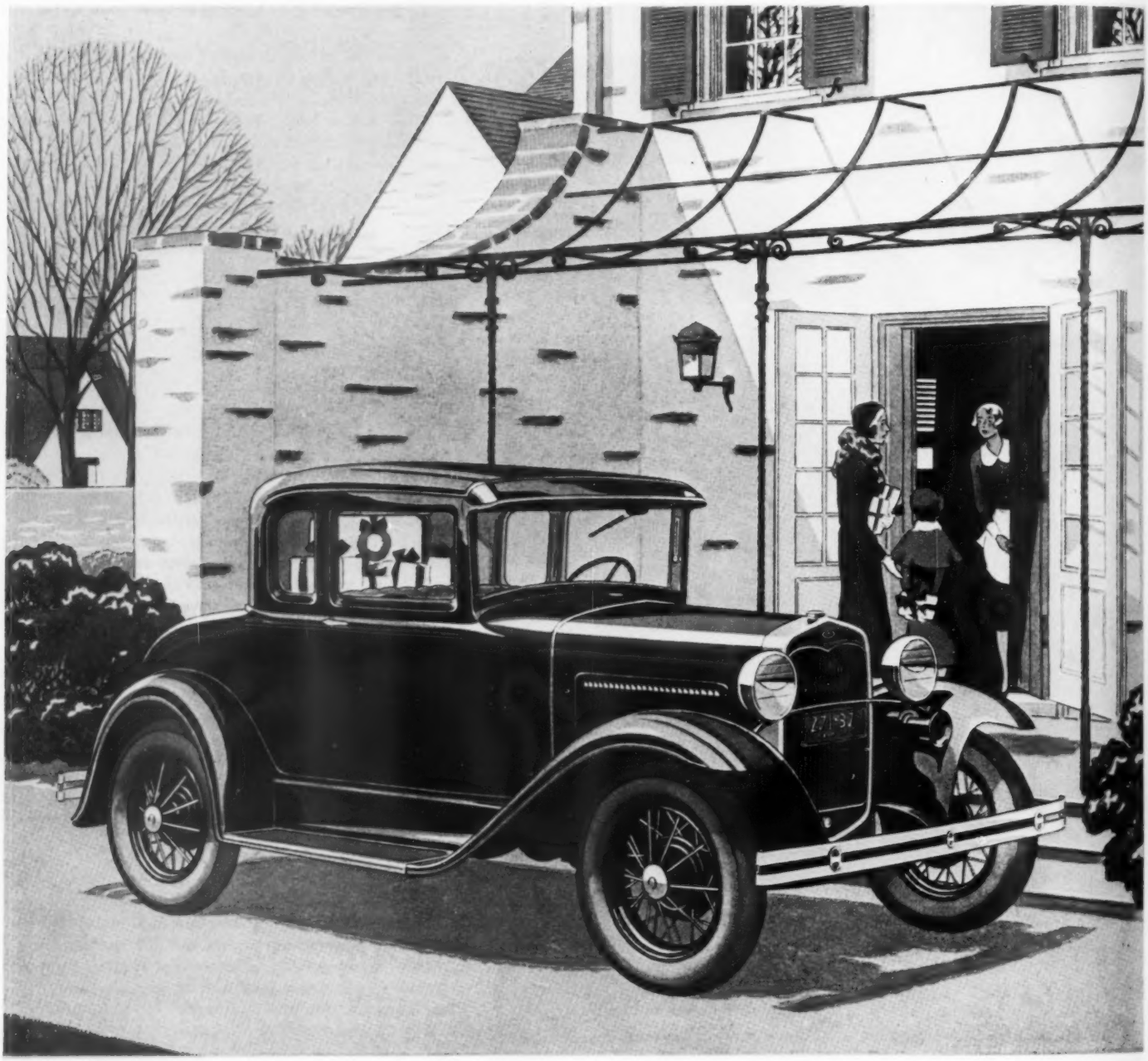
A Treasured *Gift* at Christmas Time



DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be treasured through the year. A practical, useful gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a variety of colors. A choice of Mohair or Bedford Cord is offered in the Town Sedan, De Luxe Sedan, and De Luxe Coupe.

Winter Weary?

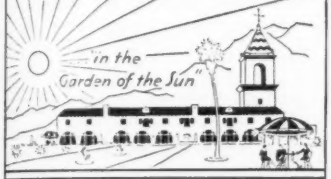
Come to El Mirador, in the Garden of the Sun

Leave care behind. Find complete change . . . a new land, new interests, a new zest in life.

Radiant sunshine all day long. Peaceful nights of perfect repose. All outdoors to play in. Horses to ride, mountains to climb, canyons to explore. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

Or just rest . . . relaxation, recreation such as few know elsewhere. Privacy, freedom . . . grateful ease of body and of mind.

Send today for the El Mirador booklet.



EL MIRADOR
PALM SPRINGS
CALIFORNIA
America's Foremost Desert Resort

Sunny SAN ANTONIO

"Most Interesting Southern City"

San Antonio—there's romance in the very name! Tall palms sigh in the soft breeze...venerable missions sit dreaming of past glories....everywhere you see the imprints left by two centuries of colorful history.

No wonder they call it the "most interesting Southern city"—this cosmopolitan capital of the empire of South and West Texas and gateway to Mexico. For, against San Antonio's historic background, the golfer's shout of "fore" from velvet-smooth fairways, the crack of mallets on balls in exciting polo matches, the shouts of children at play—all reveal a modern community, where each day is a joyous adventure in living.

Forget dull care in San Antonio this winter.

San Antonio

For Free, Illustrated Booklet, Write Dept. 41
MUNICIPAL INFORMATION BUREAU
Assec Building San Antonio, Texas

WHEN WINTER COMES!

WEST INDIES . . . PRE-CHRISTMAS CRUISE . . . ABOARD THE FRANCONIA . . . 16 DAYS . . . DEC. 2 TO DEC. 18 . . . $175 UP

Treat yourself to a sun-tan for Christmas . . . work up the gayest holiday mood you ever knew . . . while you are doing fascinating Christmas shopping along Havana's Prado . . . combing Colon's bazaars for alluring treasures . . . or swimming in liquid opal at Nassau . . . visiting Kingston . . . Port-au-Prince . . . it's cheaper, via Cunard, than staying at home.

NEW YEAR'S EVE CRUISE TO NASSAU AND HAVANA . . . 8 DAYS . . . DEC. 26 TO JAN. 4 . . . IN THE CARONIA . . . $170 UP

Speed the Old Year out, in a new manner . . . down where Havana holds carnival in its carefree, tropical, Latin way.

7 other Cunard Cruises, varying in duration, from 8 to 18 days . . . with sailings from Dec. 20 to April 16. Rates from $111 up, with shore excursions $126 up, according to steamer and length of cruise.

EGYPT and the MEDITERRANEAN . . . Aboard the Mauretania . . . that great and well-loved Cunarder . . . join this Annual Classic Mediterranean Cruise . . . Sailing from New York Feb. 21 . . . returning via Southampton. Rates: N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Tangier, Algiers, Villefranche, Naples $275 up. N. Y. to Athens, Haifa, Alexandria $350 up. N. Y. to N. Y. $840 up. Second Cabin passage at low rates.

HAVANA SERVICE . . . The "Caronia" and "Carmania", big ships exceeding by thousands of tons any other steamer in Havana Service, sail every Wednesday and Saturday . . . New York to Havana . . . First Class: $90 up. Round trip $170 up.

A GALA EVENT . . . THE FAMOUS MAURETANIA SAILS TO HAVANA . . . FEB. 11

Carry your funds in Cunard Traveller's Cheques The Universal Currency

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD

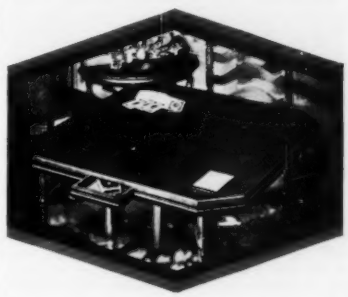
NORTHERN PACIFIC

California?

Go by way of the North Pacific Coast on the newest of transcontinental trains, the North Coast Limited.

For Western travel information, address E. E. Nelson, 305 Northern Pacific Railway, Saint Paul, Minn.

New North Coast Limited



Tomorrow's Card Table

CLEVER HOSTESSES are jubilant over the new Cowdin Card Table . . . proud to bring it out! Made of beautifully-grained hardwood—walnut, mahogany or gumwood, especially prepared for card playing. Stain-proof and sanitary. Strong, durable . . . with a dependable folding mechanism. Built-in score pad, detachable ash trays for two opposite corners, self-latching drawer for cards, pencils and ash trays. Wonderfully convenient as an "occasional" table . . . for writing . . . for fireside suppers. Adds immeasurably to the smart accessories in the modern home.

WHAT FINER GIFT? » » »

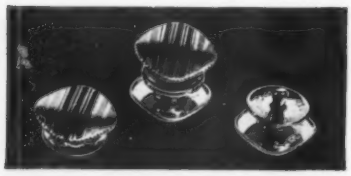
If not yet available through your favorite furniture store, department store or decorator, we will ship direct. Comes sheathed in flannel covering, packed in individual carton. Send for illustrated folder. THE COWDIN COMPANY, Dept. N. 227 Davis Street, Portland, Oregon.

Send for Illustrated folder

THE Cowdin TABLE

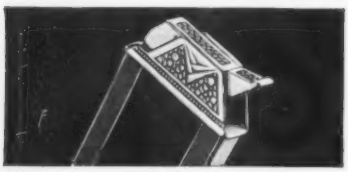
They please men because they are•

•conservatively smart



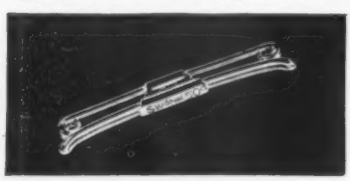
When men are freed from the restraints of evening-dress, Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons combine style and smartness with the last word in convenience. Slip them in — *snap!* When you want them open — *snip!* Guaranteed to keep on snipping and snapping for a lifetime. 50c to $25.

•intricately simple



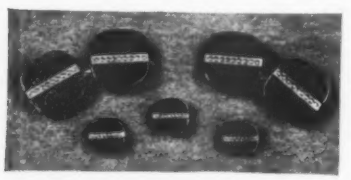
Like a fine watch, the *new* Carlton Automatic Lighter is unbelievably thin. All working parts are completely enclosed, but "snap the lever — there's your light." It's infallible. And Carlton's smartness of design is unquestionable. A pleasing and unburdensome ornament to vest-pocket or lady's handbag. $5 to $15.

•pointless and significant



Unlike collar-pins, which have an objectionable way of intermittently puncturing neck and thumb as well as collar, Swank is pointless. It looks like a pin, but isn't. Just slip it on and slip it off. It lends the ultimate air of distinction to the collar. 50c to $10.

•smartly conservative



Guided by the restraint which good taste dictates for evening-dress, Swank Evening Sets of shirt-studs and cuff-links add a note of authority to the formal turnout. Priced from $3 to $6. Carlton dress sets, $5 to $20.

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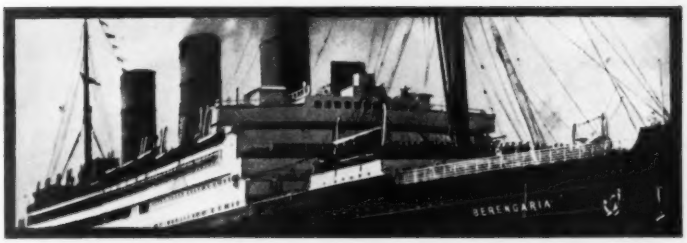

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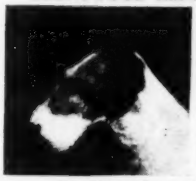
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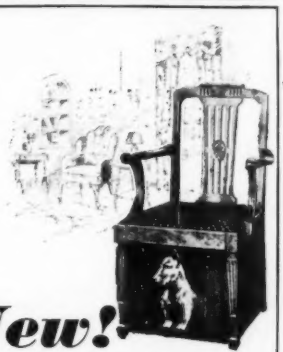
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Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Vanity Fair, published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1st, 1930. State of Connecticut, County of Fairfield: Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis L. Wurzburg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Director of Vanity Fair, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Condé Nast, Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Frank Crowninshield, Greenwich, Conn.; Managing Editor, Donald Freeman, Greenwich, Conn.; Business Manager and General Manager, Francis L. Wurzburg, Greenwich, Conn. 2—That the Owners are: Owner: The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Stockholders: Condé Nast, 1040 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Francis L. Wurzburg, Kimball Avenue, Bronxville, New York; Edna Woolman Newton, Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.; MacDonald DeWitt (Trustee), Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.; The Vogue Company, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.; Max Rosett, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N. Y.; Westover Trading Corporation, Stillwater Avenue, Stamford, Conn.; Bennett & Company, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Halle & Steiglitz, 25 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Auerbach Pollack & Richardson, 30 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Goldman, Sachs & Company, 30 Pine Street, New York, N. Y. 3—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: The Manufacturers Trust Company, 55 Broad Street, New York, N. Y. 4—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Francis L. Wurzburg, Managing Director. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930.
(Seal) Harold D. Horton, Notary Public. My Commission expires January 31, 1934.

Is He a
Drawing Room Sphinx?

WATCH YOUR HUSBAND

Conversation is a lost art with many a successful business man, unless the talk turns to business. No wonder many a wife becomes discontented when she reflects that her husband is obsessed with business and cannot think or talk of anything else.

The remedy for this state of affairs is a winter cruise via ***Red Star*** or ***White Star Line.*** Sea travel gets a man's mind completely off his business concerns. If your husband is a drawing room sphinx, take him away from drudgery this winter. See him expand—develop—under the suasive influence of salt air, ocean sunlight, congenial companions, new environment. And it's wonderful for the woman overburdened with social obligations and domestic affairs.

MEDITERRANEAN—Holy Land, Egypt and other points of principal tourist interest. ***Britannic*** (new), Jan. 8, 46 days, $750 (up) 1st Class—$420 Tourist 3rd Cabin. ***Homeric,*** Jan. 24, 45-57 days, $850 (up) 1st Class. ***White Star Line*** in cooperation with Thos. Cook & Sons.

WEST INDIES—12 to 19 days—Port au Prince, Kingston, Vera Cruz, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda. ***Lapland*** and ***Britannic.*** $123.50 (up).

WORLD CRUISE *of the Belgenland*—Still time to join this "Cruise of Cruises," sailing from New York, Dec. 15; San Diego, Dec. 31; Los Angeles, Jan. 2; San Francisco, Jan. 4. ***Red Star Line*** in cooperation with American Express Company. $1750 up (133 days).

Write for descriptive literature and the book, "Watch Your Husband," to Desk F, I. M. M. Co., No. 1 Broadway, New York.

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in

VANITY FAIR

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Man of Mystery

For the past year an increasing number of discerning readers have discovered that the most brilliant political writing in this country today is being done by a man who calls himself Jay Franklin. Mr.

AGMA

Franklin's articles have appeared, and will continue to do so regularly, in *Vanity Fair*.

The editors have been repeatedly asked who Jay Franklin really is, since it is apparent that such brilliant and devastating non-partisan attacks as his could only be launched under a pseudonym by one remarkably well informed on the policies of both Democrats and Republicans. The editors regret to announce that Mr. Jay Franklin's real name is such an important one in Washington circles that they cannot divulge it at present.

Mr. Jay Franklin will shortly publish his new book, *What This Country Needs*, under the Covici-Friede imprint, in which he will give full expression to his lively and tonic observations on national affairs.

The above picture, which Mr. Franklin claims is a fine impressionistic study of himself, is the only photograph the editors have ever seen of that suave, shrewd and mysterious Washingtonian.

Every inch a Queen

Dear Sir: I wish to protest against the scurrilous reference to Her Majesty Queen Marie of Roumania under the head "We Nominate for Oblivion" in the October number of your magazine, *Vanity Fair*.

She has been an intimate friend of mine for twenty-five years. I knew her first when I was twenty-four and she thirty, when I passed two years in Roumania, where my father went to represent the Standard Oil Company and build a big plant. She has corresponded with me ever since. She managed to see me in spite of the difficulties with which she was constantly impeded on her American visit, and I visited her for ten days at the Palace of Cotroceni last winter in Bucharest.

She trusts her impulses because, as she herself often says, she knows that her heart is good and she trusts that to make things come out right. She is full of vitality, dramatic energy, fondness of romance. She has had six children, all obviously of the same German blondness. She has worked with a will for the remote and semi-Latin, semi-Oriental country to which she, an English Princess, fell heir. And she has experimented with democracy and modernity.

She has been a statesman and has held the lid down in Roumania through a most trying time, the power behind the throne in a weak regency. She has held her head high and her heart with an unfailing gallant courage through the black years of the Balkan War, stemming the cholera panic by going herself into the cholera camp in a Red Cross Nurse's uniform; and again holding firm in the dark period of the Great War, though her youngest child died of meningitis and she had to leave his little grave to make a new capital at Jassy.

I think without a question of doubt she will be reckoned by history the greatest woman of this era,—beautiful, charming, romantic, brave, talented, generous.

What have you and *Vanity Fair* against her? Latin slanders, or small carping criticisms based on trivialities? She is now a devoted grandmother, but still the loveliest of women. Her gardens are as charming as any in the world. What do you really know of her? For shame. . . .

HELEN CHAMBERLAIN COLE

The editors feel that Mrs. Cole has painted an excellent likeness of Her Roumanian Majesty. They will fortify Mrs. Cole further by quoting Dorothy Parker's *Comment:*

O, life is a glorious cycle of song,
A medley of extemporanea:
And love is a thing that can never go wrong;
And I am Marie of Roumania.

The wages of sincerity

Mrs. S. Carps Madman % Vanity Fair,

Dear Friend:

Allow me to congratulate you on your column. It is a genuine pleasure to read it. "More power to your elbow."

Ever yours, S. PARKES CADMAN

Vanity Fair is pleased that Doctor Cadman liked the article *Wake me up in the Night and Ask Me*, by Mrs. S. Carps Madman in the September Issue, and did not object to the burlesque of his well known column.

DORIS ULMANN

Student of women

Joseph Hergesheimer, whose article *Something Pretty Sweet in Silk* appears in this issue, is ranked as a great American novelist. He is also that enviable thing: the hero of a literary legend, which has it that he wrote persistently, even doggedly, for fourteen years before publishing a word. Then appeared in enormously successful succession, *Java Head, Cytherea, The Bright Shawl, Balisand, Tampico, The Limestone Tree* and *The Party Dress*. He collects antiques, yearns for the sea, understands women, and is about to publish a new biography of General Sheridan.

Friend of kings

Mr. Harold Nicolson has been constantly active in European diplo-

matic circles for the past twenty years. There is probably no man in Europe today who has talked and walked more habitually with crowned heads than Mr. Nicolson. Besides serving England as a diplomat since 1909, he has found the time to become even better known as a journalist and author than as a diplomat. Mr. Nicolson has recently published a book, *Portrait of a Diplomatist*, which is his own admirable estimate of the life, times and activities of his father, Lord Carnock, (better known as Arthur Nicolson)—chief of the British Foreign Office at the outbreak of the war. Mr. Nicolson, author of *This Holiday Business*, page 77, is a regular contributor to the pages of *Vanity Fair*.

Paver of good intentions

The following long panegyric was received by the editors of *Vanity Fair* in expensive telegraphic form:

Editor, Vanity Fair: Your October issue nominated Huey P. Long for Oblivion. Stop. Did you know these facts about him? Stop. That he gave free school books to every child in Louisiana by passing a law taxing carbon black; that he was scorned and praised when he greeted the Commander of the German cruiser *Emden* in pyjamas, and then made amends by borrowing a cutaway coat and high hat to apologize, and in return received an eighteen-gun salute by the *Emden;* that he is the author of the only constitutional history of Louisiana and has been praised *(Continued on page 126)*

PORTRAIT OF G.P. HUNTLEY, JR.
OF "STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR"

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FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—Editor DONALD FREEMAN—Managing Editor

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Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than one month

Published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and publishing offices at Greenwich, Conn. Editorial offices, Graybar Building, Lexington at 43rd Street, New York. Cable address Vonork. Paris office, 65 avenue des Champs-Élysées. London office, 1 New Bond Street.W. 1.Condé Nast, President; Francis L. Wurzburg, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; M. E. Moore, Secretary. Subscription $3.00 a year in the United States and Colonies, Mexico and Canada. $4.00 in foreign countries. Single copies 35c. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second class matter at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A. by The Condé Nast Press. Title Vanity Fair Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage for their return if unavailable. Vanity Fair assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions except to accord them courteous attention and ordinary care.

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VON HORN

INA CLAIRE

The celebrated comédienne appears on the screen in "The Royal Family," taken from the play of that name

VANITY FAIR

SOMETHING PRETTY SWEET IN SILK • BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

■ A lady is one of those apparently definite quantities that, on close examination, shows itself to be completely without definition. Perhaps the time has gone by for any discussion at all of ladies. It may be too late. The older reality, perhaps, has perished, with a new one in preparation. That would be too bad, where I am concerned, since I will never live to see it. At least another thousand years would be necessary for such an accomplishment. In the meantime, there might be a definition of a lady composed of qualities and ideas inherited from the past with a few more immediate necessities. I'm not certain of any of it. I would, probably, begin with the description of a lady and end with an account of a woman I liked. Some of that, at least, is inevitable—I'll take traits from a number of actual women and in that manner construct an ideal. Well, it is as good a way as any other:

I ought, I suppose, to first mention qualities generally referred to as moral; but, even then, I have no intention of using that ugly word in its strict evangelical definition. By moral I mean the properties of feeling—integrity of the emotions and a great, but equally selective, generosity of warmth. No cold ladies! Courage, for example, is a moral quality. There must be a number of things, in the woman I am regarding, superior to the needs of life and of pleasure. At the same time she would, for me, have to be completely devoid of formal religion. I couldn't stand a woman who believed in the transmigration of souls or had a taste for the obscenities of spiritualism. I might manage to put up with a shade, a mere suspicion, of the Episcopalian doctrine, but I doubt even that. A lady I could applaud and swear by must be skeptical about the schemes of all individual salvation. She must not, fundamentally, be a believer.

■ All this, it turns out, could not be called moral in any conventional sense. Yet such a lady could be, spiritually, as fine as possible. She'd find her reward in the reaction to her bearing on earth. She must, too, be doubtful about love. A lot of love, naturally, in the usual phrase, would be made to her; some of it—different sorts—she would accept for different reasons; but when it came to sacrificing everything for love she would be very doubtful indeed. Even that might overtake her, but she would realize it was a tragedy, secretly prepare for the worst. Her wisdom—wisdom, unlike intelligence, is a moral quality—would show her that a great, a permanent, love was no less a calamity.

However, she'd never turn away from it. She might, and this would be very hard on her, fall deeply in love with me, make the appalling discovery that she was attached to a man who only required, even from a lady, the lightest of attentions. I would have no use for all that was deepest, most moving, in her character. A little feeling at moments appropriate for myself, a great deal of laughter, visible beauty and a genius for listening would be all I'd require. The other, and more heavenly part, would simply burden and annoy me. And that, I imagine, a completely truthful statement, could with equal exactness describe a great number of men.

She must, in other words, be capable of integrity but not faithful. She would be too sensitive, too greatly aware of moments, for faithfulness. She might, at the same time, be constant on one plane and inconstant on several others. She could admire, or love, me all her life, be charming and light, lovely and gay, with me, and still regard a husband with high permanent regard. The beautiful, the deeper, aspects I'd be very glad to surrender to him. A lady would be like that. She would not, naturally, avoid marriage and children. She should, in reality, have two or three children; very well brought up; inconspicuous in their good manners and independent. That would add enormously to her understanding and charm. A virgin or a barren woman could never be a lady in all the significances of that exact and vague term.

■ The question of birth, of blood, brings up a difficulty at once. I think I have seen women of no birth at all who absolutely were ladies. I think that was so, but I can't be certain. I never knew one of them well enough to decide that. I prefer to believe the contrary: I'd rather insist that blood, an inherited usage and habit of mind, were necessary. But perhaps not. I have already admitted the existence of a doubt. Take servants, for example—there is a remote kindness toward them—justice might be a better description—a sense of fair responsibility, that is a purely aristocratic attitude. To be kind without remoteness won't do; to be remote with no kindness is worse. Good manners, as well, are difficult to acquire, hard to pick up early or late in life. They are the result of an innate superiority, a very great personal assurance. Good manners are, too, cold. Or at best temperate. They are intellectual rather than moral. They can't exist without absolute self-control. Good manners mean that the head is very much in control of the emotions. They make moods into things of no apparent account.

Birth, of a given sort, does more than that—it brings people into the world accustomed to luxury. A lady, naturally, is inseparable from luxury. She may not have it, she may, at times, be forced to exist without it, but then she is not complete. Powers and charms are missing. Yes, poverty and a lady are incongruous, mutually destructive. She needs perfumes and silks and sheer cambrics and paint for her face. She needs drawing-rooms and terraces and gardens—formal and not cottage gardens—a great spaciousness and privacy. Most particularly the privacy. A lady must walk in dignity and beauty; especial, remote and unhurried. If she does play games—I am inclined to be against games—they must be ornamental, in splendid surroundings. If she will ride—I am not at all in favor of violent riding—it will have to be in a very handsome manner. All that demands great quantities of money.

There, most particularly, a lady shows the justness of her title—to possess great quantities of money, use it for her peace and happiness and decoration, without misunderstanding its ultimate, its actual, value. For the perfection of that she should be born both to it and to position, privilege. Women who have been poor, who have the sting and memory of poverty in their blood, are usually wrong in their attitude toward richness: either they think nothing of it at all, stupidly fling it away, or they are incurably, openly or in secret, parsimonious. The middle ground avoids them. Birth and money alone are not, of course, enough; the number of ladies born in aristocracy has never been an impressive part of that total feminine birth. A lady in any circumstance is a rarity. I simply say that they have been more apt to begin that way. In the first place, usually then they have escaped a destructive sentimentality in their parents; instruction and care would be given over to trained, unsentimental individuals, a girl detached early from her mother and freed from her father. Necessities of the greatest moment. She would learn to depend on herself. She wouldn't be saturated, weakened, by a selfish, parental, an insidiously possessive, love. Instead, early she'd learn to be hard.

■ Hardness is a quality I admire. I can't imagine a lady without it. There is no courage where hardness has no existence; there is no great beauty if it isn't present. Hardness, I suppose, is the ability to recognize the true shapes of things, an absence of

supporting, and treacherous, illusions. It is entirely a quality of the intellect. It, like irony, is the particular mark of an aristocratic habit of mind and life. This creates another difficulty, since intellect and a select birth have nothing in the world to do with each other. There have been impressive aristocratic intellects, but far more aristocratic vacuities. However, I am concerned with ladies, the least socialistic of all subjects. A lady, I have no objection to repeating it, must be hard. I would not allow her to be victimized by trivial sentimentality, absurd and hopeless causes.

■ The question of appearance, of any exact and exacting description, I am totally indifferent to. The lady of these lines may have black or brown or red, or even blonde, hair. The blonde I put between commas because, after all, I had a slight tendency to lean away from that shade. I was, I discovered, not exhilarated by hair truly gold in color and clear blue eyes. But an ashen blonde with darker eyes, yes. I should, with, however, a little difficulty, have to be converted to brown eyes. Aside from that I had no preference. Except, of course, naturally she couldn't be fat. Or thin. Neither fat nor thin. And not too tall. Middling there with the slender fullness so deceptive to the uninstructed gaze. A fine voice more like a bell than a flute, and no inclination in the world to song. I wouldn't mind an occasional absurd ditty off key, but nothing more. No standing beside a piano and making the dreadful, inarticulate sounds women indulge themselves in beside pianos.

All public performance is bad for women and fatal for ladies.

The question of clothes would be of the greatest importance. I am not one of the multitude who demands simplicity all the time and at the sacrifice of everything else. Simplicity is charming in young girls, there are occasions when it is necessary for ladies, but mostly in the morning. There are two schools of clothes for sport—the French, very elaborate and amusing, and the British, plain and far from amusing. An English duchess at a golf match in an English drizzle, swathed in a raincoat, on a shooting stick, with her feet, perhaps mercifully, shod in brogues, is a spectacle I'd want no lady to present. However, I do not agree with the Cuban custom of going to horseraces in evening gowns. In white lace and diamonds. I'd hope for something between those extremes. Say the best French manner modified by a more reasonable American influence.

In the evening, oh, the evening! I had almost written that a lady should not appear before dark. At most with the dusk. I didn't. It seemed a little arbitrary. Still the evening, the night from dinner on, is her especial period of beauty. Dinner dresses no more than fragile films of color, too perishable to be worn more than once. But of course. Printed materials like gardens of flowers and white with ruffles. White without ruffles. White! Black as severe as possible—heavy satins with diamonds and platinum. No colored jewels. Not even emeralds. But white with a necklace of emeralds, cut like miniature melons, and a single square emerald ring with no metal visible. Sapphires so dark as to be almost black. Star sapphires for the daytime and star rubies in bracelets. Gay jewelled pins in little hats. Ropes of pearls but never pearls in rings. French semi-precious designs and flowered dresses.

Fine hands for superlative rings and fine high-arched feet for matchless slippers. Every conceivable kind of slipper in all the materials of the world. Sharp like wasps and delicate like petunias. Pale light stockings of warm shades. No black stockings—the hideous memento of the Victorian masculine world—and not grey. The complete lady would have sheaves of gloves made for her in Grenoble and plainer than not, with deep folds about her round wrists, short and loose or longer and black. All the trifles she carried would be part of a perfected effect—square cigarette boxes of platinum *(Continued on page 98)*

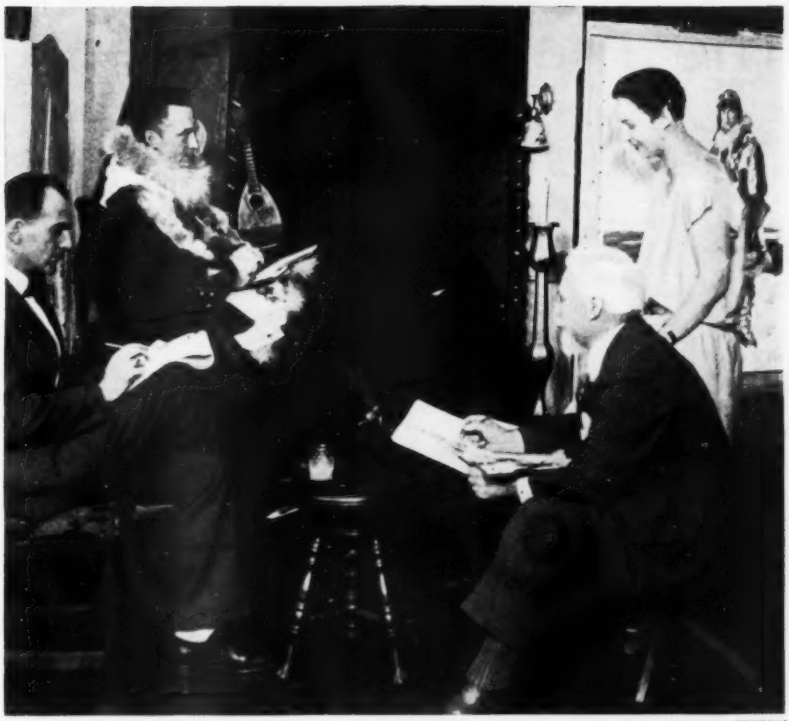
A cosy time at a modern art exhibition

A few dealers and dilettantes, experts and extras assemble to discover, with a little closing of the eyes, what is new in art

DRAWING BY COVARRUBIAS

The Admiral—Richard E. Byrd

BY MORRIS MARKEY



KEYSTONE

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF REAR ADMIRAL R. E. BYRD, U. S. N. RET.

■ There is a rather curious paradox to illumine the life of that fabulous gentleman, Richard Evelyn Byrd, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. Ret. If all the multitudes who dote upon him so warmly knew him a little better, their snarls and scorn would make a whining in the wind: while if those dyspeptic few who now abominate the sight of his name could know him a little better they would grin—perhaps even harbor a fancy to swap drinks with such a fellow. For even if he happens to be the Tex Rickard of exploration rather than its Amundsen, he is honest enough to know it. He is even honest enough to get a private grin out of making the world South Pole conscious.

Deep in the breast of this charming and courteous Virginia gentleman there lives a little imp of the perverse which insistently tells him that his stirring exploits have a cheerful deal of nonsense about them. Up to this present writing, he is still able to give a slightly preoccupied nod in the direction of the imp, and to murmur agreeably. But ahead of him there lie a hundred earnest lectures, and the trembling applause of packed halls is, alas, no humblin' thing. Tomorrow, that faint ironic smile may be gone from his face forever. Pray let us glance at him while yet it lingers.

Prowling among the remote data of his beginnings, one thing becomes clear almost at once. The war was not done before he had decided upon the odd career which he has embraced. He had a taste of flying in the Navy training schools, and there he perceived with the fine sensitiveness of a virtuoso that for a few years at least the mob would get its vicarious romance from aviation and the adventures of aviators. He became, then, a man with a purpose. And never has he borne the slightest touch of the flying fool—the daredevil pilot who would try anything for one glorious crack at fame. Indeed, he never became an expert pilot at all. He saw his own destiny as a subtler thing.

His first, tentative effort concerned the trans-Atlantic flight of the Navy boats which finally made a successful venture in 1919. Fired with the bold notion that airplanes could cross the sea, the young Naval officer labored like a giant in the treacherous chambers of Washington committees, and finally emerged with the precious consent of the authorities—only to find at the last that he would not be among the company when the three great flying boats took off toward the Azores. This was, naturally, a savage blow. But it taught him that he had found his métier. If he could hound the committees of Congress into the appropriation of a million dollars for an airplane flight to Europe, he was a man of exceptional talent. He recognized this, and he recognized his talent for what it was: the mystic flair of the born promoter.

He sat at home, read in the newspapers the trials and the final triumph of his fellow officers, and determined that the next job of promotion he did would be in his own behalf. In 1924 he gained contributions of fifteen thousand dollars each from Edsel Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and with this first capital that he wormed from citizens at large he made his first arctic venture. He used a Navy plane. His explorations along the Greenland Coast were, officially, Navy explorations (with a brief bow to Ford and Rockefeller). But Byrd had tasted the heady wine of the newspaper headlines.

He secured leave of absence from the Navy, raised a hundred thousand dollars from rich men, and flew over the North Pole. Thus was his ability as a promoter, an organization expert, and as a courageous fellow tested. But it was not until he had returned from the North Pole expedition and begun to read the newspapers that the key to all his future technique was discovered. That key was science.

In this happy half of the twentieth century, science is the pretty thing we worship. It is to the dim dreams of Manny Katz and Pat McCarthy what honor was to older cavaliers from Virginia, or the white cross to those Catholic knights who stormed the Bishop's Tower at Carcassonne when death was riding hard. Almost anybody, nowadays, can manage almost anything, as long as he makes the sacred sign and hoists the *panache* of science. This was not lost upon the stunning intuition of our hero.

His trans-Atlantic flight would be for science, and Mr. Rodman Wanamaker organized the America Trans-Oceanic Company, Incorporated, to pay the bills. It is interesting, now, to sketch through the volume which Commander Byrd wrote to celebrate that flight. Reverting for a moment to the scientific elements of the adventure, he observes that "it would take a whole book to cover that aspect of our flight". Alas and alas. The book seems never to have been written. In vain we search for one thin monograph upon the enchanting theme, and it does not exist. No one of the flyers who crossed the ocean since Byrd's flight in the *America* was able to consult a report from his hand that might make the hard job easier.

■ But these flights, these fancy gestures toward immortality, were only saluting pieces as it were. The overwhelming coup lay still ahead, and it was not until 1928 that the scientific expedition to the South Pole made its way to the front pages. The exploit is history now. Science has been served. Ladies and gentlemen, let us observe one minute of silence.

He carried two ships, four airplanes, a permanent entourage of forty men, and seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment on the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. And, yes, there were three or four very intelligent fellows, possessed of sound scientific training. He flung an expedition toward the South Pole that flew the banner of Midas rather than of Hannibal. It was his triumph of promotion, and the good old U. S. A. fell tumbling to the call quite as wholeheartedly as the walls of Jericho succumbed to the persuasive influence of Joshua's trumpets. *(Continued on page 114)*

The Theatre · by George Jean Nathan

■ **THE DRAMATIZED NOVEL.**—Why anyone should wish to dramatize a novel is what I sit at home and ponder while others devote themselves to such superior mental exercises as miniature golf, extemporaneous amour and the philosophy of Will Durant. While a cheap and commonplace novel may, I suppose, sometimes be dramatized and exhibited on the stage without damage either to the cheap, commonplace novel or to the cheaper and more commonplace customers of such theatrical stuffs, a reputable novel no more lends itself to completely satisfying drama than a reputable painting does to a completely satisfying lithograph. That, indeed, is what even the best novel dramatizations are: dramatic lithographs. They catch the external look and color of the original; they catch the scene and even some of the mood; but they fail to catch what never can be caught, to wit, that technical exactitude and precision of essence which make a work of art what it is and which can no more be unblurringly duplicated in a second-hand copy than the clear, sharp outline of a typewriter script can be caught by a carbon. Each art is a law unto itself and the borderlands between them are treacherous with difficult mountain passes and sinister gulleys. The occasional bridges joining one with another are at best rickety and dubious and result only in such triumphs of bastardy as talking moving pictures, grand opera and interpretative dancing. The dramatized novel thus takes its place alongside the novelized drama. Both are anomalies, freaks: robots in falseface, two distinct arts Siamesed with boloney skins.

Despite the considerable theatrical skill of Mr. Laurence Stallings, it therefore naturally came about that the dramatization he made of Ernest Hemingway's meritorious novel, *A Farewell to Arms*, was revealed as the usual consequence of sitting on two stools. What we got was neither novel nor drama, but only the embarrassing place on the floor between them. There remained, true enough, one or two scenes lifted over bodily from the book that retained a measure of their original force, but the ectoplasm of the literary art —that mysterious and illuminating something that sheds its after-light in the reading consciousness and plays upon the mind's color-piano its silent yet suggestive tones—was lost in the stage's hard glare. The characters, the lines, the props were all duly present, but in the embodiment of them in the persons of actors, in the spoken word and in the boom of bass-drums actuality succeeded only in defeating the imagination provoked by the written page, much as, in another direction and on a scale a hundredfold lower, the realistic addition of the voice to the screen has robbed the latter of even that small share of provocative fancy it formerly had. The implications and hints of character that steamed up like a soft and graceful mist out of the pages of Hemingway's book became, on the stage, so many cold and literal cartoonist's "balloons", eacn as pointed as a traffic policeman's finger, each as neat and harsh as straight whiskey. The warm drama of the printed pages, dripping from them like rain from the roof of a blast-furnace, on the stage became forced, overly heated and largely tinpot. At every turn of the action, the ghost of the novel—like a great scrim curtain—interposed itself between the platform and the audience. The fault was not Stallings'; he doubtless did as well as any man could. The fault was simply with the limitations of the stage when confronted with the limitless imagination of a novel and its readers.

The casting of the play was none too fortunate. Glenn Anders, in the rôle of Lieutenant Henry, suggested Hemingway's hero with all the verisimilitude with which the late Henry Woodruff, in *Brown of Harvard*, suggested the stroke of a winning crew. What with his choking torch song manner of reading sentimental lines, it would appear that as an actor of love scenes Mr. Anders' place is on top of a piano. In the rôle of the nurse heroine, Miss Elissa Landi supplied the necessary comeliness but in the love scenes referred to should have worn the trousers. Fair to gaze upon, a sharp, biting speech and a scissors-like precision robbed her performance of its necessary and vital gentleness and warmth. In addition, the otherwise lovely lady, imported from Piccadilly, unhappily went in for such pronunciations as *tahchy* for *touchy* and *payetry* for *poetry*. As *Rinaldi*, Crane Wilbur contributed the evening's only good acting job.

■ The dramatization of Liam O'Flaherty's *Mr. Gilhooley*, negotiated by Frank B. Elser, was even less happy. Despite the dexterous direction of Jed Harris, it impressed one as being little more than a talkie version of the novel minus only the screen and a movie theatre's smell. This aspect of a talkie was heightened by the choppiness of the dramatic script, the cutting up of acts into small slices and the too frequent fade-outs managed with dropped curtains. The steady and rapid flow of the book was thus periodically dammed and what resulted was an artificial canal whose stage locks made it statically stagnant. In a reading of any such dramatized script, a producer or any other person is likely to read easily and hastily through the delays imposed by the machinery of the stage; the reading eye is given to skipping over the long time necessary to the many curtain drops, scene shiftings and costume changes; and the manuscript accordingly moves smoothly and quickly for him in his library chair as it cannot possibly move on the stage. *Mr. Gilhooley*, for all its expert performances by Arthur Sinclair and Miss Helen Hayes, therefore proved to be tedious theatrical fare. It caught nothing of the novel save its bare plot; style and finish, with the collateral glow that irradiates good literature, were completely absent from it.

Incidentally, Mr. Jo Mielziner, Mr. Harris' stage designer, should be told that Dublin pubs do not have swinging doors or cottage windows and that Dublin boarding-house architecture has yet to hear of doorless dining-rooms.

■ So much for the dramatization of two estimable novels, under which heading the Mlle. Delmar's *Bad Girl* hardly falls. Being compounded of equal parts tabloid reporting and sentimental hokum, with now and then the tin-type species of character photography, it has lent itself more easily than finer literature to the processes of theatrical skeletonizing. More, since Miss Sylvia Sidney and Paul Kelly are personally and histrionically more convincing than Miss Delmar's characters, the latter are given an overtone of life that they did not enjoy in the novel. As I have said previously, these cheap novels not only do not suffer from dramatization as worthier novels invariably do; they sometimes actually benefit by it, for where the virtues of a reputable piece of literature are corrupted by the stage's generic chicanes, the deficiencies of trash are by the same hocus-pocus often partly concealed. The play out of the Delmar book remains negligible stuff, but seeing it is nevertheless relatively more congenial than reading the latter, as looking at a jazz band is more amusing than hearing its cacophony.

Helen Zenna Smith's *Stepdaughters of War* is still another inferior novel that has been treated to a smear of grease-paint. In this instance, the play has not been helped by the mediocrity of its source and remains the emotional rubbish that its parent was.

■ **ONCE IN A SEASON.**—It begins to look as if the gayest evening of each theatrical season will have to be provided by George S. Kaufman and whichever other individual he elects to nominate as a collaborator. Two years ago he got hold of Edna Ferber and with her turned out *The Royal Family*, as juicy a comedy as we had had in a long, dry time. Last year he got hold of Ring Lardner and the result, *June Moon*, was the funniest farce of the season. And this year he has got hold of a young man named Hart and together they have confected, in *Once in a Lifetime*, as completely hilarious a lampoon of Hollywood and its herd of imbeciles as one might pray for. For sheer button-bursting amusement it would have to *(Continued on page 90)*

Hope Williams

"The New Yorkers", by Peter Arno and Cole Porter, marks the musical comedy début of this effortless comédienne

▪ When it was announced, this Autumn, that Hope Williams—the unique and unforgettable heroine of *Holiday* and *Rebound*—was going into a musical comedy, there was a considerable echo of surprise among all of that part of the public which makes potential theatre audiences except those few whose memories included the amateur productions of the Comedy Club a few years ago, at the Heckscher Theatre; for it was in musical fantasies produced by the Comedy Club and the Snarks that Hope Williams cut her first musical capers. Miss Williams, who was until recently Mrs. R. Bartow Read, a season or so ago abandoned the life of a Park Avenue matron so dear to the press agents' hearts to create the languid and laconic *Fanny Shippan* of *Paris Bound*. The production which this season engages her is *The New Yorkers*, a revue by Herbert Fields, Peter Arno and E. Ray Goetz, with music and lyrics by Cole Porter

FIGURE OF GRIEF

JOCASTE

ENFANT ENDORMI

New sculptures by Hélène Sardeau

Four recent figures by the Belgian-American sculptress, now returned from Paris to fulfil American commissions

▪ It was ten years ago that *Vanity Fair* first published the work of Hélène Sardeau, then a young Belgian sculptress who had drifted to Paris from Amsterdam, and then from Paris to New York. Since that day, work from her hand has from time to time appeared in these pages. Four months ago she left Paris in order to execute an ambitious commission in New York—the creation of three figure groups, in bas relief which are to decorate the façade of the main Y. M. H. A. building on Lexington Avenue in New York—a building now nearly completed. The panels are approximately five-by-ten feet, and will be unveiled before the close of winter. A show of her figure pieces was held, during the past year, at the Ehrich Gallery in New York. A somewhat similar exhibit was seen in Paris. It was she, it will be remembered, who modelled the masks for the great Aeschylus revival at Delphi, in Greece. This was a tribute for the young American sculptress, since it was paid by a country supposedly versed in the art of making dramatic masks. The illustrations on these pages were made from plaster casts. Some of them will be cut in stone. Others were designed for bronze

Happily ever after

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

■ Upper Park Avenue is a thoroughfare dedicated, in spite of its sturdy façades, to impermanence. Here, behind the stone fronts of apartment buildings, husbands and wives married a year—or two years, or three—live like fellow guests at a week-end party, in an amiable detachment unmarred by any rooted concern with each other's lives. The husband has his own rooms, his own hours; his wife has hers. They have their nights "off" from each other, when by mutual and even eager consent both are free to go out for the evening with a companion unrelated by marriage, and therefore selected purely for purposes of entertainment. In their own drawing-rooms, among a dozen other people, they meet occasionally over cocktails and exchange glances of amusement, of irritation, of curiosity or indifference; but the look that passes between them is never that look of utter comprehension which, we are told, so peacefully distinguished the husbands and wives of an earlier day.

Here trial marriages flourish, although they are not called by that name, and although the ceremonies have been conducted by a bishop, if possible, in the presence of emotional families and friends, and proved to the public beyond all doubt in the rotogravures. In spite of the formal prelude, the bride and groom manage to project into their later environment a highly piquant effect of merely visiting each other; and there is, inescapably, a tentative suggestion about the arrangement, since Reno is only a four days' journey—and, for that matter, a week or two in Chicago will secure as complete and tasty a divorce as any that could be contrived in a year, further West.

Nowhere on upper Park Avenue was this amiable impermanence more fully expressed than in the marriage of Geoffrey and Paula Moon. Married for nearly two years, they still managed to look as though they had never sat down anywhere for half an hour together. Their life was made up pleasantly of two separate confusions, and in the attendant whirl they considered themselves adequately content. They were not concerned with divorce. They were not notably concerned with marriage, either.

What chiefly occupied Paula Moon, on the night when she was to come nearer to being a devoted wife than she ever had before, or ever would again, was the problem which her escort for that evening had unconsciously created for her by sending orchids. She wanted to wear her new dress, which was dark red; and orchids would be incredibly awful with it. Geoffrey, looking into his wife's room about six, found her sitting gloomily before the florist's box with its delicate burden of purple and mauve. From the sheltering glow of her dressing table, she looked at him without any particular expression as he bent to read the card that lay on top.

"Perry Charles." His voice was faintly acid with that scorn which every husband feels impelled to express for the men who admire his wife. "*That* egg! Couldn't you get anybody else to take you out?"

"Perry," replied Paula, stung further by this remark, "is a very entertaining and sympathetic person. You don't like him because he knows too much about women to be popular with the average husband."

"Sure. He knows so much about women he's got lines in his face about it." Geoffrey began to wander around the room with his habitual air of being there only for a moment, of being about to go away from there to some other place. Occasionally he sneezed.

■ "I think I'm getting a little cold," he said presently. Paula, shaping the rouge on her lips with a pointed finger, greeted this news with as much unconcern as she was able to suggest by the back of her head alone. But when Geoffrey, murmuring pleasantly, had drifted out of the door and was gone, she looked after him plaintively. Lately their brief moments together had begun to leave her vaguely unhappy, disconcerted. She felt, fantastically, as though she were suspended in mid-air.

This was their weekly night "off"; and it occurred to Paula, as she put on a white satin dress that was six months old, that Geoffrey had said nothing about his own plans for that evening. It didn't matter much, she reflected. Nothing seemed to matter very much, these days. She fastened an emerald bracelet on her arm, and looked at herself in the long mirror, standing a little away from it, so that the light of the room fell softly upon her smooth, blonde head and the gleam of her satin gown. She felt suddenly rather tragic. There was no reasonable cause for her unhappiness, she reminded herself—but why was she obliged to remind herself of that so often? Why must she always be wondering whether she was really in love with Geoffrey? Did that mean that she *was*, or that she was not? She might ask Perry. Perry had never married, but he knew all the answers.

Later, when she and Perry had found a table in the noisy twilight of the Club Perroquet, she felt more cheerful; and when Geoffrey came in with an emphatic young woman with red hair, she managed just the right friendly nod for him, followed by a cool, politely impersonal glance at his companion.

"It's Annabel Gordon," she told Perry. "Geoffrey has been a little crazy about her lately. She's in business for herself."

"I'll bet she is," murmured Perry thoughtfully, contemplating the classic curves and sprightly gestures of Miss Gordon. "She looks," he decided aloud, "as though she ought to be tattooed on a sailor's arm."

■ Paula withdrew her attention with an effort from her husband's table. Although they rarely met on their evenings off, she had not been surprised to see him; it was the opening night of a new club, and everyone in New York was there. She could not help noticing that Geoffrey was sneezing a good deal, and that he was drinking enormous quantities of whisky—in accordance, she supposed, with his whimsical idea that the way to cure a cold was to stay drunk until it either vanished or became pneumonia.

Perry watched her. "You're in love with your husband," he concluded presently and it did not occur to either of them that such a condition was not extraordinary. Their faces adjusted themselves to expressions of concern.

"Well, of course I am," Paula admitted mechanically, as she had always done because she thought it better taste to avoid discussion. But now, for the first time, she began to realize that it might be true, and she was conscious of an excitement newly created in her. Was that what she had been missing—the reason for her discontent? Had she loved Geoffrey and lost him because she had been too busy to tell him so? Suddenly she wanted to talk to Geoffrey about love. She felt that she must be near him, touch him, hear him tell her that he loved her, too. Across the room Geoffrey sneezed again.

"Perry," she said, dragging her wrap around her shoulders and picking up her bag from the table, "I want to go and sit at Geoffrey's table. That terrible woman has got her hand on his arm, and he's sick and helpless, and he'll be engaged to her in another hour if I don't do something about it. Come on."

Geoffrey greeted them with a skeptical eyebrow and introduced Miss Gordon. His voice was croupy but full of cheer as he ordered glasses, ice and White Rock. Then he consulted Paula gravely.

"Do you think Annabel's hair is red, or merely scarlet?" he wanted to know.

Paula was de- *(Continued on page 104)*

INTROVERT. BY SARDEAU

GALLANT FOX—EARL SANDE UP

Gallant Fox has been retired to the stud. With his passing from the turf, there closes one of the most romantic episodes in American racing. Undisputed champion, this stalwart three-year-old bay, from the Belair stud, has earned for his owner, Mr. William Woodward, $340,665: a total exceeding the earnings of any other horse in American racing history, including the incomparable Zev and the still more incredible Man o' War. Devotees of the sport of Kings will long remember and speak with awe of Gallant Fox's accomplishments—the Preakness, 1-3/16 miles in 2:00-3/5; the Belmont—a purse of $66,040; and of the champions against whom he matched his thunderbolt stride—Whichone, for instance, Gone Away, Questionnaire, and Crack Brigade. Astride of the champion, in these pictures, is the redoubtable Earl Sande, the jockey who piloted him to his major victories

Gallant Fox,

STEICHEN

the champion of the track

The heresy of King's Mountain

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

How Mr. Hoover follows a tradition in expounding a national creed equating great wealth with virtue

■ Though it is not one of his duties enumerated in the Constitution, custom now requires the President to find occasions for expounding American ideals. Standing in the line of Washington and Lincoln he must add his prophecy to the canon of great utterances like the Farewell Address and the Gettysburg speech, and so in the last seven or eight years Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have prophesied frequently on the subject of American ideals. Always they have insisted that they were repeating the orthodox faith. I think they are mistaken. It seems to me that unconsciously or otherwise they have fallen into deep, dangerous, and vulgar heresy. I refer to the doctrine that our superior riches are a measure and sign of our superior virtue, that we Americans are richer per capita because per capita we are nobler.

Just the other day on the battlefield of King's Mountain this doctrine was expounded once more by Mr. Hoover. He had come, he said, to this scene of inspiring memories not only to celebrate the valor of the revolutionists who fought there but to speak about the institutions, about the ideals, about the spirit of America. Our principles and ideals, he went on to explain, have never "been assembled elsewhere and combined into government". We have established a system of equal opportunity, of free and universal education, and of fair competition in which "the winner" of "the race" is "he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character". The test of this system, he then declared, "as compared to others" may "in part be interpreted by the practical results". There are, it is true, "the great intangibles of the spirit" with which we are amply endowed, but "the test" of our principles and ideals may be made by comparing our material possessions with those of other nations. "I can give you," said the President of the United States, "some measurement both of our standards and of our social progress."

■ As compared with the most advanced country in Europe we have in proportion to our population one-fourth more of our children in grade schools, and we have six and a half times as many in colleges and universities; in fact we have more youths "in institutions of higher learning than all the rest of the billion and a half people of the world put together". We are not only the supremely well-educated people of the planet; we are "incomparably" richer than other people. Thus:

"We have twice the number of homes owned among every thousand people than they have."

"We have four times as much electricity."

"And we have seven times as many automobiles."

"For each thousand people we have more than four times as many telephones and radio sets."

"Our use of food and clothing is far greater."

"We have proportionately only one-twentieth as many people in the poor house or upon public charity."

In such words the two last Presidents of the United States have seen fit to address their countrymen at home and their fellowmen abroad. Virtue, they say, is richly rewarded: the best ideals, the greatest ability, the strongest characters may be measured by the possessions accumulated. This, they say, is our national philosophy; we are willing to submit the validity of our institutions, our ideals, and our personal characters to the test of material success.

We can test this test, I think, by a simple device. Let us imagine a speech made not by the President of the United States but by the President of the Associated Income Taxpayers in the Higher Brackets. He has read Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover diligently. He subscribes to their gospel. He proceeds to apply it to the members of his association, all of them officially and statistically established as winners of that race which Mr. Hoover says "is a system unique with America". He is speaking at a spot of inspiring memories, say from the rostrum of the Stock Exchange overlooking the scene where American Tel. and Tel. once sold for 310¼:—

"No American can review the vast pageant of human progress without renewed faith in humanity, new courage and strengthened resolution. My friends, I have lived among many classes of Americans. Many of them I have learned to respect and admire. It is from these contrasts and these experiences that I wish to speak to-day—to speak upon the ideals and the spirit of the American rich.

"My fellow surtax payers live in a stronger security and in greater comfort than have ever before been the fortune of other Americans. We are the winners in the race of life because we have shown the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, and the strongest characters. The test of our system of doing business, of our principles, and of our ideals as compared with those of the members of the middle class, the farmers, the clerks, and the workingmen may in part be interpreted by the practical results. I can give you some measurement both of our standards and of our social progress.

"In proportion to our numbers we have more children brought up by French governesses than the most advanced members of the middle class. We have more children in excellent private schools. We have six times as many of our young people in universities. We have, conservatively speaking, eight and three quarters times as many private tutors to get our young men through the college examinations. I may add that we have more of our youths in institutions of higher learning than all the coal-miners, stevedores, delicatessen store keepers and night watchmen put together.

"Each of us has more homes owned than the farmers have, for we *(Continued on page 108)*

The Meddleman

Summer, winter, spring, and fall,
Winchell's so obstetrical
That if you await the stork
In the city of New York
It is better far to be
Insignificant like me.
Otherwise your secret will
Soon be standing by to fill
Winchell's cozy Monday yawning
Notes on celebrated spawning.

Earl Upon the Troubled Waters

Here's a thoroughgoing plan to
Force this trouble making man to
Expiate. Though it depress him
Let the brave police undress him
And exhibit Mr. Carroll
In an unpretentious barrel.

Averse to Vallée

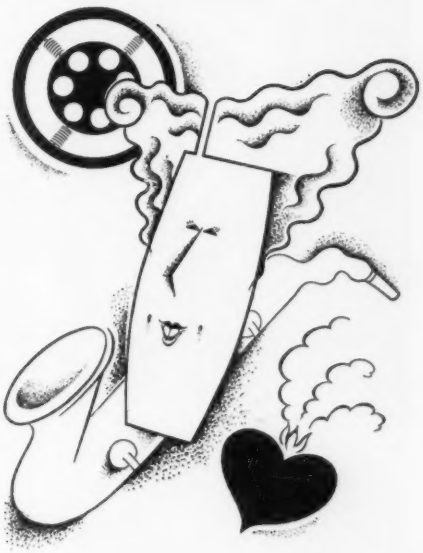
Am I too young
Or else too old
And tough, that he
Should leave me cold?

Is it the sort
Of life I lead?
I blame myself,
I do indeed

That I should un-
arous-ed sit
And be immune
To Rudy's *it*. . . .

That I should be
Depriv-ed of
The pangs of un-
requited love.

It baffles me,
But person-ally
I do not care
For Rudy Vallée.



Hairbreadth Harry

I like my coffee
In a large white cup
And I'm very fond of eggs
Fried sunny side up.
But as for Harry Richman
And his scintillating feet
And his brisk endorsement of
The sunny side of the street—
I can take it all or leave it
But I prefer the latter,
Though I'm well aware my preferences
Don't really matter
To the suave Mr. Richman
Or his patent leather toes
So I don't expect the two of us
Will ever come to blows.

Triolet in a Night Club

Give the little girl a hand,
Wrap your fingers round her throat.
Make Miss Guinan understand
By the pressure of your hand
That her noise is of a brand
Which inspires you to devote
Give the little girl a hand,
Wrap your fingers round her throat.
An uncompromising hand
To her energetic throat.

The caricatures by Alajálov
The verses by Margaret Fishback

Broadway Knights and Eves

Piggy Joyce

It seems immoderately greedy
For one who's neither young nor needy
To be so indefatigable
In cornering the marriageable.

José Iturbi

A Spanish pianist who has been acclaimed as the most important new figure to appear on the musical horizon

■ When José Iturbi, the Spanish pianist, made his American début with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in December of 1929, a blasé New York audience rose to its feet and cheered. Since that triumphant occasion, the young virtuoso has firmly established himself as the idol of musical audiences everywhere.

The tremendously fashionable Señor Iturbi was born thirty-five years ago in Valencia, Spain. After the manner of most great pianists, he was early hailed as a child prodigy, and when he was just seventeen, graduated from the Paris Conservatory with highest honors. For some years he was head of the piano faculty of the Conservatory of Geneva—a post once held by Liszt—but until his appearance here as a soloist and recitalist, he was a comparatively unknown figure to the music lovers of America. Señor Iturbi plans to play seventy-five concerts this year, so that from Los Angeles to New York, audiences will be permitted to witness his celebrated intensity and sincerity of manner and hear his prodigiously masterful technique of the keyboard

Have one on me, Mrs. Doran

BY COREY FORD

In which a grateful reader offers a few appropriate suggestions to the author of "Prohibition Punches"

■ Recently the country at large (or such of the country as is still at large in spite of the Revenue Officers) was startled to discover that the entire Prohibition Question had been settled overnight. This rather monumental feat, it appears, was accomplished by a slim volume entitled *Prohibition Punches,* edited by none other than the wife of the recent United States Commissioner of Prohibition, one Roxana (I'm not kidding you) B. Doran, and containing a host of recipes for non-intoxicating beverages intended to replace the Martini and the Tom and Jerry.

■ It is an amazing compendium. The jacket, for example, depicts an unseen hand (probably the author's) tilting a cocktail shaker which has for its cover the dome of the United States Capitol. In this same chaste spirit of law-observance, moreover, the body of the book is composed of various formulae for strictly legal cocktails, suggested by several of the more politically prominent henchwomen of the Dry Cause. The lists of the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League apparently were combed by Mrs. Doran in order to secure the most popular fruit punches and sherbets. Every arid lady of the land is represented on her lists, from Mrs. Herbert Hoover to Major General Smedley D. Butler.

■ And Roxana's contributors have rallied behind her handsomely. The First Lady of the Land, for instance, reveals the secret formula for a novel drink all her own, which consists of plain spring water, lemon juice or orange juice, and sugar added to taste. (She was a fool not to copyright it long ago; she would have cleaned up.) Laura Volstead Lomen, billed as "the daughter of Rep. Volstead, author of the Volstead Act, and wife of the Reindeer King of Alaska", contributes a recipe for a simple fruit punch including grated pineapple, a cup of tea, 6 lemons, 10 oranges, boiling water, a quart of strawberries, currant or grape juice, a bottle of Apollinaris water, a quart of sugar, 3 cups of syrup at 35 degrees, mint leaves, and sliced bananas—just a quick snack to shake up for the unexpected guest. Mrs. Seymour Lowman works magic with rose lime juice, 24 lemons, some ginger ale, and a scoop of lemon water-ice. "Old Grad" of the University of Southern California claims that a mixture of ginger ale, vanilla ice-cream and lemon juice is "very popular among college students all over the country". Sally Lou Ellsworth, National Secretary of the Delta Delta Delta Sorority, submits something which is known as "Delta's Delightful Drink", and which we won't go into here; while the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority of Washington sponsors a weird combination of coffee, whipped cream and ginger ale called a "Pansy Cocktail". (I have a mild suspicion that the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority is having Mrs. Doran on.) Last but not least, Major General Smedley D. Butler, U. S. M. C., harks back to old barrack-room days in Nicaragua and resurrects a roustabout punch that doubtless sent many a Marine top-sergeant under the table, which has for its base lukewarm tea, adding 1 cup of sugar, my dears, 4 ounces lemon juice (squeezed), 2 ounces lime juice, 2 ounces "Five Fruits" juice, and pineapples and strawberries to taste. Swish.

Mrs. Doran has staked out every inch of the day. No moment, from early breakfast to midnight supper, but has its particular punch, swizzle or fruit cup. No hour is complete without a Honey Fresh Orangeade or Currant Mint Frappé (contributed by Mrs. Christianson, wife of the Governor of Minnesota). Whether it is noon time ("when shadowless gardens," muses Mrs. Doran, "flaunt their richest hues, and all the world's a-hum") or whether dinner-hour ("when one's cocktail should reflect the purple blood of grapes, the amber of ginger-juice, or the lush richness of the raspberry"), or whether it is evening, when Youth comes into its own ("and flits in the unconscious gayety that is Youth's heritage, casting long lithe shadows on the Dial, etc."), our resourceful Roxana has just the kind of lemonade to fit the occasion. Her very Table of Contents, divided into lyrical chapter-heads, reads like a time-table: "I. Top o' The Morning—Breakfast Recipes; II. When Shadows are Shortest—Luncheon, Bridge; III. As the Shadows Lengthen—afternoon, Garden Parties; IV. Sunset Hour—Fireside Tea-Time Thoughts, Summer Suppers; V. In the Gloaming—Dinner Recipes, Before-Dinner Cocktails; VI. Moonlight Shadows on the Dial—Receptions, Balls, etc." Nothing but fruit from morn to night. I wonder how they dare stir ten feet from the house.

Her first beam of light—not shadow—across the Dial of Life occurs on page 16, as follows: "Cantaloupe Cocktail: Cut melon in balls with a vegetable scoop, fill serving glass, add seeded white grapes and cubes of pineapple, cover with grape juice, etc., etc."

No. You can't tell me that Roxana's cocktails haven't got a kick in them *somewhere.*

At first glance it seemed to be a pretty depressing volume. (Some of the more saccharine mixtures I haven't been able to read through yet.) It was only after studying Mrs. Doran's opus more carefully that I stumbled at last upon a very simple but startling discovery; and by employing this discovery, and applying it to her recipes one by one, I have found that her book has emerged as one of the outstanding volumes of reference in my whole collection. *(Continued on page 120)*

Oh, Mr. Caswell—how nice that they remember you!

HURRELL

MURAY

PHYFE

Basil Rathbone, who several years ago left Broadway for Hollywood and such films as *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, *A Lady of Scandal* and *Sin Takes a Holiday*, has now returned to the legitimate stage in *To Please a Lady*, a French adaptation

What with the talking pictures and all, little has been heard of Lya de Putti since she played with Emil Jannings in *Variety*; her current gesture to the talkies, however, is *Made in France*, the comedy which presents her to the New York theatre

After a long screen career including *Orphans of the Storm*, *The White Sister* and *Nell Gwynne*, Dorothy Gish made her stage début last year in *Young Love*. This season, Jed Harris will feature her in Gogol's comedy, *The Inspector General*

A glittering handful of screen stars who have forsaken Hollywood for the street called Broadway

P. & A.

Not a moving picture!

Two romantic film favourites are disclosed to the round eye of the public in *Cherries Are Ripe*, the comedy adapted from the Hungarian by John Emerson and Anita Loos which features Hungarian Vilma Banky and her husband, Rod La Roque

Colleen Moore, a former motion picture star and one of Hollywood's winsomest gifts to the world of entertainment, has finally pirouetted right onto the New York stage in *On the Loose*, a play by Benjamin Glazer, staged by Lionel Atwill

The panic in politics

BY JAY FRANKLIN

A retrospective glance at the political issues which were the deciding factors in the November elections

■ This is an unlucky year to be in office.

Almost every day the cables carry a dismal tale of an increasing army of involuntarily unemployed politicians, of governments holding on to power by the skin of their parliamentary majorities, of governments voted out of office by sullen popular discontent, of governments overthrown by *coups d'état*, menaced by revolution, or weakened by elections. The panic has hit politics and the world-wide economic depression has eventuated in a world-wide political depression. When margin-calls again plaintively sought to nest in empty pocket-books, when wheat hit the sad seventies, copper went so low it doesn't pay to pick it up off the ground, with millions out of work and the Congressional elections coming on relentlessly, 1930 was the time for all good party men to try to out-guess the electorate.

The prospect was not encouraging, except for the opposition. The record was remarkable. Last August, in Canada the Conservatives turned out the Liberals, much to the surprise of everyone, Conservatives included, on the issue of the tariff, hard times and unemployment. The next move was in South America, where three Administrations were overthrown. Argentina broke her proud record of orderly self-government when General Uríburu's *coup d'état* forced out the personal rule of President Irigoyen. In Peru, a military junta overthrew President Leguia and the same abrupt process truncated the Siles régime in Bolivia. For the first time in decades, the Liberals in Colombia elected their candidate to the Presidency. In Chile, President Ibáñez nipped an attempted military *coup d'état* in the bud. In Cuba, the Machado régime declared martial law. In Brazil, there was revolt. In Venezuela, Panama, and in Uruguay there were painful political regurgitations after swallowing low prices.

The epidemic spread in other fields. Throughout the British Dominions Prime Ministers were careful to conciliate the opposition on the eve of the Imperial Conference. Unemployment and business depression poured oil on the flickering sedition of the Indian Empire, while the Chinese Nationalists and the Northern leaders locked in battle with the inland "Communists" for the control of a distracted country. In Europe, the Schober Ministry in Austria resigned and there was open talk in Madrid of overthrowing the monarchy. Matters reached a climax when the German elections revealed startling gains for the Fascists and the Communists. Chancellor Bruening threatened to establish a dictatorship under Hindenburg, as Hitler, the Fascist leader, spoke hopefully of heads rolling in the sand beneath the guillotine and demanded the revision of the Versailles Treaty. In France, even Raymond Poincaré bowed to the revisionist storm sufficiently to admit in public print that it was the Russian, and not the Austrian, mobilization which had heralded the world war in 1914. In England, Conservative reluctance to assume office in the face of a difficult economic problem was keeping Ramsay MacDonald's minority government in power, while British opinion clutched at the fatal idea of protection, as at a straw. Mutterings and manoeuvers ran like a shudder through eastern and southern Europe, France and Italy remained deadlocked on naval disarmament, Russia and Turkey whispered together ostentatiously, and the League again failed to set a date for the disarmament conference stipulated by the sacrosanct Treaty of Versailles. One thing became clear as daylight, everywhere: that whenever the electorate had an opportunity to express its resentment at economic conditions, it was "agin the Government" and favourable to the party of direct action.

■ What wonder that our own politicos were driven to fearful and wonderful activities in order to anticipate and to control the coming deluge. In every State and in every election district, party conventions and local committees hastily constructed political arks and began sending out doves in every direction, in quest of electoral terra firma. Who was to land on Ararat became the acute local issue and those who were afraid that they might miss the magic mountain ruthlessly jettisoned their couples of issues and candidates with a view to elementary survival.

There was only one real issue before the American people this autumn: the economic situation. Prosperity was still undergoing absent treatment, Farm Relief had not kept up the price of wheat, the Tariff had not prevented industrial depression, unemployment was severe and exaggerated by the absence of reliable statistics. Our system of rationing and producing goods had broken down appreciably, and the parties in power, both in State and in National politics, expected to be punished for it.

■ This was entirely unjust and absolutely human. Neither the Administration nor any other political agency in this country was responsible for the depression or was equipped to remedy it. The essential difficulty is that our political institutions are the expression of American individualism, while our present problems are socialistic. The history of Prohibition enforcement alone illustrates the difficulty of administering a social measure by individualistic political apparatus. Nevertheless, the politicians in power have to pay, and pay, and pay, irrespective of their responsibility; some of them had already paid before the November returns were counted.

Below that long unguarded frontier—the Mason-Dixon Line—the Republicans lost hope that this all too solid South would melt, as Hoovercrat after Hoovercrat was punished by the "outs" for the crime of being "ins". Senator Simmons of North Carolina, a dry of whom the best that could be said was that he was "venerable", was whipped at the primaries. Cole Blease of South Carolina was also eliminated in the same way and for much the same reason: he had been Senator too long. In Alabama, the vocal Tom Heflin was read out of the Democratic Party and was forced to run as an independent. The distinguished Ransdell of Louisiana rolled in the dust before the direct action campaign of Huey Long, the "Mussolini of Baton Rouge". In Texas, the perennial Fergusons were given the gate, as 10-cent cotton began to undermine the political stamina of the Lone Star State.

As the primary returns came in from the North and Republican West, the results were the same. In Illinois Ruth Hanna McCormick wrested the Senatorial nomination from Deneen and faced a stiff battle for a normally Republican Senator- *(Continued on page 120)*

IRVING CHIDNOFF

A film actress with more suaveness than you can shake a stick at is Ilka Chase, who has played in *Paris Bound*, *On Your Back*, *The Florodora Girl* and *Fast and Loose*. This season brings her to the New York stage in Belasco's *Veiled Eyes*

STEICHEN

Alice in Wonderland

Josephine Hutchinson as Alice and J. Edward Romberg as the Duchess in the play at the Civic Repertory Theatre

■ "If it had grown up," said *Alice*, when the *Duchess's* unpleasant child turned into a pig, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think."

The photographs on these two pages show scenes from the dramatization of Lewis Carroll's story which the Civic Repertory Theatre will present during the Christmas holidays. The play is directed by Eva Le Gallienne, and the costumes have been designed faithfully after the original drawings by John Tenniel. In order to achieve the effect of a very small Alice wandering in bewilderment through a tremendous Wonderland, all of the parts, with two exceptions, are to be played by men (Jacob Ben-Ami plays the White Queen). The exceptions are the rôle of *Alice*, played by Miss Hutchinson, and that of the *March Hare*, in which Miss Le Gallienne herself appears.

The art of dying

BY PAUL MORAND

■ "There is nothing that I seek information about as willingly as the way people die: what were their last words, their attitude, how did they look? If I were a writer of books, I should write an annotated record of deaths." This is a passage from Montaigne. Today, the thought has almost lost its meaning, for death, whether it occurs wholesale, as in war, or retail, in our own times is surrounded by exceeding banality. Witness the death agonies (as reported by the newspapers) of such illustrious men as Clemenceau, Foch, Lenin, Curzon. Our great men die in almost the same manner, and with words upon their lips that resemble each other even more closely—since they were borrowed by the deceased from their pious historians.

"It is an unfortunate man who does not know how to die," said Seneca. But who knows how to die? Who has meditated upon his eventual demise, or prepared the final farewell he will take from the living? Death, which we force ourselves never to think about, at last finds us stupefied, terror-stricken with fear or shocked into silence. If, by some extraordinary circumstance we do not entirely lose our heads and remember that the moment is a solemn one which should be commemorated with a few words, we are incapable of finding anything to utter but venerable stereotypes. To us moderns should be applied the remark of the accomplished Abbé Gassendi in the eighteenth century: "I was born knowing not why. I have lived knowing not how. I die knowing neither why nor how."

The reason for this is that we have lost at the same time our scientific assurance and our faith in the beyond. We no longer embark majestically for the Great Divide as our atheist fathers did; but our departure is even less characterized by the trembling religious ecstasy of our devout grandsires. We have not, as they had, a ready answer to the enigma of death. Gripped by the mad excitement of living, we seldom worry about it. But let it graze us in passing for even an instant, as in sickness, accident, or the demise of someone dear to us, and the question crowds in upon us. Our habitual indifference is suddenly supplanted by an anxious avidity to know everything. We impugn the voiceless dead, who even if they could speak, could not find words in our earthly language to describe their superhuman experience; to enlighten us on the mystery of the death agony, although we are familiar enough with the axiom:

"When a dying man talks, he talks for the gallery." He sees himself dying, but he does not feel himself dying. He knows nothing yet of the frightful dissolution to come. He is still alive; as alive as we are. And it is very foolish to expect from him anything but a spectacle; be it edifying, honorable, or humiliating to human dignity. Nevertheless, we moderns have forgotten the rules for this very spectacle. The art of dying, like the art of living, alas, is lost. To find instances of this we need only to search in the past—in the pages of history. There we see the Emperor Augustus, when his last moment comes, has himself dressed in purple, rouged, and the crown put on his head.

"Am I a good comedian?" he asked, smiling.

To him, as to all the ancients, death was not sad. The Greeks depicted it in the shape of a handsome youth and declared wisely that the beloved of the gods died young. Life, to them, was "the hotel for a day", or else, as in Menandros, "a voyage", which ended sooner or later in a blossoming field of daffodils—the Nether Regions. To die was merely "to fall asleep at the end of a beautiful day", and the truly wise man always held himself in readiness to depart.

The ancients met death with a countenance calm, serene, and sometimes even merry. Every one is familiar with the death of Socrates: "My friends," he said, "we owe a rooster to Æsculapius." And to his wife Xantippe, who lamented his innocent death, he said with a laugh, "Would you prefer to see me die guilty?"

I have much admiration for simple, unassuming ways of crossing the fatal threshold, without ostentation or formality. This is the only way humans may attain to the sublime naturalness of animals, who do not indulge in any cowardly complaining, or vainglorious boasting before their demise but obey only the noble impulse to hide themselves to die alone.

The Orientals have always practised supreme reserve and modesty. The son of Confucius suffered a cruel death agony. His children wanted to move him to a softer couch, but one to which his social rank in that country of rigorous *tchin* did not entitle him. "No," the dying man objected, "my only desire is to die according to the rules." (Four thousand years later, the impoverished Oscar Wilde, replied to the friends who wanted to summon a famous physician: "I do not wish to die beyond my means.")

■ It may have been a similar concern for etiquette rather than the pompous realization of his importance which inspired the famous phrase of Marcus Aurelius: "An emperor should die standing up."

But that is doubtful. The ancients were beginning to lose their manly virtues. Great Caesar himself died with a complaint on his lips: "You too, Brutus!" And when Brutus killed himself, his pretentious utterance was: "Virtue, thou art but a name!" The world was becoming solemn and tearful; Christianity was in the air, and Septimus Severus expressed an almost Christian antithesis when he said: "I have been everything,—and everything is nothing."

Jesus came to the earth, and himself suffered a weak moment in the Garden of Olives: *"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"* After that he died courageously, but not silently, for he murmured: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This set the example for forgiving one's enemies which, from that time on, most dying rulers felt obliged to emulate.

There was one notable exception, however. Emperor Julian the Apostate, who fought Christianity all his life, died with a cry of hatred: "The Galilean has bested me!" But after him, nothing but sickly-sweet, whining deaths, or pompous, preaching, moralizing ones. Man became conscious of his importance; he no longer considered himself an insignificant link in the chain of beings, an obscure atom; but as an individual who treasures his life, and thinks highly of parting from it.

■ The Middle Ages are full of the abject fear of death, which was increased by the fear of damnation. This was the period of the Dances of Death, of Holbein, of Dürer's etchings, of skeletons and tibiae, of sorcerers with their elixirs and strange compacts with the Devil. To escape the tortures of his inquisitioners, Galileo, terrified, disowned his great discovery. Although, to be sure, a moment later he affirmed: *"Eppur, si muove!"* But who can tell if that were not simply the absentmindedness of the scholar who in the pursuit of his idea, is ob- *(Continued on page 118)*

ALICE AND THE CHANGELING PIG

Life among the snobs

BY CLARE BOOTHE BROKAW

Intimate glimpses of the New York social battlefield and the celebrated rivalry of its two leaders

FUNDAMENTALS OF ARISTOCRACY: The scene was Newport, the first weekend in September. It was in fact a fine Sunday afternoon preceding Labor Day. Mr. Goadby, one of Mrs. Towerly's house guests, had just returned to Mrs. Towerly's ancestral country seat, The Billows, from a pleasant round of golf on the Newport Country Club links. As he crossed the imposing, ugly and much photographed threshold, passed through the palm-lined marble corridor, and attained the cretonne and mid-Victorian mahogany sanctuary of his bed-room, Mr. Goadby was in high spirits. Since his arrival on the previous morning he had dined well, played agreeable bridge and creditable golf, had bathed on the sacred crescent of Bailey's Beach, in surroundings which were enviable, with people who were correct. In short, his stay had been a successful one: he was a guest of Mrs. Towerly.

Therefore Mr. Goadby's surprise was great when, entering his room, he saw that his town clothes had been neatly laid out on the bed and that his suitcase was almost packed.

He immediately rang for the valet.

"Dudgeon," he said, "my bags are packed. You have made a mistake. I am staying over Labor Day."

"Mrs. Towerly instructed me to pack your things this evening, sir," said Dudgeon solemnly. "Here are your reservations on the *Commonwealth* to New York."

"Well," said Mr. Goadby. "Well."

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"No."

When Dudgeon had gone, Mr. Goadby flung himself in a chair and thought furiously. By some casual *bon mot* which had been misinterpreted, some unconscious lapse of taste, some unintentional insult to her high traditions and delicate sensibilities, had he offended this dowager Duchess of Newport, this uncrowned queen of American society? Undoubtedly, he had. For there were his bags, ominously packed. He knew his hostess too well to hope that an apology (for what?) would avail him anything. Mrs. Towerly was relentless, and from her social edicts there was no appeal. Gloomy thoughts of a forthcoming social exile filled Mr. Goadby with acute discomfort. There came a knock at the door. It was Mr. Hewitt, another guest. He entered, his forehead puckered and damp with beads of perspiration.

"I say, Goadby, my wife and I must have offended Mrs. Towerly. We are being packed off to town on tonight's boat. God, what shall we do?"

At this, Mr. Goadby's own frown relaxed. He waved a comprehending hand in the direction of his suitcase.

"I see it all now," he said. "Mrs. Towerly asked us for the week-end, but she has forgotten that Monday is also a holiday—Labor Day."

He rang once more for Dudgeon.

"Dudgeon," he said, "will you tactfully remind your mistress that tomorrow is Labor Day. It has undoubtedly slipped her mind."

"Madam is resting," said Dudgeon, "but I will tell her."

He went and the two guests, relieved of the thought of a social Siberia, and the unbearable prospect of a holiday in town, which (according to the society columns) was absolutely deserted, began to discuss their golf scores of the morning.

Dudgeon returned.

"Mrs. Towerly says she will bid you goodbye at dinner," said Dudgeon. "And Mrs. Towerly also wishes me to say," he continued, the echo of a reproach in his voice, "that the Towerlys *never observe Labor Day*."

ECHOES OF THE TUMBRILS: Mrs. Towerly was having a dinner party. In the high white and gold drawing room of her great Fifth Avenue mansion, her nineteen guests awaited the arrival of the twentieth, who was also the guest of honour—His Excellency, the Ambassador of D——. He was quite late and the other guests, discomfited by the glint of impatience in their hostess' pale, autocratic eye, stood in small, stagnant groups, chatting in strained undertones, which were occasionally punctuated by an artificial feminine laugh, or a nervous masculine cough.

"His Excellency! The Ambassador of D——," Dudgeon announced in a loud voice.

There was a general shifting, polite silken whispers and delicate sighs of relief.

Mrs. Towerly, instantly detaching herself from an obsequious group of satin gowns and boiled shirts, swooped down upon her guest of honour, an avalanche of black lace and enormous, badly matched pearls.

"My *dear* Ambassador," she intoned.

He bowed over her plump, cold hand.

"I am sorry to be so late. My motor car was held up by a parade. A parade of bolsheviks, if you please. Marching up Fifth Avenue. Garment workers on strike . . . red banners . . . Down with capitalism . . . Ridiculous."

Mrs. Towerly recoiled, horrified.

"And the police?" she asked.

"Oh, they did nothing—let them pass."

Mrs. Towerly's majestic frame assumed even more majestic proportions. Turning to the butler, she spoke in a voice of high command, of regal resolve. "Go, Dudgeon," she said. "Lock all the doors, bolt the windows and," she added, "put the gold service in the vault."

Her guests looked at her, their faces mirroring genuine surprise, the first natural expressions they had worn since their punctual arrivals.

Throwing back her head, Mrs. Towerly walked to the window, drew back the velvet portières and gazed, with resignation on Fifth Avenue.

"The Reds will come here first," she said with a quiet and infinitely noble air. And then she looked over her shoulder at His Excellency, a jewelled hand at her throat. A wan smile played on her thin lips. . . .

"They will come here first," she said, "for *I am the Marie Antoinette of America*. . . ."

A FAMILY LIKENESS: The Summer that the young Prince of Wales had visited America, Mrs. Towerly had been very ill indeed. On the shoulders of Mrs. Topping, her dearest friend and bitterest rival, had descended the honour of entertaining the royal visitor.

"He was such a dear boy," Mrs. Topping said, for the twentieth time, to the small circle of intimates who were drinking her lukewarm tea. Mrs. Towerly sat very still. But she was, even in her well-bred resignation, like one struck dumb with sorrow and frustration. For it was not in this instance possible to belittle her dear friend's triumph by a subtle disparagement of the visitor's social qualities. The Prince of Wales' position was, after all, unassailable.

"So sweet, so natural, so democratic, quite like an American," crescendoed Mrs. Topping.

Mrs. Towerly's prominent bosom rose and fell quickly and the jewelled hand that stirred her tea trembled.

"Why," continued Mrs. Topping, gazing directly at her old and dear friend, Mrs. Towerly. "Why, I remember the morning he left my house. We were walking before breakfast—just we two—in my garden. I remember because—" she broke off in a little shower of intimate, amused laughter,— "because my Scottie dog, Angus, was barking at his heels all the time. Why, Angus even snapped at the Prince's ankles!"

"How dreadful," shrilled a lady in grey velvet. "Whatever did the Prince say?"

"Why," she replied, "His Highness said 'Lie down, sir, lie down.'"

"He said *that*?" Mrs. Towerly suddenly exclaimed, and then in a soft, reminiscent murmur looked *through* her dearest friend, back upon the triumphs of her own youth. "He said *that*? . . . Why, how *very* like Edward, his *dear* father!"

HUMILITY OF THE GREAT: It was the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera. The curtain had just fallen on the first act of *Aïda*. The storm of applause had subsided and everyone in the orchestra, and parterre, settled comfortably *(Continued on page 94)*

STEICHEN

Evelyn Laye

The English actress and musical comedy star now appears in the talking pictures in "Lady Virtue"

▪ Scarcely had the final curtain fallen, last season, on the graceful languors of Noel Coward's operetta, *Bittersweet*, when its blonde and gifted prima donna was whisked to Hollywood to film *Lady Virtue* for United Artists. Miss Laye's first picture made in America is a romantic comedy of modern Budapest by the American author, Louis Bromfield, and was adapted to the films by Sidney Howard.

Evelyn Laye left Folkestone College in England to enter the chorus of a musical piece then playing in London. Subsequently she sang the leading rôles in London in *The Merry Widow* and in *Madame Pompadour*, and, in 1929, was persuaded to come to America, where she achieved, on the opening night of the Coward piece in New York, one of those successes which have been only too rare since the glamorous days when the young men of Manhattan unhitched the horses and themselves pulled Jenny Lind's carriage through the streets

A triangle in Andalusia

BY EDMUND PEARSON

The tragic consequences of a dinner with chicken soup and what happened to a pretender to nobility

■ I wonder how the Americans became known as a crafty people, subjecting the innocent folk of other lands to shrewd tricks. Of course, there were the Yankee skippers of old time, who were accused of hoaxing the simple natives of the South Seas. And American crooks and confidence men are still up to their games in Europe. But if you read the criminal records of the past, or the newspapers of today, you cannot escape this conclusion: that there has never been a time in our history when a semi-plausible fellow from some far exotic kingdom could not walk into any American community and play hob with it.

■ Let him call himself Lord Willoughby de Broke, or Marquis di Catapilla, or Lieut. Bruce Capeheart, or the Mahatma Anagazanda; let him affect some odd dialect, and some detail of costume faintly appropriate to his rôle. In about twelve weeks he can depart, leaving behind him shattered bank accounts and fractured hearts.

One night next May it will be exactly one hundred years since the Chapman family were sitting around the evening lamp in a little town near Philadelphia, a place with the surprising name of Andalusia. Mr., or Dr., Chapman's specialty in life was to cure stutterers; he had begun by obeying the injunction to heal himself of that defect, and had set up a sort of institute to let the world know that there was hope for all who stammered. His pupils, or patients, seem not to have been numerous enough to permit him to go on with his work in Philadelphia, so he moved to this suburban village, which he hoped soon to fill with the stuttering.

■ He was aided by his wife, who had been a Miss Henshaw of Massachusetts. When the Doctor met her she was at the head of a girls' school in Philadelphia. She must have had some skill in linguistics—although not necessarily in stuttering—and this ability has a bearing on the story. The Chapman family included children and servants, and they were charitable folk, since there was a room in their house called "the beggars' room," in which wastrels and wanderers might find shelter.

To them, on this evening, came a suppliant—a miserable outcast—in rags and woe. Hardly anyone, except Mrs. Chapman, could understand him, for his was the speech of old Spain. And his eyes were melting and tender; he was a youth of twenty, whose sorrows afflicted everyone. As soon as he could make himself clear he told them his name: he was Lino Amalio Espos y Mina, and he was the son of the Spanish Governor of the province of California.

How did he come to be in such trouble? Ah, Señora, that was very sad; he had been in fearful sorrow indeed. His father, His Excellency Don Diego, himself, had sent his son to Europe to make the grand tour, in company with a friend and tutor, who was a physician. In France this friend had suddenly died at an inn, and the iniquitous French law of those days (which even the Rev. Laurence Sterne denounced) had seized all the money and baggage of both travellers. Yes, truly, His Most Christian Majesty had picked their pockets. Hearing of a friend in America, in Boston, Don Lino had shipped for that port. But when he got there, his friend (whose name, by the way, was Casanova) had gone to "Count Bonaparte's," and to the home of that royal exile the young Spaniard was now wearily walking. Would the distinguished Dr. Chapman put him up for one night?

■ Count Bonaparte was Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Naples, then living at Bordentown, N. J. He was the most distinguished person of title in the vicinity, and Lino Amalio never trafficked with commoners.

Where was Dr. Chapman's guardian angel on that night? Perchance she slumbered or was on a journey, but had she been there to warn him, or had he possessed one atom of the power of the prophecy, he would have rushed at young Don Lino Amalio with the bellow of a bull, and booted him far out into the darkness, the *(Continued on page 100)*

"How could you think of stealing one of God's buns?"

WIDE WORLD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

P. & A.

MATTHEW WOLL

L. J. OSBORNE

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

P. & A.

WILLIAM DUFFY

We Nominate for Oblivion

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.: because in his published "inside" stories of his family life he was guilty of shabby disloyalty to his kin; because, as a scion of an influential and well-established family, he capitalized the name and position of Vanderbilt to sell some of the most amateurish prose ever written by a college graduate; because his portraits of Reno and Park Avenue are obviously false, and finally, because he threatens to write still another novel—this time about Palm Beach

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE: because his "mystical" poetry has been acclaimed chiefly by the pseudo-cultured; because in all his portraits he takes care to look as much like a holy man and saint as possible; because he is the chief of all the so-called mahatmas and swamis who swarm over here to spread misinformation about India; and finally because he visits the United States every few years, collects a comfortable sum in lecture fees, and departs, giving out interviews in which he denounces America for its "materialism"

MATTHEW WOLL: because as Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor he is the professional Red witch-hunter and rabble-rouser among our Labor politicians; because he has made no effort to deal sanely with the unemployment problem as he was too busy sowing anti-Russian hysteria throughout the nation; and finally because of his much publicized march on Moscow to exclude Russian pulpwood, which was called off because not a sufficient number of woodchoppers supported him

WILLIAM ("BILL") DUFFY: because he and Owney Madden, as co-managers of Primo Carnera, were responsible for his fraudulent American career; because theirs are the minds behind the syndicate which, more than any other factor except politics, has imperiled the future of boxing; because they are symbols of the grip which gangdom has gained on prize-fighting; and finally because their presence in the boxing game has invoked a malodorous series of open scandals, and charges of graft, fixed fights and foul play

When Night-clubs Were in Flower

BY PERCY HAMMOND

A seafaring man ventures among the night clubs of New York, and finds them not nautical, but very nice

■ The night club as an instrument of urban recreation is passing, they say, and soon will be known merely as one of Life's small parentheses, punctuating a forgotten period of extravagance and frivolity. In its place is coming the polite and exclusive speakeasy where in a secluded nook the weary and heavy laden may put off their burdens and rest for a time on the screened cushions of quiet dissipation. In those niches there is none of the noise and fury of the cabarets. No trumpets, no banjos, no clowns or dancing nymphs disturb a hush consecrated to drink, food and flirtation. There, behind or under a mysterious brownstone front on a dark side street, we may, in the words of a Shakespearean Bishop of Winchester, repair our nature with comforting repose in secrecy and calm.

■ How pleasanter it is thus to make our innocent debauches whispering and tip-toe rather than audible and conspicuous. To break obnoxious ordinances in stealth and cunning rather than in contempt and arrogance. To "sin in the shadows" rather than under the incandescents. Tired, as they say you are, of the night clubs, you may wish to know the route to these voluptuous places where languor and liquor are available. Where you may pursue the sensuous life without fear of interruption from saxophones, torch songs and confetti. All one has to do is to get a letter of recommendation from George Jean Nathan or Walter Winchell to Raoul or Pierre and the crimson carpet of welcome will be rolled out for you. Thenafter, if you have selected your companion shrewdly, you may talk and be talked to in one of those "sweet banquets of the mind" over an oyster soufflé and a bottle of anarchic Cliquot, brewed in a cellar hardby the Jefferson Market Police Station. Nothing will disturb you, except, perhaps, your conscience and the rum squad.

Contemplating the exotic languors of night life in New York, one evening not long ago, I reflected that it would be not uninteresting to watch its effect upon a man totally removed from all that—a man who had lived his life in the open, his face turned always to the sun, his lungs hearty with salt air. I was curious to see the consequence, in such a fellow, of brief incarceration in the scented cubicles of those fancier establishments which operate, throughout our city, from midnight until dawn. Accordingly, I invited Captain Wilbur Ross, skipper of a ship upon which I recently spun around the earth, to accompany me on a tour of the New York supper clubs. I used to stand on the bridge with Captain Ross and listen as he spoke with enthusiastic reverence of a life on the ocean wave. The starry mysteries of navigation, the excitement of steering a bark through Neptune's deep, invisible paths, the perils and enjoyments of the Seven Seas were advocated by the Captain in those conversations as superior to anything in the way of happiness afforded by *terra firma*. As a miner in Alaska he had not seen the Shooting of Dan McGrew or anything similar to it; and during his excursions into India he had met no Gunga Dins. He had been almost everywhere in the world in search of excitement from the Louvre in Paris to Cairo's wicked Fish Market, but had found it all as barren as the route from Dan to Beersheba. The Captain who has read well and who therefore talks well, thought a dancing porpoise more graceful than a dancing girl—and a cloud, whether fleecy or pregnant with storm, preferable to the towers of a skyscraper. "There is more solace," said he, "in one ocean billow than there is on all the sidewalks of New York."

I, a loyal landsman, resented this impugnment of the advantages of solid ground, and invited the sailor to look them over with me when next he found anchorage in Hoboken. So at twelve o'clock or thereabouts one night not long ago, we set out for the plaisances, fortified amply with funds, leisure and a determination to keep within the liquor-laws. The scrutiny was to be conducted with sobriety. Such intoxications as might be encountered were to be of sight and sound rather than of the flowing bowl. "I dare you," said the Captain, "to show me where there is music as beautiful as that of the fog-horn, a comedian as funny as a whale at play, a chorus girl as warm as the Gulf stream, or a night club hostess as chill as an iceberg off Nova Scotia."

We reached the first point in our itinerary just as Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in snowdrifts of ermine, alighted from her chariot, esquired by three chinless cavaliers. Preceded by what seemed to be a motor-cycle escort who arrived in considerable state, nodding imperially to the abashed flunkey at the door. I called Captain Ross's attention to the fact that Miss Joyce's jewels were larger, brighter and more numerous than the stars in Orion, even though not so dependable to a navigator. Another cab drove up and discharged Harry Thaw, solus, the nervous, gray and grieving hero of a remote American tragedy. Just behind him we saw "Legs" Diamond, one of the local Robin Hoods, in a cab resembling a caisson. As we checked our caps with the specious siren in the coat room we jostled a tenor renowned in comic opera, the clown in a popular revue, two or three spectacular journalists and what was said to be a justice of the New York Supreme Court. "What price the salt waves and the Southern Cross?" said I after we had been seated at a table in a distant corner. Nearby were some eminent drama critics, a minor Vanderbilt or two, an exhibitionist aviator, a soubrette in a comedy by Aristophanes, and the dignified president of a national bank. "This is the life," I continued. "Here is gaiety and relaxation, God's gift to his needy people. It is a headquarters of forgetfulness, a resting-place on the up-and-down roads." All around us were celebrities in art, science and commerce, mingling with democratic abandon among the lesser and more vivid folk.

■ As the night wore on, the landscape's calm turned turbulent. A romantic Broadway press-agent struck a prominent book-publisher upon the nose because the publisher had looked with amorous eyes upon the publicist's lady-love. In the course of the mêlée the heroine disappeared, under the protection of a handsome trombonist. At an adjoining table a falcon blonde was saying to the Chicago poet who was her host, "Tell me more about Chaucer," when her Brooklyn sweetheart interfered with growls, and slapped the Chicagoan down. The band played, the girls of the chorus wriggled in naughty postures; ornery jokes were cracked by the comedians, and a cabaret ingénue was to be seen vaguely repelling the advances of an elderly satyr while her mother waited, with no anxiety, in the cloakroom to take her home. Some of the big extravaganza spendthrifts were operating in our vicinity, bestowing reams of bank-notes on the bus-boys and violinists. "Keep the change," said one of them as he gave a disappointed nut-girl $50 for a packet of salted almonds. We eavesdropped as the honest abbess of the place leaned over a rich man's drunken son and whispered to him. "Please keep out of here," we heard her say. "You are making me rich, for you are one of my best suckers. But you are riding for a fall. If you are determined to disgrace yourself you must go somewhere else." Later they carried out a pretty girl hit by a ginger ale *(Continued on page 104)*

PARACHUTE DESCENT

An unusual photograph of an aviator snapped in mid-air a few minutes after he had leaped from a disabled airplane into space

HELEN BREAKER

Modern soldiers look at war

Six war veterans whose memories of the holocaust prove pens more profitable than swords

▪ Since the Armistice in 1918, the publics of all the contestant nations have been under a continual and increasing bombardment of war novels, memoirs, poems, plays and moving pictures, by scribbling veterans of what the British called "The Late Unpleasantness". The financial rewards of these tragic recollections have, twelve years later, turned their authors into, a new kind of war-memoir millionaire. There is something cruelly ironical in the thought that their bitter philosophy, the gruesome portraits they draw of the conflict have, perhaps, only served to reëstablish war in the popular mind as one of our most romantic institutions and most profitable literary topics

ERNEST HEMINGWAY "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain . . . I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. . . . Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates."—*A Farewell to Arms*

ARNOLD ZWEIG "We've long since given up thinking about war and victory. . . . Now the real concern is politics. The fight for the Class State and the rule of the few over the many. The militarized nation is, say they, the true expression of the modern nation. Seventy millions at the will and pleasure of three thousand irresponsible masters. . . . Huge masses of humanity are being hurried to and fro, and their despair is either conveniently ignored or looked upon with cynical indifference. And what will be the end of it, no one knows."—*The Case of Sergeant Grischa*

PHILIP GIBBS "Loyalty to their own side, discipline with the death penalty behind it, spell words of old tradition, obedience to the laws of war or to the caste that ruled them . . . a deep and simple love for England or Germany, pride of manhood, fear of cowardice—a thousand complexities of thought and sentiment prevented men, on both sides, from breaking the net of fate in which they were entangled, and revolting against that mutual unceasing massacre by a rising from the trenches with a shout of 'We're all fools—let's all go home!'"—*Now it can be Told*

LAURENCE STALLINGS "What right have they to offer a man leave and then revoke it. . . . I earned my leave and it's signed, sealed and delivered. That crowd at headquarters has got to live up to its end of the bargain. They can't take these men back in. I won't stand for it. . . . No, I'll go. I may be drunk but I know I'll go. There's something rotten about this profession of arms, some kind of damn religion connected with it that you can't shake. When they tell you to die you do it even if you're a better man than they are."—*What Price Glory?*

R. C. SHERRIFF "There was a job to be done—it ought never to have arisen and it should never be allowed to arise again, but that was not the point at the moment; that would be for the survivors to wrangle about—there was a job to be done, and there was a deep satisfaction to be got out of it. It was a tragic job, but less so for him, who had had so much out of life, than for all these youngsters who did not even realize how unlucky they were, so new were they to existence."—*Journey's End*

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE "And this I know: all these things that now, while we are still in the war, sink down in us like a stone, after the war shall waken again, and then shall begin the disentanglement of life and death. The days, the weeks, the years out here shall come back again and our dead comrades shall then stand up again and march with us, our heads shall be clear, we shall have a purpose, and so we shall march, our dead comrades beside us, the years of the Front behind us:—against whom, against whom?"—*All Quiet on the Western Front*

P. & A.

VON HORN

Joan Bennett

A talented screen actress whose latest picture is a new film version of the play, "Smilin' Through"

■ The pen falters, and the printing-presses are seen to wince when it comes to writing any more than has already been written about the three beautiful daughters of Richard Bennett—Constance, Barbara and Joan. Every appropriate adjective has already been applied to the distinguished stage family of Bennetts until there now remains nothing more to call them, unless one were suddenly, for the sake of whimsy, to call them the Barrymore family instead. Joan, the youngest daughter of Mr. Bennett and the actress and beauty, Adrienne Morrison, made her stage début in New York two years ago, with her father in Jim Tully's play, *Jarnegan*. Almost immediately afterward, she went to Hollywood and, in the past year, has played leading rôles in nine pictures including *Disraeli* with George Arliss, *Moby Dick* with John Barrymore and *Scotland Yard* with Edmund Lowe. *Smilin' Through*, her first starring picture, has been played on the stage by Jane Cowl, and by Norma Talmadge in silent films

"Everybody's so depressed this year"

The official laws of Backgammon

BY JULIAN JEROME

■ EDITOR'S NOTE: With the revival of the popularity of Backgammon, a number of misapprehensions regarding the rules have occurred, making it difficult for many players to adapt themselves to the special methods of the play observed by their opponents. *Vanity Fair* presents in the following article a set of rules which are substantially in force at many fashionable clubs whose members play according to the rules in this article—The Racquet Club of Chicago, The Racquet Club of Philadelphia; The Knickerbocker Club, The Racquet & Tennis Club, Brook Club, The Cavendish Club, The Coffee House, and the Embassy Club of New York; and, on Long Island, Piping Rock and The Atlantic Beach Club. These rules have also been approved by the following writers and authors on the game—Harold Thorne, Lelia Hattersley, Elizabeth Clark Boyden, Ralph Bond, and the Egyptian expert, Georges Mabardi, whose book *Backgammon to Win*, soon to be published by *Vanity Fair* in collaboration with the firm of Horace Liveright, will include these rules.

■ If there was ever any definite set of rules for the game of Backgammon, it has long since been lost in the haze of antiquity, and the present renaissance of this ancient diversion has reached its incredible peak of popularity without benefit of official law.

Like the British, of whom a great statesman once said, "They always muddle through," modern backgammoners have managed with no other authority than their own consciences and the indications of tradition, to muddle through countless games to satisfactory and pleasant conclusions. But no matter how ancient a tradition, nor how "gentlemanly" the player himself may be about it all, the time invariably comes, either in Tournament Play, in Chouette, or in an individual game for monetary stakes, when the players, forsaking their consciences, and suspending momentarily their charming gestures of *noblesse oblige*, are forced to look to some higher, more impartial authority on Backgammon rules. And although the omission of a standardized set of rules has not prevented an almost nation-wide enjoyment of the game, it is in moments such as these that they are sadly missed.

It is beside the point to say (as more than one writer on Backgammon has done) that the game is "for fun, anyway"—the fact remains that it is quite as much, if indeed not more of, a gambling game—involving financial risks and rewards—as Contract bridge. Therefore, the player who cites rules against a careless adversary is more than justified in saying, "Fun's fun . . . but the idea is to win . . ."

■ Moreover, if a game is worth playing at all, it is worth playing according to rule—one might almost have said according to Hoyle, if it were not, in this particular instance, that Hoyle's thirteen rules on Backgammon contain at least three which are so needlessly drastic, and exact such severe penalties, that it is not surprising that they have never been and never will be accepted by any but the most punctilious of Backgammon players.

The consensus of Backgammon opinion, a consolidation and simplification, as it were, of rules as suggested by various accredited modern authorities on the game, has shown the following table of rules to be the most generally accepted and adhered to by experts everywhere. It covers also, in as brief a form as possible, every *(Continued on page 112)*

British golf—and weather

BY GLENNA COLLETT, UNITED STATES WOMAN CHAMPION

MISS FISHWICK AND MISS COLLETT

■ If an American girl wants to play golf successfully in Great Britain, she must possess two major assets: a sound game and a stoical attitude toward the weather. If she lacks either of these she cannot hope to stand up in British tournament competition. The average American player cannot realize the difficulties imposed by wind, cold and rain in Britain. One must learn to play against them as one learns to play against human adversaries.

I have played matches through every kind of upheaval of the elements in England, even through a hail storm which was so severe that one player tried to putt a hailstone, mistaking it for the ball. I have played through driving rain that forced me to kneel under an umbrella in order to look over the line on the putting green, and through wind storms utterly disastrous to high shots.

After five years of competing in British tournament play, I found, however, that the challenge of stiff weather, combined with keen golfing competition, made me play better golf abroad than at home.

There are many reasons why the women players of Great Britain develop the sound games for which they are famous. To begin with, golf with them is a tradition, an inheritance handed down from one generation to another. From childhood the feel of the golf clubs in their hands is a natural one (and, one might add, the feel of an umbrella—the most important club in their bags—is even more natural). They begin to play when very young with older people, who, in turn, have been playing since they were very young. In England golf is not a sport for the privileged classes only, as it is in France. It is the national pastime.

The yearly international team matches are also a further incentive and aid to the women players of Great Britain. Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales each have teams of eight players who meet annually, which means that there are thirty-two first-class players selected every year. It also means that many more have tried desperately for places on these teams and failed. Nevertheless, when I enter a match abroad, I am constantly on my guard, for I can never tell when some unknown young golfer will suddenly rise, excel herself in a brilliant game, and eliminate me.

■ Besides these team matches, there are the County matches. In these a very high standard of golf is set, a standard which proves that hundreds of English women know the game thoroughly. They demonstrate in their shots a science which I believe American women do not possess. Bunkers, bad lies, fierce gales, are all intelligently met. There are very few haphazard shots. The tools in their kits are all carefully studied, and, from each one, special results are not only expected but obtained. They realize that a sure and steady manipulation of the proper club will conquer any difficulty, and resolutely, persistently, they set about conquering them. It is this applied persistence which results in the excellent golf played by British women, a brand of golf that is the envy and constant admiration of visiting American players.

The team matches and the County matches thus prepare the best women players for the open tournaments. In contrast to many of the early matches in American tournament play, almost every round of the British tournament is played between sound golfers, so that from the beginning of a tournament there is a constant element of real competition and suspense. Perhaps it is owing to this persistently stimulating competitive play that the British woman golfer seems to need less individual practice than the American player does. (Before matches abroad, our players are always busy, as they were at Formby before the championship this year, hammering out dozens of balls to their racing caddies, while the British players were quietly resting, waiting until their first tee shot before so much as swinging a club.)

The British women players, therefore, enter a tournament outwardly composed, as though it were an event of everyday occurrence in their lives. Never flustered or hurried, they go steadily on in the *(Continued on page 106)*

TYPICAL DAY IN A BRITISH GOLF TOURNAMENT

PICTURES BY TOPICAL PRESS

The midget golf revolution

BY EARL SPARLING

A brief history of the craze which has swept over America and how it has changed our social and economic order

■ Golf has always been an antic game, fat with that prime element of the ludicrous, the conjunction of the extremely small with the extremely large, a white speck against a vast horizon. But it took miniature golf, with its foreshortening, to reveal inescapably the game's grotesqueries. Midget golf has reduced golf's perspective to half an acre, and what was lately a social privilege turns out to be a Rube Goldberg whimsy.

There are anywhere from 6,000 to 20,000 toy golfing fields in America today, a mushroom growth of the summer. Everywhere across the continent, on vacant town lots and on farmers' front yards, the proletariat are sending golf balls through sewer-pipe traps, over wash-tub water hazards, making them loop the loop on tin runways, skitter across wooden footbridges, roll up cement inclines. With an uncouth guffawing which shakes the very windows of the country clubs, the commercial peasants have seized upon the traditional game of the commercial barons.

But the most amusing thing about midget golf is that the millionaires are going in for it almost as hard as the mob, and what has happened is veritably a social, economic, and as we shall later see, an artistic revolution. Throughout the land you find the best people driving up in costly cars to some crowded and rowdy toy golf field. You can find them playing after the theatre, while their chauffeurs wait. You can actually find them stopping by for a round of midget golf after an afternoon of real golf out on their velvet hills. Though they would never think of belonging to any but the most select country clubs, would consider it treason to the social structure to play golf on a municipal course, these charming people do not hesitate to play putt-putt side by side with grocery clerks and bootleggers on a flood-lighted half-acre of ground.

Just where and how all this began is difficult to say. Retired golf professionals were experimenting with miniature courses, both indoor and out, as long ago as 1920. Miniature golf, as it stood then, was apparently an importation from England, where diminutive courses have decorated the public parks for years. For equally as many years, most American country clubs have had putting courses somewhere off from the first tee.

But this does not quite explain the giddy golf of today, the slapstick metamorphosis that has struck fire among millions of people to whom golf had never been anything but a remote joke. Real midget golf, the game that earns whoever builds a course from $100 to $300 a day, emerged overnight. Like jazz, prohibition, marathon dancing, tree sitting, cocktail shaking, like all the manias which at periodical intervals have revealed the pathology of America, real miniature golf began obscurely, developed suddenly, and captured the country in the twinkling of an eye.

But what is more important than how it began is: where it is now. It is in the hands of three corporations, the Miniature Golf Courses of America, Inc., and its affiliates, the Tom Thumb Golf Courses, Inc., and the National Pipe Products Corporation. As the telephone industry fell into the hands of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as the radio business fell into the hands of the Radio Corporation of America, so even a droll commerce like midget golf fell into the hands of a few incorporated individuals. But, fortunately or unfortunately, control of midget golf proves to be only theoretical, and for the gentlemen who fill the country clubs, this is the most important phase of the phenomenon. They will find in it an intimation that the golf-conscious *polloi*, in endangering the social structure, are also endangering its very economic foundations.

As far as vested control is concerned, miniature golf began in 1928 at 56 Broad Street, New York City. There two youthful real estate men, as much for pastime as anything else, had been experimenting with indoor golf for nearly two years.

John N. Ledbetter, Yale, 1924, aided by Drake de Lanoy, his associate, built their first experimental course in 1926. It was a poor thing, built of New Jersey clay and Long Island sand. Its chief purpose seemed to be that of causing indulgent smiles on the faces of their friends.

But the two young fathers of mass golf persevered. They did not expect the public to pay hard-earned cash for the privilege of getting sand and clay down their shoes. They concluded early that indoor golf would never be a success until a better surfacing material than New Jersey clay was found.

■ The young man from Yale and his partner made momentous experiments, experiments that deserve a permanent place in the romantic history of American business. They tried moss. The moss quickly became threadbare. They tried chenille carpeting, an experiment that others had tried before them, with even less success. If people were going to play golf on living-room carpets, they could play at home. They tried various roofing materials, pine needles, door mats, and finally, as a last resort, took a fling at ground chicken feathers mixed with tar. The ground feathers came loose and the tar proved to be even more adhesive than the New Jersey clay.

The hair threatened to leave their worried brows even as the moss had left their indoor sod. But like true captains of commerce, they refused to give up. They staked their last few thousand dollars on the chance that somewhere there must be a material created by the good Lord especially for midget golf courses. Young Ledbetter went travelling through America searching for it; and it was in El Paso that he stumbled upon a strange, resilient substance. He noticed immediately how it sprang back beneath his feet, moulded by his weight, and yet tenacious of its own place in the world. The natives informed him that it was cotton seed hulls, a waste before the world, as useless as a lazy nigger. And thus was a new conquest of commerce accomplished. Nevertheless, one problem still remained: to give the pallid cotton seed hulls the bright, lush, emerald aspect of nature's velvet putting greens. Another long series of experiments began to find a sun-proof, rain-proof dye. Friends who had laughed at the chicken feathers on their clothes now had a chance to laugh at the green stains constantly on their hands.

■ But finally that problem was solved, too, by a little-known dye made only in Germany and imported into the United States at that time in minimum quantities. And what Ledbetter and de Lanoy had started, one Garnet Carter, veteran showman, finished. They had been chiefly interested in indoor golf but Garnet Carter, the man who modernized historic Lookout Mountain in Tennessee, by planting a Coney Island on top of it, was apparently the first to see the corporate possibilities of outdoor miniature golf. The two young men incorporated as the Miniature Golf Courses of America. Carter obtained license rights, joined forces with the National Pipe Products Corporation and organized the Tom Thumb Corporation. To Carter, if to any one man, must go the dubious credit for turning golf into a satire.

In the summer of 1930, only two years after that memorable day in El Paso, wealth rolled in fabulously on every one concerned: Carter, the showman, as well as Ledbetter and de Lanoy, the realtors. In the summer of 1930 cotton seed hulls had jumped from $7 to $21 a ton and the obscure German dye was being rushed across the continent in tank cars. In the summer of 1930 there were three large steam pressure dyeing plants in operation and cotton seed hulls seemed a more important product of the deep South than the cotton itself.

It was no fault of the patent attorneys that corporate control of all this has proven deplorably theoretical. The patent attorneys functioned perfectly. Despite the enthusiasm of the two young in- *(Continued on page 114)*

William Powell

The sinister star of the cinema turns from crime to polite drawing-room comedy in "New Morals"

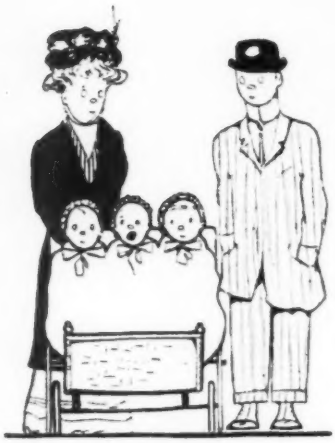
■ In a recent series of talking pictures setting forth the activities of that super-sleuth, *Philo Vance,* William Powell established himself securely as an unsurpassed hero of those screen stories in which the action is suave and lightly accented by top hats, expensive cigarettes and perfect manners, and the dirty work delicately handled. From such a prestige it was only a step to the playing of that type of comedy known as sophisticated, and Mr. Powell has successfully done this in his latest picture, *New Morals.*

Like many other young men whose parents wish them to become lawyers, William Powell became an actor at an early age. He made his début on the New York stage in *The Ne'er-Do-Well,* later going into pictures to appear with John Barrymore in the screen version of *Sherlock Holmes,* in *The Bright Shawl,* and more recently in *The Shadow of the Law* and *For The Defense*

First drawings by our biggest

Some random shots, made in their early youth, by artists who are currently hitting the bull's-eye

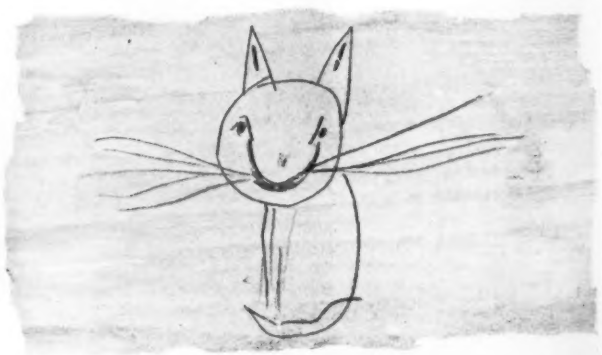
MARIE LAURENCIN, the most distinguished living woman painter, is still comparatively young. This drawing, a self-portrait, was executed in 1905, and it is her first attempt at a character drawing. Her canvases today are sought after with increasing interest—and for big prices, by collectors of modern art



JOHN HELD, JR. in 1909, before his famous flappers and college youths had ever been thought of, enlivened an issue of *Life* with the drawing shown at the left, which bore the title of *Mr. and Mrs. Stone and a Load of Gravel*

GEORGE HERRIMAN, the creator of *Krazy Kat*, drew this picture of the Hotel Petrolia in Santa Paula when he was sixteen. It was published in the Los Angeles Herald in 1897, resulting in the artist's employment on the paper at a salary of two dollars a week

NORMAN BEL GEDDES was four years old when he produced this study of a slightly churlish gentleman's head—a work definitely marked by the force and individuality which still distinguish the gifted stage designer of *The Miracle* and *Lysistrata*



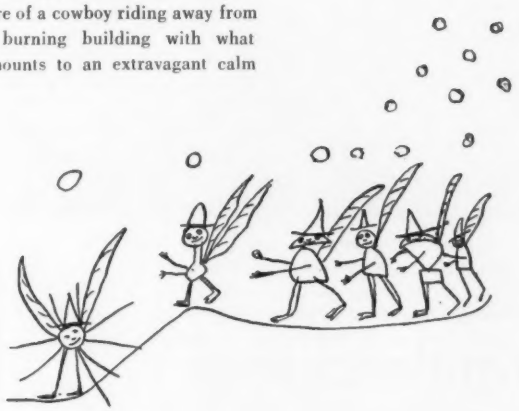
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG one of America's most celebrated magazine illustrators and depicters of beautiful women, began his pen-and-ink career at the age of three with the above drawing which he describes as "a nice whiskery and self-complacent cat"

drawing cards

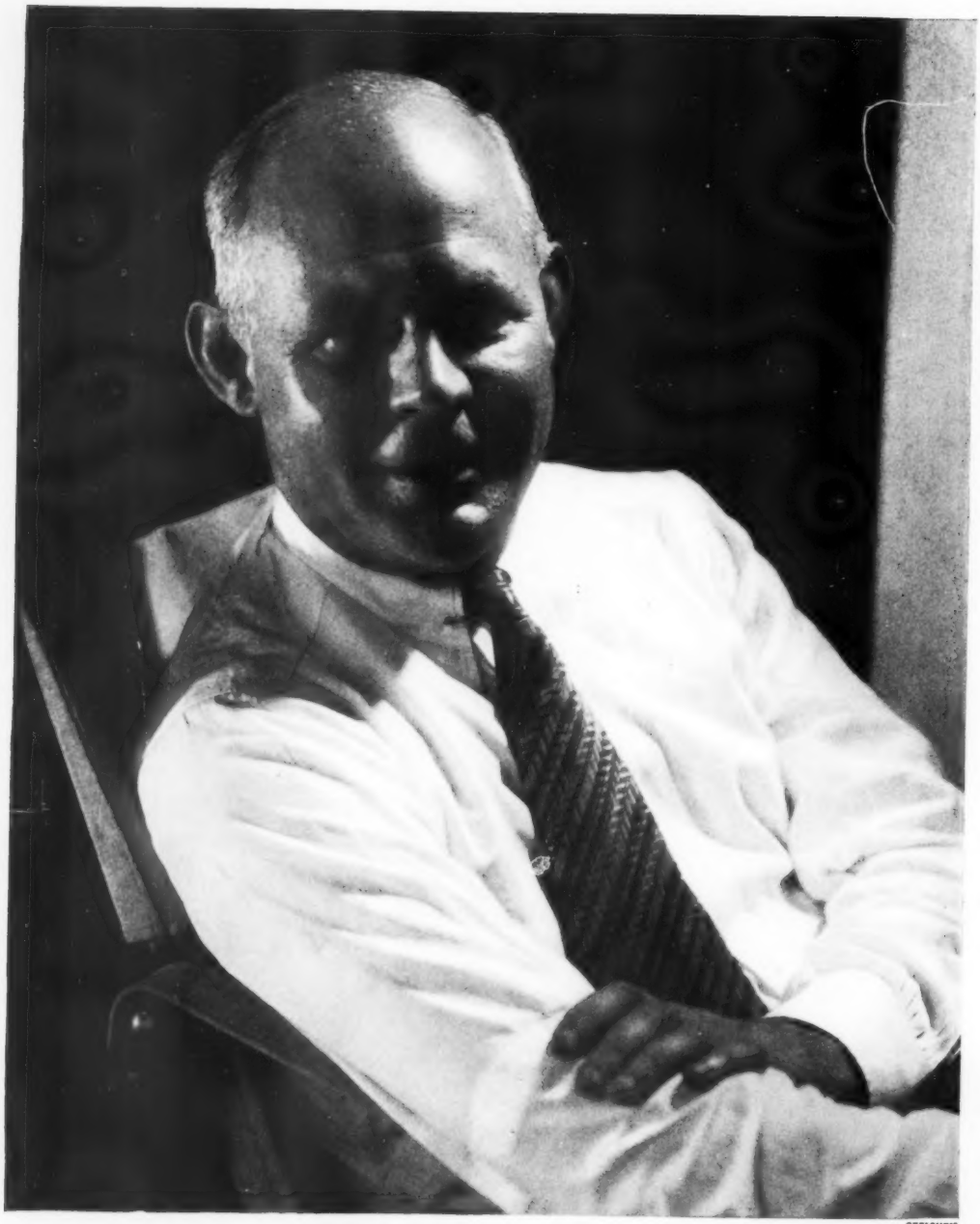
PERCY CROSBY, who invented *Skippy* and *Always Belittlin'*, made this spirited drawing at the age of nine. It is not quite his first. His previous attempt at art, begun when he was four, on the floor of his father's cellar, was abandoned when it was found that one eye of the portrait had taken up the entire floor

PETER ARNO, that accurate and devastating caricaturist and observer of our times, was impelled at the age of five to draw this picture of a cowboy riding away from a burning building with what amounts to an extravagant calm

GEORGE BELCHER, whose unforgettable studies of London charwomen appear in *The Tatler* and in *Vanity Fair*, made the tentative excursion, shown at the left, into a picture of London streets, when he was eighteen and studying art in Gloucester



RALPH BARTON was four years old when his first symbolical sketch was published in *Wee Wisdom* in 1897. "The sun," explains Mr. Barton, "and other heavenly bodies have flown down to earth for a promenade, leaving holes in the sky during their absence"



STEICHEN

Grantland Rice

He always regards sport as the best of all subjects for literature and literature as the best of all sports

■ Biographers may care to note that Grantland Rice is lighting the candles on his fiftieth birthday cake. It is his earthy, non-astral body that is rounding the half century mark. The essential part of him—spirit, loyalty, love of clean fighting and fair play—remains what it was when, thirty years ago at college, he was playing golf, football and baseball and beginning to write of them with such sympathy and understanding. Both as an author and a man he has exercised a peculiar and beneficent influence on lovers of sport in America. They read his books of poetry, share his enthusiasms, see his movies, follow his daily Column and read his *American Golfer*. He must find it a curious sensation to be so young in spirit and yet be pointed out as our patron saint of sport. Odd, too, for a man of legs, appetites and clay, to find himself regarded by a million or more Americans as a wonder-working demigod combining the characteristics of John Keats, the Marquess of Queensbury, Hercules, Bobby Jones, and the Chevalier Bayard

The Yankee matador

BY EDITH LEVY

■ In June, 1929, the United States was celebrating its Special Week at the Ibero-American Exposition in Seville. A slender, sandy-haired boy walked into the office of Thomas E. Campbell, Commissioner General of the United States, and calmly suggested that one of the features of United States Week should be a bullfight, with an American matador, as an evidence to Spain of Spanish influence upon American life and customs.

This was an astonishing suggestion. For, to present, then, in Seville, *cuño de los toreros*, the cradle of bullfighters, an American exponent of this profession had about the same chance of success as sending an unknown Spanish baseball player to America to show Babe Ruth a few points in home run hitting.

The bull ring in Spain occupies much the same position as the stage does in America. To fight in Seville is to star on Broadway. Here was an unknown *toreador*, not even of the Latin race, seeking his first Spanish engagement where only the stars of the profession, or *novilleros* with powerful backing, can obtain a booking. Who but an *Americano* would have such presumption?

Nevertheless, backed by only a winning smile, a fluent knowledge of Spanish, and a few pictures of previous fights in Mexico where he had learned the game, Sidney Franklin obtained an early engagement in Seville.

It may have been because the current season had been uncommonly dull. Joselito, Spain's supremest matador, was dead. Belmonte, next in line, had retired, to raise bulls but not to fight them. Algabeño, Chicuelo, Gitanillo de Triana, Marcial Lalanda, Niño de la Palma—all had their following, yet not even the most ardent fans referred to them as artists. And an American might be a novelty. However poor he might prove to be, the ring might be filled—out of sheer curiosity, if nothing more.

Although bullfighting has been portrayed as a barbaric, degrading spectacle, in which the bull and horses are ruthlessly butchered, and the fighters have all the advantage, statistics show that a *toreador's* life is as precarious as an aviator's. In spite of skill, precaution and experience, there are few bullfighters who survive to retire.

A bullfight in Spain is as much a matter of ceremony as a presentation at the Court of St. James. The costumes are prescribed. The procedure amounts to a ritual.

The matador's costume costs, approximately, one thousand dollars, and consists of a short jacket, long-sleeved, with shoulder epaulets, made of gold or silver embroidery. This jacket is worn over a frilled, ruffled shirt of hand-embroidered white linen and a vest of the same material as the form-fitting, colored jersey-silk trousers which reach just below the knee. Down the side of each leg the trousers have a broad band of embroidery to match the jacket. A colored cravat, a sash wound tightly around the waist, salmon-pink clocked stockings, and soft heel-less black slippers complete the costume.

■ When Sidney Franklin walked into the ring, on June 9, 1929, the bull ring was packed. Practically every American in Seville turned out that day in loyal support. But even the most optimistic Americans were not prepared for what occurred.

All eyes were instantly riveted on Franklin's slender figure. His appearance won immediate approval. There was nothing to distinguish him from the two accompanying Spanish *matadors* except his fair skin and light hair, in striking contrast to their olive complexions, dark eyes and hair.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN

The three *matadors* removed their capes. Sidney Franklin then sent his cape (a mark of honour) to Mrs. Campbell, wife of the Commissioner General. A cape to make any woman turn green with envy. Delicate pink satin, lined with pale blue, and heavily embroidered in pastel flowers intermingled with threads of silver.

Since each *matador* must kill two bulls during an afternoon, and each fight is arranged according to rank or seniority in the ring, Franklin had the third and sixth place.

■ When his first bull entered the ring, Franklin walked forward to meet it—cool, smiling, his only visible weapon a yellow cape. With a few skillful passes, he drew the charging animal past, first on one side, then on the other. At length, tucking the cape under his arm, he deliberately turned his back on the enraged animal and walked calmly toward the barrier. From that moment, the crowd was with him. Not a person left the ring until the fight was ended. When the time came for the kill, Franklin leaned between the bull's horns and plunged the sword clear to the hilt. With scarcely a drop of blood showing, the animal fell lifeless to the ground.

The Spanish people have a sense of sportsmanship unequalled and unrivalled. Perhaps they came to jeer and scoff, but this *novillero*, this young interloper, not of their country, nor even of their race, showed courage, skill, and a knowledge of the game that evoked instantaneous admiration and applause from his critical audience.

From the instant that his second bull came into the enclosure, Franklin dominated the ring. Down on his *(Continued on page 102)*

THE BROOKLYN MATADOR IN ACTION

Dining for profit

BY JEFFERSON CHASE

How political ambitions are aided in Washington by careful discrimination in accepting invitations

■ The first few months of the Hoover *interregnum* were relieved of tedium by the so-called Social War of Washington, between those who claimed, with Alice Longworth, that the wife of the Speaker of the House outranked the Vice-President's sister, and those who retorted, with Dolly Gann, that a perfectly good girl from Kansas who was official hostess for Charlie Curtis took precedence over Princess Alice. As a means of diverting public attention from the economic crimes which were being committed in the name of Tariff Revision, the incident takes rank with the trial of Landru, which enabled Clemenceau to handle the Peace Conference without interference from the French public. As a symptom of social immaturity, the controversy was distressingly naïve. Dinner tables were divided against each other, wise-crackers exploded from the Golden Gate to the Bowery and the whole silly business was ended only by the death of Chief Justice Taft, a resultant armistice in the guise of official mourning, and the President's decision that he needed the farm vote pretty badly.

■ Gann vs. Longworth now belongs to history and may safely be left there, but the social scramble at the Capital which it dramatised for the public goes marching on. On the surface, this scramble seems ridiculous and inept. People who are so unsure of their social position that they have to protect it with "Keep Off The Grass" signs, have no social position worth considering. It all looks so deliciously Ward McAllister and so very buggy-days. Underneath, however, it is not social precedence which is at stake, but the much more serious matter of who is to wield the weapons of political power.

The world of entomology is thronged with insects which eat their way into the heart of an attractive situation, attractive—that is to say—to the insect. So, in general, is the social world. In Washington, however, political insects reverse the process and entertain their way into power. The lure of free food and, better still, free drink, is used to disguise the immutable fact that, in human society, you pay for everything you get. Here payment is made in terms of unsought intimacies, official toleration, surrendered independence. Once you have accepted a man's hospitality you are bound to him by a light but tenacious chain which enlists you measurably in his support. No bribe need be taken or received, no bargain struck, but when you have succeeded in pouring a mint-julep down the gullet of your adversary you have undermined his will—and hence his power—to attack you.

■ For the basis of political power is the art of making and keeping friends. These friends may be made by an appeal to their mere material interest, to their prejudices, or to their personal self-esteem. A great political party is held together primarily by the first two; its leaders are enabled to cooperate by the latter method. Even the choice of political enemies is dictated by the necessity for making friends. When Roosevelt broke with Foraker, Taft with Roosevelt, Wilson with Jim Reed and Hoover with Hiram Johnson, it was because, in every instance, it appeared probable that the enmity of these men would win the President more friends than would be attracted by their support. The manner in which the breach is made is indicative of the ulterior purpose. Roosevelt's attack on Foraker rested solely upon popular prejudice against the Trusts, whose creature Roosevelt pretended the unfortunate Senator was, although he later acknowledged himself mistaken. When Taft scuttled Roosevelt's policies it was because he sought the support of the Old Guard Republicans who hated T. R. When Wilson tried to read Jim Reed out of the Democratic Party, he relied upon popular approval of the League of Nations to leave him relatively stronger than before. It is significant that the first open break between President Hoover and Hiram Johnson was the former's failure, by "an accidental inadvertence", to invite the latter to a White House dinner for the Foreign Relations Committee of which Johnson was a member. Whether accidental or intentional, the move was a clever one, inasmuch as it tended to make it appear that Johnson's subsequent opposition to Administration policies rested on nothing stronger than personal pique.

Let us return, however, to our saddle of mutton, our roast ducklings and our liqueurs. The basic fact is that social intercourse in political society is founded, not on personal congeniality, not on talent nor even on official position as such, but on personal profit. In Squeedunk, you invite people to dine with you because you like them; in Washington, you invite people to dine with you if you think they can be useful to you. You accept invitations as they may be advantageous to your policies. This holds true, from the third assistant stenographer in the Smithsonian Institution right up to and including the President. The permutations and combinations of the principle are innumerable, but the fact will remain so long as it is true that everyone in Washington wants something.

They all do. The subordinate wants more pay or promotion; his superior wants greater security in his post or the advancement of his policy; the Congressman wants reëlection, the Senator wants patronage; the Party wants power; the President, popularity; and the Supreme Court wants, in Mr. Dooley's heroic phrase, to watch the election returns. Foreign diplomats want useful contacts, nations want influence, lobbyists want favors, parvenus want recognition. They all want power, for, by a reversal of motives which is interesting in an acquisitive society, power rather than money is the hallmark of success at the Capital, and all of its denizens are striving for power under its multitudinous forms.

Hence the hospitality. There is need, of course, for delicacy of approach. The wife of the Congressman from the forty-sixth New York District does not immediately invite the Vice-President and Mrs. Gann to try pot-luck with the family next Saturday night. The young naval Lieutenant assigned to shore duty in Washington does not preface his assignment by asking the members of the General Board to a cocktail party. The newly appointed expert in the State Department does not, as a rule, attempt to secure the Secretary of State or the British Ambassador for his luncheon-guest. Nor does the Washington representative of the Interstate Power Trust begin his activities by calling on the Justices of the Supreme Court. The Social War calls for wilier tactics and more patient strategy than the frontal attack.

The first move of the ambitious official or political adventurer is to join the Metropolitan Club and, perhaps, a good country club as well. The first is almost indispensable, being freely patronized by the members of the Cabinet, by the higher diplomats and the more powerful Senators. The second is optional, as golf can be an embittering as well as a mollifying game and tennis leaves a scar of personal inferiority on one side or the other. At all events, a club is necessary to provide opportunities for contact on a plane of social equality which will supplement and modify the bureaucratic inequalities of the office or the iron-clad apparatus of the legislative committees. After the subordinate has rubbed shoulders with his chief a few times and has been properly introduced, the official inferiority complex begins to wear thin and the ice can safely be broken.

■ Slowly and cautiously the next step is taken, exchange of calls rather than cards, and simulated or real friendliness develops. Finally, a little dinner, not too formal, can be safely arranged. The essence of this dinner —which is the turning point of your campaign—is that, when you have secured your Big Shot, you should invite no other of his fellows or of your own. If you invite your equals you will simply be diluting your own prestige; if you invite his equals, you will be di- *(Continued on page 106)*

STEICHEN

Tamiris

The American dancer will follow her sensational success of last season by a second dance recital

■ A few years ago, a young American named Helen Becker was a member of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. Depressed by the knowledge that, although literature and painting in America had achieved a native form of expression, there was no purely American form of the dance, Miss Becker, in 1927, adopted the name of Tamiris, and presented her theory of the American dance in a solo recital at the Little Theatre in New York. It was the first of a distinguished series. In 1928, Tamiris danced at the *Festspielhaus* in Salzburg, and later in Paris and Berlin. She is President of the Dance Repertory Theatre, and also the head of The School of American Dance. Her next New York recital will be this coming January

Balancing the books

BY JOHN RIDDELL

Presenting some critical guide-posts to aid the literary shopper during the approaching Yuletide

■ The gift problem this Christmas ought to be a pretty simple one. What with the market depression, and Rodney's tonsilitis, and poor Fred out of a job, and one thing on top of another, the question of what to give your friends this Yuletide is no question at all. This Yuletide, all they get is a Book.

There are, in brief, two methods of giving a Book. One is going right out and buying a Book. The other and more widespread plan is cleaning up the copy of *Trader Horn* or *The Mansions of Philosophy* which you received last Christmas from Aunt Harriet, wrapping it up in clean holly-paper, and giving it away again this Christmas, probably to Aunt Harriet.

In preparing a Book to be given away again this Christmas, the first and most important step is to get rid of the ink inscription which some well-meaning moron always insists upon writing on the fly-leaf. This may be done by rubbing it with an ink-eraser, scraping it with a pen-knife, applying ink-eradicator, scraping it again with a pen-knife (while still damp) until you have succeeded in digging through the paper entirely, finally ripping out the fly-leaf and the first two pages entirely, leaving only a couple of jagged bits of paper clinging suspiciously to the binding. Next remove the soiled wrapper, substituting the fresh wrapper of some other book. (If you cover a copy of *Mary Baker Eddy* with the jacket of *Ex-Wife*, for example, you will add considerably to the festivity of the holiday season.) Now run over the book carefully, turning back the creased corners of pages, prying up the mashed beetle which apparently crawled between pages 6 and 7 the night you left it out in the hammock, pasting back the frontispiece that Junior ripped out, and scouring off the thumb-prints, tobacco stains and smudges of peanut-butter with a soft rubber eraser; wrap the renovated volume in tissue paper and a gay red ribbon; and deliver it bright and early on Christmas morning, never recalling until you are on your way home that you forgot entirely to remove that little gift card reading "To Edna and Jo, with a very merry Xmas from Louisa G.", which you had left as a book-mark between pages 46 and 47.

■ That is one way of giving a Christmas Book. If, on the other hand, you are *buying* a Book—and that means you are way up in the moneyed class—you will find a particularly handsome and varied shelf of choices awaiting you this season. For some reason the literary output for 1930 is well above par. It may be that the market crash has brought a lot of hitherto retired authors scurrying out of their burrows, eager to recoup finances; or it may be merely that I am more tolerant because I have just published a book myself (*The John Riddell Murder Case*, Scribner's: $2.00. *Advt.*) But whatever the cause, your problem this year is not going to be to find a good book; it is going to be to decide which good book, in your particular case, is the best.

In order to help the reader solve this problem, therefore, I have ventured to suggest an itemized Christmas list, based in the main on the current publishers' lists. If your special case does not happen to fall under one of the following characterizations, you will be pretty safe in selecting a title either from the first list, or the last:

For Yourself (after all, some things are not to be given away):

■ *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives* by Russel Crouse (Doubleday, Doran); *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* by F. Yeats-Brown (Viking); *The Last Rustler* by Lee Sage (Little Brown); *John Held Jr.'s Dog Stories* (Vanguard); *Laments for the Living* by Dorothy Parker (Viking); *I'm Sorry If I Have Offended*, by Clarence Knapp (Putnam); *American* by Frank B. Linderman (John Day); *archy and mehitabel* by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Doran); *In Our Time* by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's); *Treasurer's Report* by Robert Benchley (Harper); *Madman's Drum* by Lynd Ward (Cape and Smith); *Cakes and Ale* by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran); *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* by Siegfried Sassoon (Coward-McCann); *As I Lay Dying* by William Faulkner (Cape and Smith); *Camera Obscura* by William Bolitho (Simon and Schuster).

To give to your wife (a) if you are married:

The Fool of the Family by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Doran); *Mirthful Haven* by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran); *On Forsyte 'Change* by John Galsworthy (Scribner's); *The Edwardians*, by Virginia Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran); *Angel Pavement* by J. B. Priestly (Harper); *Simple Confession* by Baird Leonard (Cosmopolitan); *Stories by Katherine Mansfield*, selected by J. Middleton Murry (Knopf); *A Note In Music* by Rosamond Lehmann (Henry Holt); *Vagabonds* by Knut Hamsun (Coward-McCann).

(b) if you are not:

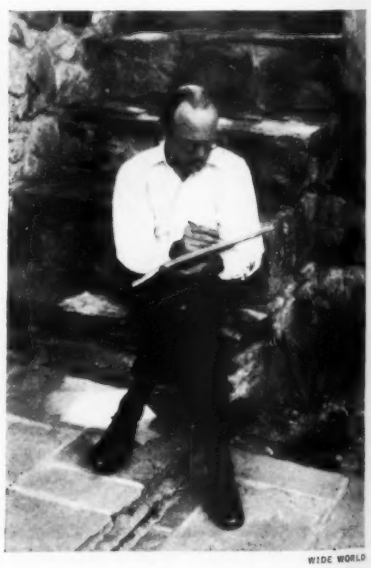
Millie by Donald Henderson Clarke (Vanguard); *Strangers May Kiss* by Ursula Parrott (Cape and Smith); *Frankie and Johnnie* by John Huston (Boni).

To give to a young cousin named Francine, who is an earnest member of the Junior League, has a friend in Dartmouth, is letting her hair grow out and fainted twice at *Dracula*, who is torn between a perfect *whirl* of charity bazaars, milk committees and Bide-A-Wee benefits, and who squeezes in just enough time between teas to keep up on the books that *every*body is reading, my dears:

24 Hours by Louis Bromfield (Stokes); *Laments for the Living* by Dorothy Parker (Viking); *Queer People* by Grahame Judson (Vanguard Press); *In Our Time* by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner); *Shepherds in Sackcloth* by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harpers); *Ride the* *(Continued on page 110)*

KEYSTONE

NOEL COWARD



WIDE WORLD

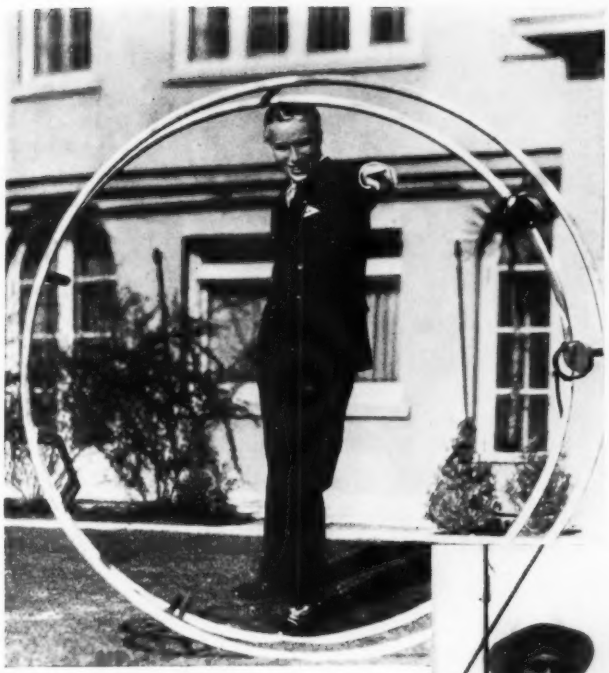
DEEMS TAYLOR

KEYSTONE

PAUL MORAND

P. & A.

WINSTON CHURCHILL



CHARLES CHAPLIN

REX BEACH

D. WARREN BAYER

JOHN HELD, JR.

- Paul Morand is one of the most important of modern French writers, a distinguished member of the French diplomatic corps, a student of the Orient, a famous traveller and a daring amateur auto racer
- The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill's political services to England are inestimable. But he is also a well-known author, an able painter, a poet and (he is very proud of the fact) an accomplished bricklayer
- Charles Chaplin is the greatest living comedian; he is also a violinist and organist, a caricaturist, a film director and scenario writer, and (since this art is not to be despised) a fine conversationalist
- Rex Beach, successful novelist, is an authority on firearms, ancient and modern, a big game hunter and almost as complete an angler as Izaak Walton
- John Held, Jr., is not only the chief caricaturist of "Young America", but a successful and serious sculptor, a novelist whose books are on best-seller lists, an authority on cowboy laments, a worker in iron, a farmer, stunt horseback rider, a tap dancer and an ardent sportsman as well
- Noel Coward's versatility in the world of the theatre is a never ending source of amazement. He composes music, writes and directs plays, acts, sings, plays the piano, writes lyrics—all successfully
- Deems Taylor, composer of two highly acclaimed grand operas, is America's foremost music critic, retired. He is also a well known author and satirist, a facile caricaturist, and a specialist in monograms

Jacks of all the arts

Bridge alibis—when, as, and if, offered

BY SIDNEY S. LENZ

■ What would you say is the one most important factor at Bridge: the bidding, play, partner, psychology, luck, or what? This zetetic remark has been hurled at every authority, expert and near-expert, but as yet, no agreement seems in sight. With characteristic modesty I will settle the question, once and for all. The answer is:

The Alibi!

Of the fourteen million Bridge-players in America, there is not a single one that does not employ this useful play.

The credo of the alibier is:

That the adversaries hold all the cards.

That his speculative bids never find any good cards with partner.

That the red cards are unlucky.

That the opponent's rotten bids miraculously fit his partner's hand.

That his false-card was intended to fool the Declarant.

That the seats are unlucky.

That his slightest error will always lose two tricks.

That he had no idea his partner's lead was a singleton.

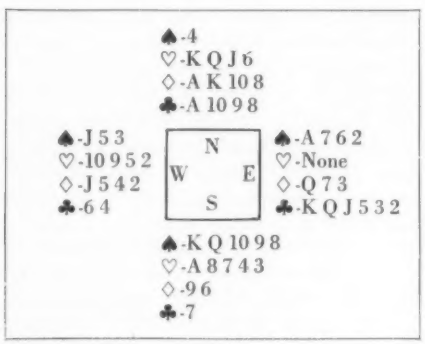
That the enemy's error will regularly gain them one trick.

That he didn't know the Queen was good!

Probably the most effective alibi is the old standby of complimenting the adversaries on their perfect play.

After all, what can one do against superlative defense?

Playing in a duplicate match at one of the metropolitan card clubs, I was dummy on a deal that required delicate handling by both the offensive and defensive. Permit me to repeat—I was dummy.



The Bidding:

East	*South*	*West*	*North*
1 Club	1 Spade	Pass	3 No Trumps
Pass	4 Hearts	Pass	6 Hearts
Pass	Pass	Pass	

It was a bit close, whether North should have bid three Hearts instead of No Trumps. If the enemy held the Ace of Hearts, a Club ruff might ruin the hand, while at No Trumps, two Club tricks seemed certain. North's second bid of six Hearts, after partner had shown a two-suited hand, was based on the premise that South held a major-suit Ace and only three cards in the minor suits, as the vagaries of the bidding would apparently indicate.

The opening lead of the six of Clubs was taken by the Ace after which play the singleton Spade was led from Dummy.

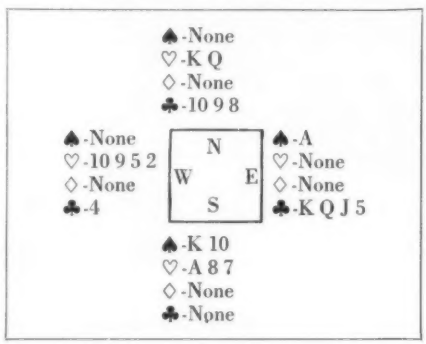
East, seeing that dummy held but one Spade, clattered up at once with the Ace, a play that appeared both safe and discreet.

After that it was all merely perfunctory. The Small Slam—perfectly bid and perfectly played—but, wait! At one table—of course it had to be against us—East was a real player. That the game and slam would be made seemed a certainty if the Ace of Spades was played to the second trick. West had not been able to double the slam contract, although East had started with an opening bid, so there was little hope in the way of a trick from that hand. However, on South's secondary Heart declaration, it was quite probable that West held four trumps and so, the best chance appeared to be for East to play low on the Spade lead. True, the Ace might be laid away in camphor, but it was a gamble of fifty points against fourteen hundred. East did duck and now South had his work cut out for him. The Queen won, a low Spade was ruffed and three rounds of Diamonds put South in to lead another Spade. Dummy trumped and South took a ruff on the fourth Diamond. On the next Spade lead, West was on the alert and discarded the Club and nothing could be done to prevent West from taking two trump tricks. East's clever play had defeated the contract and South's plaint was bitter and heartrending. Doesn't it all sound sort of familiar?

"Just my hard luck. One hand *had* to hold the four trumps against me. And if the Ace of Spades had gone up—as it should have—there would have been nothing to it. Partner, I never get a break of any kind."

To the casual observer it almost seems that the Fates were rather unkind; as a matter of fact, the game and slam were there for the asking—and playing. Let me explain it.

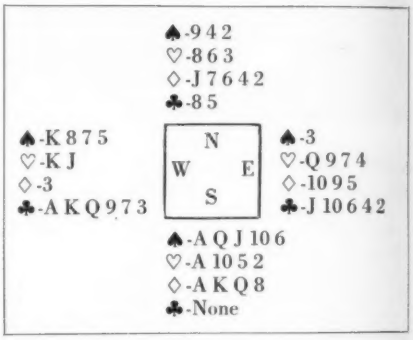
The last five cards at the end play were:



South was in the lead and knew that East had the Ace of Spades. The Diamonds had all been played, so West must have either three Hearts and two Clubs or four Hearts and one Club. It just could not be any different. If West held the three-two distribution, the contract was in, but there was at least an equal chance that it was the other way about and if so, West must be prevented from discarding the losing Club. South must lead the low trump, ruff a Club with the eight of Hearts and make the two last trumps separately.

In this way, West must follow suit on the Club lead and cannot overtrump, but is unhappily compelled to undertrump the 11th and 12th tricks. And it is curious how often superlative play will overcome perfect defense—alibis notwithstanding.

Another very pretty deal that was deliciously alibied by a player who really should know better:



The Bidding:

South	*West*	*North*	*East*
2 Spades	3 Clubs	Pass	Pass
4 Spades	Pass	Pass	Pass

South, holding a hundred honors, took a chance on game and—everything went wrong.

The Club lead was trumped with the ten and dummy put in with the Diamond. The nine of Spades was ducked and taken by the King. Another Club ruff and the next Spade lead disclosed the bad trump distribution—stung two!

Of course South hoped to find the King of Spades with East and carefully explained his cleverness in trumping with the ten of trumps so that he could obtain two trump leads from dummy—if East held the King. So many players are ever on the lookout for Squeezes and Grand Coups and miss—the beans. Unless *five* trumps are held against the South hand, the contract must be made by correct play.

If North had held enough cards of reentry, trumping the first trick with the ten would have been good play. As North's one reentry was too valuable to give up, South should have trumped low and led off the Ace and Queen of Spades. West's *(Continued on page 112)*

VON HORN

▪ The new revue at the Selwyn Theatre again proves, as did last year's *Little Show*, that Libby Holman and Clifton Webb are two stars especially designed for the type of tony and top-hat entertainment known as "intimate." In *Three's a Crowd* Miss Holman once more achieves the highest throbbing point of lyric woe in a new torch song, *Body and Soul;* Mr. Webb dances with his usual complicated grace; and the master of ceremonies for all this swift pattern of humor by Howard Dietz and Corey Ford —a frequent contributor to *Vanity Fair*—with music by Arthur Schwartz, is again the preoccupied and irresistible Fred Allen

Libby Holman and Clifton Webb in "Three's a Crowd"

WEYHE GALLERIES

Night Watch—by Rockwell Kent

This holiday business

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

■ Arthur James Balfour was not a politician merely but also a philosopher. His was an enquiring mind. During a long life, a life of constant occupation rather than of constant activity, he enquired into many things. He enquired into such things as the derivation of moral sentiments, why coffee pots always dribbled, the structure of Bach's fugues, the Irish agricultural system, how it came that one's notepaper and one's envelopes never ran out simultaneously, bimetalism, a fixed Easter, whether French eighteenth century furniture was sincere or the reverse, and, if not, what was the nature of sincerity, whether it was really bad for the eyes to read in bed, and what was the exact nature of the French hereditary obsession regarding their Eastern frontiers.

Arthur Balfour, moreover, was not merely inquisitive he was communicative. I should not have described him, without reservation, as a kind man, since he was too aloof for kindliness. To him the ordinary man or woman was an animal demanding courtesy and attention, an animal, above all, to observe. His interest was mainly clinical—he was too scientific to be kind. But at least his appreciation of the quirks and twists of those animalcules by whom he was surrounded inspired these animalcules with a certain confidence. One could always ask Arthur Balfour questions provided that they were not of a precise nature. If one said to him, "What time, Sir, do you want the car tomorrow?" he was apt to be annoyed. But if you said to him "Do you think that M. Clemenceau's bad manners come from over-confidence or under-confidence?"—then he would beam all over.

It thus came that one day in the spring of 1919 I walked round to the *rue Nitot* (for we were attending the Paris Peace Conference at the time) and made my way up the stairs. I had been overworking for some six months and had reached the point when I found myself reading sentences twice over. When I reach that point I know that it is time to stop. There comes a phase in overwork when the printed word ceases to be a symbol of some meaning but becomes a series of printed letters in a certain order. That phase is the dangerous phase. It must be nipped in the bud. And it was for the purpose of nipping that I walked round that morning to the *rue Nitot*.

The British Delegation was housed at the time in the Hotel Majestic—a large building with onyx bath-rooms and a great number of Dryad Chairs. Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Lloyd George, wishing however to attain comparative privacy, had established themselves in a little house near by—in the *rue Nitot*. Mr. Lloyd George had the flat on the first floor and Mr. Balfour had the flat on the second floor. They both had excellent cooks and gave luncheon parties. I was never asked to any of Mr. Lloyd George's luncheon parties, although once, when I was away in Vienna, he did ask me to breakfast. But I lunched and dined frequently with Mr. Balfour. He had an excellent cook. I feel somehow that the food and parties of the second floor were more fastidious than the Celtic lavishness of the flat below. But, as I say, I am deducing merely—I speak not from first hand knowledge.

So that morning I walked round to the *rue Nitot*. It was a Friday morning and the lilac was just opening in the gardens. I have a weakness for the richer quarters of Paris with those vast iron-work gates concealing, and at times revealing, sweeps of watered gravel, and *treillage*, and servants in wasp-striped waistcoats, and rotating hoses rotating over ample lawns, and pots of lilium regale—and a great glass screen where you drive up. As I say, I like these rich quarters of Paris, and it was a warm morning, and I was about to insist upon a holiday. None of the Committees on which I served were meeting before Monday. I could have two whole days. Should I dash to the sea, or walk with *rücksack* in Fontainebleau, fly home to England, or take a *wagon-lit* there and back to the South? I should do none of these things: I should ask Mr. Balfour—and there you have me on that May morning of 1919 tripping along past the lilac and the French footmen in the direction of the *rue Nitot*.

■ Mr. Balfour was lying in a chair. He never sat in a chair—he always lay in it—with the result that most of him—an arm here a leg there overflowed across the carpet. He was, as always, affable and benign. "I want some leave, Sir," I said to him, "I am feeling stale. I want to get off somewhere right away—if I leave this afternoon I shall have a clear Saturday and Sunday."

"You're feeling stale?" he asked—and one felt that he was more interested in the phenomenon of young people getting overworked than in the fact that I, one of his most loyal subordinates, was feeling ill.

"Well, Sir," I answered—"I thought if I could get off some- *(Continued on page 100)*

Night Watch

Like a ship on a shoreless ocean,
Manned by an ever-growing crew of years,
My life slips onward, and, in vain devotion,
My soul stands silent at the helm and steers.

If some strong wind should blow, direct and single,
Then would I turn, wherever it might call;
But many winds there are that madly mingle,
And I must trim my sails to favour all.

So, whether I be drifting or be sailing,
I know not, and alas! shall never know:
My life is one desire, all unavailing,
That one strong, constant wind might blow.

Robert Cameron Rogers †

HAIL!

THE LOOK-OUT

WOOD ENGRAVINGS BY ROCKWELL KENT

A few Christmas gifts for the well

JEWELLERY FOR MEN

13. Gold wrist-watch with pigskin strap; from Cartier **14.** Gold watch-chain with gold "bull", and "bear" watch-charms; from Paul Flato **15.** Garters with gold mountings; from Paul Flato **16.** Black enamelled watch; from Van Cleef & Arpels **17.** Silver key-chain with miniature keg at one end and miniature stein at the other; from Abercrombie & Fitch **18.** Dress set of cuff-links, studs, and waistcoat buttons in hematite, set with a diamond on platinum; from Mauboussin **19.** Gold ring cuff-links; from Paul Flato **20.** Gold cigarette case; from Van Cleef & Arpels

FOR TRAVELLING

21. A sateen robe in a well-known Paisley design—excellent for travelling; from DePinna **22.** Sateen pajamas to match the robe (21); also from DePinna **23.** A soft Vicuna reefer, particularly smart in canary yellow to wear with a blue overcoat and black bowler; from F. R. Tripler **24.** A wardrobe trunk—one of a set—covered with blue-grey tweed-like material in a diagonal weave, from Macy's

FOR DESK, TABLE AND CAR

1. A leather stand for a telephone, including a memo pad and address book; from Saks-Fifth Avenue **2.** A semi-fitted toilet case in tan pigskin; from F. R. Tripler **3.** The "Parthenon Horse", Lalique glass radiator cap ornament for an automobile; from Nil Melior **4.** Lalique glass eagle's head as a radiator cap ornament; from Nil Melior **5.** A chromium plated, modern alarm clock; from Abercrombie & Fitch **6.** A Tantalus bottle-lock from A. G. Spalding **7.** Set of four, black-enamelled ash receivers; from F. R. Tripler **8 & 9.** Port and starboard ship's light cigarette boxes. When the top is open the light is switched on; from Van Cleef & Arpels **10.** A metal paper-weight; from Nil Melior **11.** A basketweave gold cigarette box; from Paul Flato **12.** A modern, silver cocktail goblet—one of a set. The base is heavily weighted; from Van Cleef & Arpels

well dressed man

Christmas games for evenings at home

1. This backgammon set has an oilcloth cover that fits over a bridge table and folds into a black silk case. Vab Shop

2. Tabowl is a new and fascinating game of Parlor bowling that can be played on any table. Abercrombie & Fitch

3. The craze of miniature golf has even spread to the home. There is a new type called Billiard Golf played with a billiard cue over a eourse with many hazards; from Abercrombie & Fitch

4. There is hardly a game that cannot be played with what this game box contains; from Abercrombie & Fitch

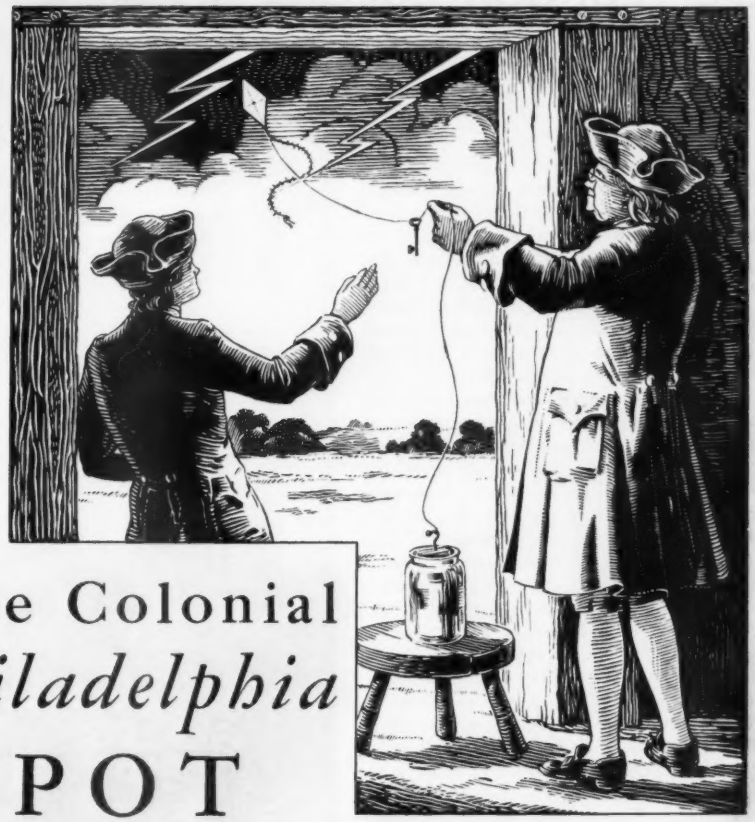
5. The large and small in backgammon. The large one is a cork top table; Abercrombie & Fitch. The small one is of leather and about six inches long; Cartier

6. A backgammon board that resembles a suitcase when closed. Saks-Fifth Ave.

7. A very large pair of celluloid dice for floor crap games. Abercrombie & Fitch

8. Aluminum playing cards, eight sided poker dice and also large square ones. All from Abercrombie & Fitch

Vanity Fair has published a new and authoritative book on backgammon which makes a fine present for the enthusiast



Franklin making his famous electrical experiment Philadelphia-1759

A favorite since Colonial days — *Philadelphia* PEPPER POT

No wonder Pepper Pot was the favorite soup of the substantial old Philadelphia Colonial gentry whence it originated. A thick, luscious soup, hale and hearty in its appeal; savory and gratifying to eager appetites.

Campbell's is the real Philadelphia Pepper Pot, made according to a famous old Colonial recipe. One look into its inviting depths, the first hearty spoonful is invitation enough to enjoy its unique savor again and again.

First, the stock, rich, velvety smooth and bland, brimming with bits of delicious meat. Literally loaded with diced carrots, potatoes and those wholesome macaroni dumplings. And quaintly seasoned with ground whole black peppercorns, and those famous old potherbs, sweet marjoram, parsley, savory thyme and sweet pimientos.

Here is a soup your appetite remembers, truly a dish to set before hungry men. Your grocer can supply you. 12 cents a can.

A MAN'S SOUP

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

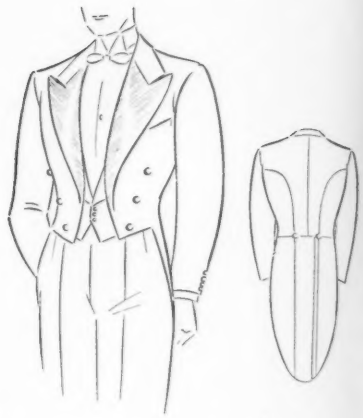
Our London Letter

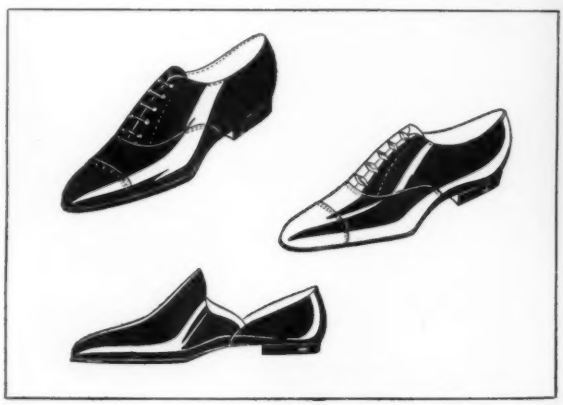
Smart new town clothes in the Londoner's winter wardrobe, and a revival of the smoking jacket

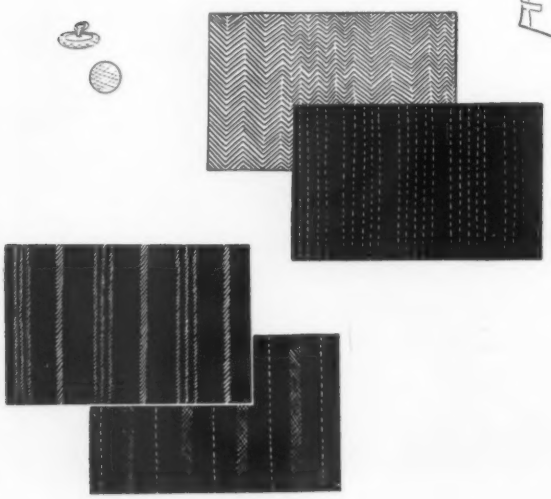
■ From the far-off days of early Wilde to these of late Maugham the stage has held up a magnifying mirror to the changing fashion in elegance for men, contradicting the conviction—cherished by most women—that there is no change. From the bold and doggy effect of the 'eighties with its stiff and heavy materials to the sleek and comfortable streamline of today where every angle is cunningly designed to serve the cult for slenderness, the change has been fundamental but so gradual that some of our older men have taken no notice of it. Perfect examples of by-gone fashion startle the town once a year when the "country" arrives to see the world's worst pictures at the Royal Academy. It is even asserted —by a popular American master of foxhounds—that no Englishman over sixty wears pyjamas. The fashion changes by a process of trial and error, frequently checked by the exaggeration of bad tailors and then encouraged again by the appearance of new social habits like the popular vogue for flying.

The most striking change this season is afforded by the revival of the pre-war smoking jacket in velveteen, having a satin roll collar with no break in the lapel and satin cuffs with buttons covered with velveteen as shown in our sketch. The Duke of Westminster and a number of the older men have always been loyal to this form of dinner jacket which dates back to those noble days when smoking was a secret practice to which a remote and draughty upper chamber was reserved in every well-conducted ducal residence. But it is quite new for the very smart young man to wear the smoking jacket and the further development of its return to favour will be watched with an amused interest.

But for most of us the dinner jacket, as we know it, is correct and inconspicuous. With its cloth collar and corded silk facing it does *(Continued on page 110)*



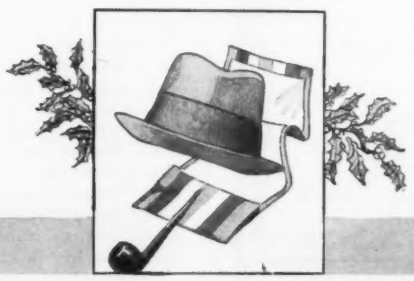




■ At the top of this page, a sketch illustrates a new evening tailcoat as worn by well-dressed Englishmen; by Lesley & Roberts. Buttons are covered with basket-weave silk and the tails hang directly against the trousers in an unbroken line. A detail sketch shows the back of the coat. ■ The overcoat shown presents the more fashionable longer line of this season; by Lesley & Roberts. ■ To the right of the overcoat is shown a smoking jacket of velveteen, faced with satin. This is a revival of an older fashion; by Lesley & Roberts. ■ The three waistcoats, shown one above the other, illustrate the more fashionable backless ones in white piqué to wear with the evening tailcoat ■ Directly above are a plain black Oxford to wear in town; a black patent leather dress shoe; and an evening slipper. The first two are from Flack & Smith—the last is from Fortnum & Mason. ■ Directly at the left are swatches of several of the smart patterns shown in brown and blue materials for suits; by Lesley & Roberts

For Christmas we suggest as a gift in excellent taste a Flanul Felt Hat in the season's correct shapes and colors . . . $7.50 to $20. Hodshon-Berg, Inc., Norwalk, Conn., manufacturers of Flanul Felt Hats, Berg and Hodshon Hats . . . Flanul Felts are for sale at B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York City . . . . and at other exclusive shops throughout the country.

FLANUL FELT HATS



Gifts for Gentlemen

1. White crepe silk EVENING MUFFLER, imported, $15.00. Monogram A, $8.00. Monogram B, $9.00.
2. CIGARETTE CASE of hand carved Thuya wood (pocket size) $20.00.
3. ASH TRAY of Brazilian onyx with bronze figure, $30.00.

4. SMOKING JACKET of velvet with grosgrain silk lapels, imported. Blue, black and mulberry, $50.00.
5. CRYSTAL LINKS hand carved, $50.00.
6. POCKET KNIFE of sterling silver, $5.00.
7. RULER PENCIL of sterling silver, telescopic, $7.00.

8. LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, cut out single initials embroidered in France, $2.50.
9-10. CRAVATS of rep silk from England with contrasting woven figures, $4.00.

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ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ON REQUEST

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

The Theatre

(Continued from page 46)

look pretty far for an equal.

Making sport of Hollywood at this late day is, of course, much like carrying beer to Munich. The dump and its denizens have served as a target for the derisions of almost every other literate pen-pusher. Hardly a month has gone by without its elegiac razzing in short story, novel, essay and even play form. The erstwhile valets and manicure girls who have become the great gentlemen and orchid-bearing ladies of the screen, the former skunk-trimmed coat and two-pants suit dealers who have become its financial overlords, the ex-spear carriers who have become its great artistic directors and the journalistic free-lunch scouts who have become its critics have been paraded before our ironies ever since water was let into the first Beverly Hills rhinestone-studded swimming pool and the first demure if cockeyed convent girl, daughter of the usual prominent society family of El Paso, Texas, took a dive into it, along with her admiring director, in the altogether. Nothing has been neglected by the ridiculers. The lots have been swept clean. The guinea-pig morality, the Chinese, Abyssinian and Graeco-Roman movie *palazzos*, the parties with prop caviar, the chaise-longue mathematics, the one-syllable captains of the industry, the hand-kissing ladies' men —elegant courtiers with shoe-clerk pasts, the mysterious Scandinavian ex-domestics, the intellectual pie-throwers, the baby-eyed and innocent little pickpockets, the directors dressed like African explorers, the Italian Renaissance garages, the beautiful leading men with their interviews on the higher metaphysics, the reviewers with their hands out—all have been meat for the slapstick for so long that there seemed to be nothing left in them to laugh at. It has remained for Kaufman and Hart to disprove any such theory. They have taken the venerable materials and by the exercise of a very excellent and fresh brand of humor, together with an even more excellent critical sense, have contrived to manufacture a satirical farce that is as glisteningly and constantly new, for all its recognizable aspect, as a waterfall.

1, 2, 3, 9:15.—It remained for Mr. Gilbert Miller to make theatregoing a pleasure despite the quality of what may be shown on the stage. When he produced Molnár's *One, Two, Three* not long ago, he made it unnecessary for one to get to the theatre until quarter past nine, the hour of his curtain lifting, thus permitting that old vanished custom, dinner, a new lease of life. Save for such persons as dine in the back of candy stores, in restaurants served by slot-machines or in some of our more fashionable houses and who hence have no respect for decent food, the theatre as it is presently operated is not only insulting to the tutored and therefore leisurely esophagus but, with its imperatively early demands, ruinous to the nerves. It may be all very well for a dramatist like O'Neill to bid us get to his theatre at five in the afternoon and, with only a sandwich and eight or ten cocktails to sustain life in us, keep us there until after eleven, but the average playmaker has so little to say anyway that he challenges and offends us when he asks us to hurry around at eight-forty or earlier to listen to something that completely exhausts itself half an hour later and that leaves the rest of the evening a blank.

By beginning business at nine-fifteen, Mr. Miller has not only shown himself to be a gentleman but a sound critic of the play he has offered. That play is Molnár way below par; to have put it on directly after one's coffee would have been to make it seem doubly trivial and to engender in one a feeling of irritation at having been dragged away from one's cognac and cigar. But by presenting it lightly and offhandedly after digestion has waited upon appetite, after the perfumes of Armagnac and Havana have oozed up one's nostrils, after one has had time to set one's hat at a proper angle and motor slowly and gently across the town's car-tracks without the usual bumpings of one's cranium against the cab's ceiling—by presenting it thus, the producer has converted it into a very agreeable and acceptable theatre visit. If you argue that this is a pretty foolish critical approach to a play, I am prepared in turn to argue your head off. The theatre, in such of its dramatic manifestations as this, is anything but a serious and profound institution; it is, as seldom it unfortunately is allowed to be, rather simply a place of trivial diversion, pleasant enough to be sure but completely unimportant from any point of view other than that of light and easy amusement. Molnár, like Guitry, more often than not caters to just such a theatre, yet producers overlook the fact and do him and us an injustice by presenting him in much the same manner and after much the same dogmatic time schedule that they produce Ibsen, Strindberg and Hauptmann. Few persons would care much for these dramatists if they were put on at morning performances beginning at twenty minutes to nine. And just as few care for playwrights like Molnár and Guitry when, in their gay, farcical moments, they are soberly and gravely put on at that hour in the evening. Such playwrights, like liqueurs, are best to be sipped in a later and more careless and casual mood. They are playwrights to be airily dropped into, not playwrights to glue one into a seat before the salad becomes even remotely acquainted with the epigastric region. Guitry would no more think of hoisting a curtain on one of his farces or farce-comedies in Paris before nine o'clock than he would think of throwing Yvonne Printemps out of the window. Lately, indeed, he has gone to the length of putting on a curtain-raiser at the Théâtre de la Madeleine that runs until nine-thirty, thus making it unnecessary for anyone to swill one's Rémy Martin and get to his farce-comedy until twenty minutes before ten.

Like the estimable Sacha, Mr. Miller provided a curtain-raiser for such persons as estimate the value of a theatrical evening by the length of its duration, thus at one stroke rendering

(Continued on page 92)

"THE SMARTEST STERLING EVER PRESENTED"

Gorham's new 1931 design

"THE HUNT CLUB"

Masters of Famous Hunts

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HARFORD...

MIDDLEBURG...

are now using this smartest, most sophisticated of Sterling patterns

THE distinguished new Gorham Sterling, "The Hunt Club," is having a sensational success.

This sophisticated new 1931 pattern, inspired by the elegance of the Hunt Breakfast, is already being used by masters of the smartest hunts in America, in their beautiful country estates.

Austin N. Niblack, Esq., Master of Fox Hounds of the Onwentsia Hunt, who entertains brilliantly at his country home "The Paddocks," chose the new Gorham, "the smartest sterling ever presented."

Other distinguished sportsmen-hosts are also using this distinguished new pattern, "The Hunt Club," for their celebrated hospitality... Daniel C. Sands, Esq., M. F. H. of Middleburg—Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., M. F. H. of Harford.

"The Hunt Club" pattern—like the hunt itself—is in the aristocratic tradition. It inherits the suave grace of silver created in the days of lordly hospitality. Yet it has all the dash and smartness which is modern—1931.

When you see "The Hunt Club" at your own jeweler's you will notice how the exquisite detail gives richness—and how this richness flows into clear, cool beauty of line. The effect is a simplicity which is, in reality, extremely sophisticated.

This new sterling makes a truly distinguished gift for the Christmas season. There are many individual pieces which beautifully supplement a hostess's own sterling, and their cost is moderate. A complete service for eight in "The Hunt Club" is a superb gift and costs only $227. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.

These pieces in Gorham's "Hunt Club" make extremely smart gifts: cold meat fork (which also serves as salad fork), steak knife and fork.

Your own jeweler will gladly give you a beautifully illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing all the popular pieces in the new 1931 Gorham Sterling. Or, simply send this coupon to The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., Dept. M-3

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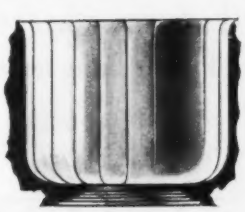

(*Above*) AUSTIN N. NIBLACK, M. F. H. *of the Onwentsia Hunt, with his famous pack of English-bred hounds. (Left) The beautiful Hunt Cup created by Gorham for the Onwentsia Hunt.*

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Aristocratic

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for MEN—

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Jumping-Hour Wrist Watch. The hour flashes in the dial face. White gold. Swiss 17-jewel movement. $375.

Dial Telephone Pencil. Revolving ballend. $24.

Book Locket. Photographs reproduced on gold leaves. Gold with enamel motif. Four sizes. $50 to $120.

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French Bit Cuff Links. White gold with lapis mounted on ends. $52. Carnelian, $50. Green Onyx, $50. Sapphire, $60. Also in green gold.

Combination Cigarette Lighter and Watch. 14k Gold. $275.

French Wrist Watch. 18k Gold. Triple cord strap. An exceptionally handsome timepiece. $225.

Dress Set. Cuff Links, Studs and Waistcoat Buttons, Black Onyx with platinum center, set with row of brilliants. $700.

THE BRAND-CHATILLON CORPORATION

Jewelers & Silversmiths

775 FIFTH AVE. *Savoy Plaza* NEW YORK

The Theatre

(Continued from page 90)

complete satisfaction to the kind of audiences who would not miss the first act of a Samuel Shipman play for anything and to the kind, as well, who would not think of seeing it for money.

GREEK.—The apparent trouble with Miss Zoë Akins is that she writes about subjects with which she enjoys only a modicum of acquaintance. Like a writer who seeks to pass himself off as a connoisseur of wines and foods on the strength of a one-foot shelf consisting of Shand, Escoffier and one of Ciro's menus, she essays in her plays to pose as either a grand lady—on the strength of a bowing acquaintance with a couple of duchesses, one born Minnie Pfalz, of Louisville, or as a wise woman of the world—on the strength of a movie scenario writer's logically remote familiarity with circumambient carnal delicatessen. For years, she has been manufacturing plays of a high and consuming elegance, opulent in dukes and earls and footmen and vintage champagnes, that suggested nothing quite so much as Mr. Cecil B. De Mille swimming around in one of his own gold bathtubs. And now, though she has for the nonce forsaken, at least to a degree, the *haut* for the *demi monde*, the old air of fraud, as easily pricked as a child's balloon, is still in evidence.

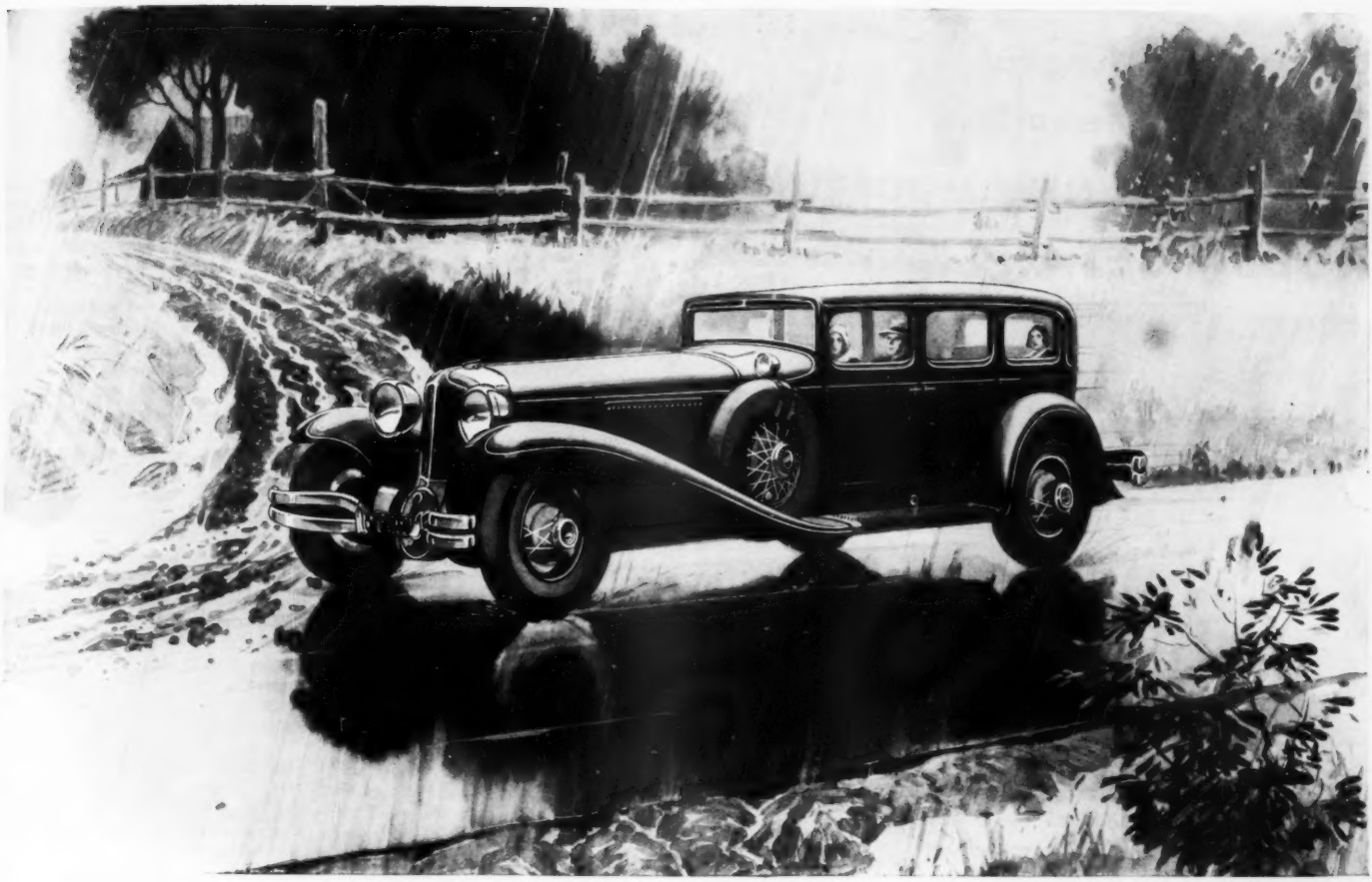
The Greeks Had a Word For It is what she calls this departure from her beloved *Côte d'Azur* villas, her worshipped milords and miladies, her preciously scented salons and her adored retinues of butlers. The departure is not complete, as I have hinted, for the champagne still flows like water, a mere million dollars is something to be superciliously nosed, French is rattled off over the telephone, costly strings of pearls add their impressive lustre to the landscape, and titled names are lightly bandied. By way of intellectual and social posturing, Cherubini is also mentioned when the situation perhaps called more accurately for Saint-Saëns or Jimmy Johnson, and the characters are made to exercise discrimination among various brands of fashionable New York club cigarettes when all happen really to be made by the M. Georgeopulo and are exactly alike. But the body of the play attempts to concern itself not with the peaks of tonydom, as of yore, but with the fair creatures who toil not and spin not and who live off the bounty of rich men by a subtle disposition of their somatic favors. As in her antecedent plays dealing with the élite, however, it quickly becomes plain that the author knows as little of the ladies in question as she knew about their sweller and theoretically somewhat more virtuous sisters. She is still found to be reporting at second-hand, and in this instance her news sources have patently been the comic strips, drugstore novels and the plays of such fellows as Milton Gropper.

Save for one or two fairly humorous scenes—a trace of her earlier wit sometimes still shows itself in her later work—Miss Akins' daughters of joy are largely the conventional rubber-stamps, long familiar to the cheaper fiction and drama. They wear orchids, gabble about fur coats, display their pearls, drink champagne at all hours, call up their popsies on the telephone and lie as to their whereabouts, periodically attempt a stab at intellectuality, have hearts of gold underneath their vulgar exteriors and are otherwise precisely the kind of obvious females who couldn't catch even the most impressible sucker with a ten-foot pole and a copy of Peggy Joyce's memoirs. They are, for the most part, caricatures of their species, as open and shut as a window in a day-coach smoker. Their antics in the presence of men would send the latter, even the most gullible of them, scooting to the nearest Y.M.C.A. or speakeasy. They are, in a word, the pastimes not of great musicians, rich young clubmen, Wall Street magnificoes and fashionable multi-millionaires, as Miss Akins believes and asks us to believe in turn, but of night-club headwaiters and gunmen.

Miss Akins is a very credulous woman. She should thank the acting gifts of the Misses Kirkland, Hall and Teasdale for making her dummies, despite her script, even momentarily alive.

THE PRETTY MIME.—Mr. Ivor Novello, who lately showed himself over here in *Symphony in Two Flats*, is a throwback to the matinée idol era, deceased these twenty years or more. In that period, all that a male performer needed to persuade an audience that he was a considerable histrionic artist was to be six feet tall, have his trousers pressed daily and exude a sufficient measure of what has since come to be known as It. Those were the days that saw some of the worst acting in history accepted as the genuine article by minds that had got loose from their moorings and drifted down below the anatomical equator. Mr. Novello, true enough, does not extend into the air quite as high as six feet, but I am informed that the ladies consider him a very pretty fellow and further imagine into him a boudoir incalescence of some intensity which, in combination, bring them to regard him as greatly the superior to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who is now, alas, in his seventies, and to Tommaso Salvini, who is dead and hence out of the question.

Mr. Novello is a good-looking young man who plays sweetly sentimental tunes on the piano, wears his clothes with a modish swagger, has large, melting eyes with long lashes, speaks with a soft, syrupy voice, makes his black hair lie down nicely with bear's grease and has accordingly never taken the trouble to learn how to act. In lieu of such an extraneous triviality, he writes himself plays—*Symphony in Two Flats* was one of them—in which he vouchsafes himself full opportunity to display his virtuosities in the other directions named. He is one of the last theatrical survivors of servant girl matinée *Kultur*, the rest having retreated long ago to the movies.



FRONT DRIVE IS SAFER

Now comes the season for rain, sleet, ice, snow; slippery streets and frozen ruts. The handling of a motor car under these adverse conditions is safer, steering is easier, and control is surer, when you are at the wheel of a Cord front-drive.

A year ago this claim was challenged by some who wanted to wait for proof of front-drive's superiority. Today this proof is abundant and conclusive. The exclusive advantages of the Cord are being enjoyed in every part of the nation. Front-drive success is so complete and unqualified that the Cord has immediately become the standard of value among fine cars.

The advantages found only in the Cord can be summed up in one statement—a Cord does all the things any other fine car can do, with less driver effort, with greater riding comfort, with better roadability, and with greater safety.

There are three ways you can verify this claim: Ask Cord owners who have had six to twelve months' experience; drive the Cord yourself and compare it with any other fine car; study its structural difference and mechanical excellence. You will learn that the Cord has a lower center of gravity; that there is less tendency to tip or lean on turns; that the rear wheels do not bounce around but follow in a true manner; that there is no inclination to side-sway over cobble stones and chuck holes; that the car always wants to go the way you aim it; that the front wheels lift up, tractor-like, out of ruts; that it holds the road much better, due to a minimum of unsprung weight in the rear; and that you enjoy a new kind of comfort possible only when you ride *in* a car and not *on* it.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · AUBURN, INDIANA

Prices F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard, extra*

SEDAN $3095
BROUGHAM $3095

CABRIOLET $3295
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CORD FRONT DRIVE

Searching for "Something Different"?

GIVE HIM A NEW MODERNIZED RUBBERSET with blended bristles

THE *modernized* RUBBERSET Shaving Brush —with its new principle of blended bristles, and with handles and colors completely restyled—is as up-to-date and welcome as your morning newspaper . . . Only a man can realize what luxury and comfort blended bristles provide. But any feminine gift giver can be sure that a new *modernized* RUBBERSET will be a joy to him who receives it.

■

In the new RUBBERSET, the silky hair of imported Badger is blended with the firm bristles of Wild Boar in exactly the proportion to make the tuft at once caressingly soft and efficiently springy. Every man will recognize RUBBERSET as the original brush with bristles that *can't* come out. But he won't know what a delightfully quick and luxurious shave awaits him until he uses the new *modernized* RUBBERSET.

■

You will find a handsome array of modern designs in new RUBBERSETS—many pleasing color combinations from which to choose. Look for the name RUBBERSET on the handle! . . . Prices have been set to fit your Christmas budget—ranging upward from $1.00.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

Sales Representatives:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 East 34th Street, N. Y.

Life among the snobs

(Continued from page 60)

back in their plush chairs to inspect the occupants of the Diamond Horseshoe.

Instinctively every knowing eye in the house was focussed on box No. — at the left of the stage.

This was Mrs. Towerly's box, and Mrs. Towerly was in it. She was, indeed, a resplendent figure. As she waved her great black ostrich fan to and fro, it swept across her pearl festooned bosom like a cloud which scurries across the heavens obscuring for a dark moment the stars, the milky way and the full moon. Every uplifted eye in the orchestra, every pearl-handled opera glass in the parterre was trained upon her. Even in the Diamond Horseshoe, furtive and envious glances which scarcely dared seek her acknowledgement, were launched like timid flights of birds in the direction of her splendour.

No one noticed the wan little woman at her side. This was an obscure relative. (Perhaps to show that her democratic spirit was not to be measured by even the height of the social pinnacle upon which she sat, Mrs. Towerly always chose the occasion of the opening of the Opera to give a superlative pleasure to some remote and indigent relative.) Nor did anyone notice, except as chiaroscuro,—as background to Mrs. Towerly's full-bodied magnificence—the two black shadows in the rear of the box, which were, respectively, Mr. Towerly and the obscure relative's equally obscure husband.

But if Mrs. Towerly was perfectly and pleasantly aware of the attention she had merited, Mrs. Towerly's own cerulean glance was in turn riveted upon the empty box which faced her across the rosy haze of the opera house. This was Box No. — the loge of Mrs. Topping and it was now quite conspicuously empty. Its emptiness filled Mrs. Towerly with vague forebodings, for it meant one of two things. Either Mrs. Topping planned a late and impressive—and therefore theatrical entrance—or she would not appear at all. The latter contingency was even worse, for, leaving one's box empty on the opening night of the opera was a gesture too magnificently democratic for even Mrs. Towerly to consider. But even as she gazed, there was a stir in the back of the vacant box, the red velvet curtains trembled, parted and Mrs. Topping entered. She took her chair as a queen assumes her throne. And all the eyes which had followed the languid flight of Mrs. Towerly's drooping black fan swung instantly, as though they were strung like beads on a single thread, away from Mrs. Towerly in the direction of Mrs. Topping.

For, if Mrs. Towerly were the moon and stars, Mrs. Topping was the sun and the sea. She was a blaze of gold *lamé*, whoie clusters of frosty diamonds broke like white caps among the sea-green emeralds that billowed on her breast.

And Mrs. Topping was notably accompanied. Her guest, in velvet and old lace was the fabulously exclusive English Duchess of A——. And at the back of the box, his ruddy beard glowing dully above the snowy bosom of his shirt, was the Duke, exchanging whispered confidences with Mrs. Topping's husband.

Mrs. Topping, socially, picturesquely, historically, had won the laurels for the opening of the Opera.

And Mrs. Towerly who was as sensitive to the social triumphs of others as she was to draughts on the back of her neck, realized it all too well. She also knew that the sudden expressive immobility of her face had not escaped the penetrating side-long glances of her obscure relative, who, gazing at her from the corner of her small damp orbs, was suddenly overwhelmed with fright and shame, aware that her own presence on this Night of Nights had been the unhappy cause of her famous kinswoman's social eclipse.

But Mrs. Towerly, with a majestic smile, inclined her head toward her obscure relative, and said with philosophic conviction.

"My dear Millie, Fanny Topping has the soul of a snob. She has plainly forgotten what I am too humble to permit myself to forget: that we were *all born naked*!"

THE COUP DE GRÂCE: Ever since Mrs. Topping had entertained the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of A——, there had been a noticeable coolness between Mrs. Topping and her life-long friend, Mrs. Towerly. It was not that these two great ladies ceased to observe the gracious outward semblance of affection and devotion but rather that the too poignant sweetness of their public encounters, their forced and radiant smiles, their exaggerated solicitude for each other's health and advancing age, evidenced all the classic symptoms of secret feminine rivalry. And, at length, even those who plucked with anxious, plebeian fingers at the outer-fringe of society had begun to remark with what extraordinary frequency the parties, dinners and balls of the one conflicted with the parties, dinners and balls of the other.

Therefore, it became a topic of wonderment among their intimates that Mrs. Towerly, knowing months in advance of Mrs. Topping's forthcoming Harlequin Ball, had nevertheless set up no party opposition. She had, she said, merely invited a handful of guests to dinner and would be charmed to bring them on to Mrs. Topping's.

The night of the ball, which was given in the gold and crystal room of the Topping mansion, arrived.

With a broad-minded consideration of the biological expansion of the Social Register, Mrs. Topping had sent out six hundred more than the traditional four hundred invitations. With alacrity, and with hardly an exception, they had all been accepted.

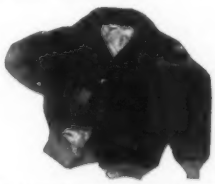
Mrs. Topping, receiving at the head of the broad staircase which led to the ballroom, surveyed a plentiful and glittering gathering. She surveyed them, however, with an unimpassioned and not entirely complacent gaze, for Mrs. Towerly, her dearest, her lifelong friend, had not yet put in an appearance.

Shortly before midnight, however,

(Continued on page 98)

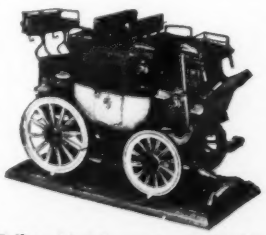
Stick Seats: Illustrated left to right, Churchill Downs (ladies') $10.00. Saratoga (men's) $15.00. Meadowbrook (ladies') $20.00. De Luxe models, pigskin covered, $5. extra.

Solid Gold Wrist Watch. 14 Kt. gold. Thin, curved case, radium dial, pigskin strap. 15 jewels, $50.

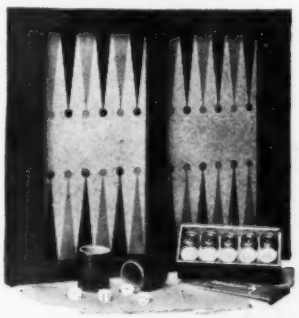


Boy's Camel Pile Jacket. Light weight, warm as toast. Knitted waistband and cuffs. Two slashed pockets. $25.

Private Secretary. Remington Typewriter, Parker Pen and Pencil; fully equipped with all necessities. Pigskin case. $150.



Tallyho Model—exact reproduction to scale. Type used in Civil War Days, $100. Others $15—$250.



FLAT WOOD BOARD—Black finish, with cork field. Red and black points, size 25½" x 21". Complete with 1½" draughts, two dice cups and four dice. $35.

Cutting the tree!

Soon the tree will blaze with ruby reds, diamond whites and emerald green lights and piled up under it will be the gift packages with their happy messages for old and young.

Come here for your gifts! From many countries we have brought the most wonderful assortment of Christmas gifts we have ever been privileged to show you. For your convenience, we have prepared "The Christmas Trail"—a book of gifts.

Call at the shop or write for this book of gifts—"The Christmas Trail."

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

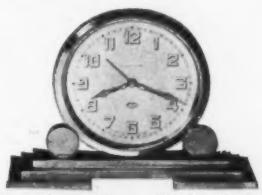
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE:
Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Ave.

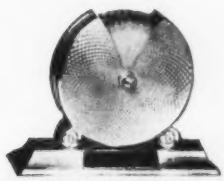
Motor Luxe Robe and Foot Muff. Soft pile fabric closely resembling fur. Two tones reversible in various shades of tan, gray and blue $50
Foot Muff $20
Drivers' Robes $35

Casino Game Table of American Walnut. Complete layouts for Roulette, Baccarat, Klondike, Hazard. 500 chips, dice and cup, and cards. $225.

Malacca Cane with Lighter. Walking stick with lighter concealed. One of the smartest novelties of the season. $15.



Chromium Alarm Clock. 8 day movement and alarm. Radium dial, 15 jewels. 4⅞" high. $37.50.



Rotary Match Box. Best novelty of the season. Circular disc holds 550 matches, mounted on base with striker. Sterling Silver, $67.50. Silver Plate, $17.50.

Smoking Jacket. Imported English velveteen, black barathea facing—full silk lined, shawl collar. Colors: maroon, black and dark blue. $45.

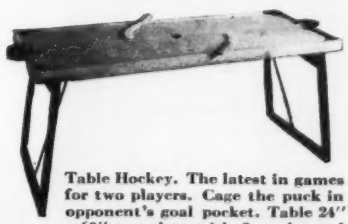
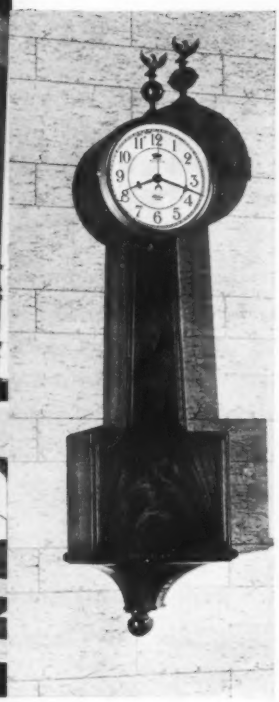
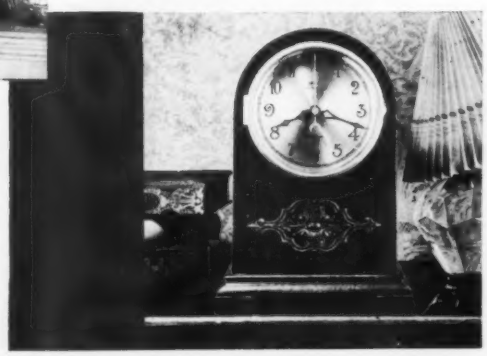


Table Hockey. The latest in games for two players. Cage the puck in opponent's goal pocket. Table 24" x 60" complete with 2 pucks and sticks. $35.

Muskrat Driving Gloves. Wool lined, $25.

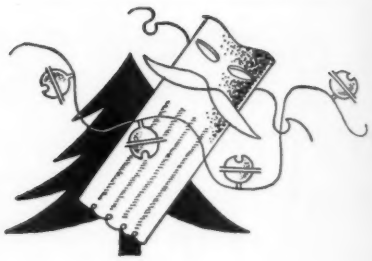




GIVE YEARS OF BEAUTY

YEARS OF MELLOW CHIME

AND UNCANNY ACCURACY—



IN A REVERE CLOCK, WITH TELECHRON MOTOR

SOME GIFTS are forgotten by the end of Christmas Day. Some are treasured for a week or month or more. But a Revere Clock, by the beauty of its cabinetwork, the music of its chimes, and the precision of the time it tells, becomes almost a member of the family. And through long years of faithful service, recalls grateful memories of the giver.

Revere cases are carefully, cunningly wrought of fine woods in authentic period-designs. Revere chimes are deep-toned, rich and resonant—sounding the Westminster, Canterbury or Whittington melody every quarter, and striking the hour as well.

Every Revere Clock contains a tiny, self-starting Telechron motor, which takes alternating current from the electric outlet and translates it into *accurate* time of day. Plugged in, Revere Clocks run quietly, correctly, continuously, without any winding or regulating.

Plan now to put Revere Clocks in the homes of your friends on Christmas morning. Best of all, choose one for your own household! Representative models are illustrated on this page. There are many more, ranging in price from $40 to $1200.* Good dealers everywhere display them. They are illustrated also in our free booklet "Observatory Time." Write for it. The Revere Clock Company, 440 McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Top, left: HANOVER. *Colonial design. Case of Honduras mahogany. 87⅛" high. Westminster chimes*.....$375

Above: HAVERHILL. *Banjo wall-clock of Colonial design. Mahogany case, 40" high, topped with brass eagle. Westminster chimes*.....$90

Left: R-154. *Early-American design. Mahogany case. Decorated glass door showing Independence Hall. 17½" high. Westminster chimes*.....$85

Below: R-634. *Colonial design. Case of Honduras mahogany. 11½" high. Westminster chimes*.....$47

**The Warren Telechron Company of Ashland, Mass., manufactures a full line of non-striking clocks at prices up to $55.*

Revere Clocks

WITH Telechron MOTORS

A gift that brings a *lasting thrill* to all

Not expensive, either . . . you can buy a Ciné-Kodak for as little as $75

IMAGINE the excitement on Christmas morning . . . when the family makes its first home movie. And the thrill a few days later when it's flashed on your own home screen.

There they are before you . . . action pictures of your children, their gestures, their smiles, their personality—registered forever on a thin strip of film.

Surely, there's no gift to compare with a movie camera . . . none that brings such pleasure through the years.

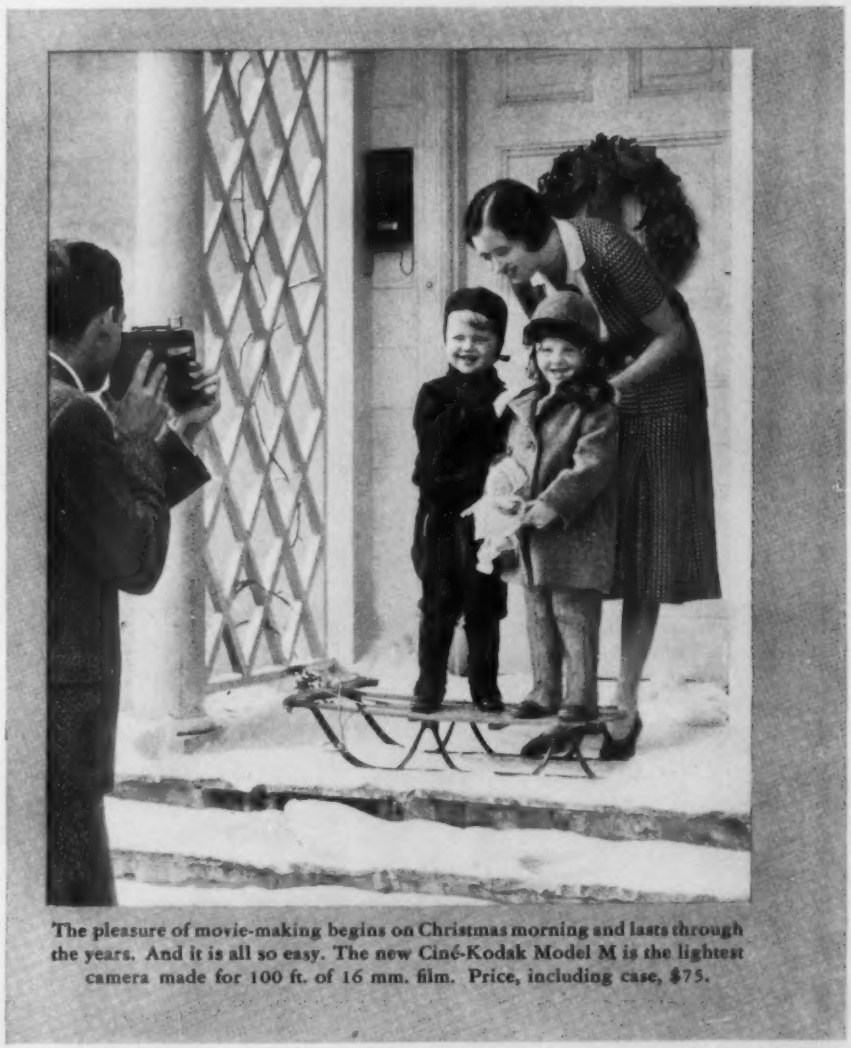
But be sure it's a Ciné-Kodak—the simplest to use. The camera that understands amateurs, made by people who know amateur requirements.

Anyone can make good motion pictures with a Ciné-Kodak. Clear, sparkling, professional-looking pictures. Just sight the camera, press a lever . . . and you're making movies.

Your films are finished by Eastman processing stations, without extra charge . . . and in a few days you have them back ready to run. Switch on your Kodascope and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Parading in front of your eyes are the movies you made yourself . . . of your own children, your own sports, your own friends.

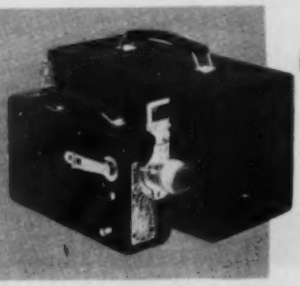
Before you choose any Christmas present, let your Ciné-Kodak dealer show you Ciné-Kodak. He'll show you Kodacolor, too: home movies in full color, as easy to make as black and white.

Ciné-Kodaks are priced from $75 to $150; Kodascope projectors as low as $60. And many dealers offer an attractive payment plan. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



The pleasure of movie-making begins on Christmas morning and lasts through the years. And it is all so easy. The new Ciné-Kodak Model M is the lightest camera made for 100 ft. of 16 mm. film. Price, including case, $75.

What happiness a movie outfit brings into any home. Ciné-Kodaks, $75 to $150. Kodascope projectors as low as $60.



MODEL K is the marvelous new Ciné-Kodak that can be fitted for Kodacolor—home movies in full color—and long-distance shots. Camera and case match, in brown, gray, black or blue. Price, including case, $110 with *f*.3.5 lens; $150 with *f*.1.9 lens.

Ciné-Kodak

SIMPLEST OF HOME MOVIE CAMERAS

New Decade

We dance again to melodies of Old Vienna . . . wear the graceful fashions of another day . . . learn, once more, the charm of elegance. And romance, returning, gives us lovelier jewels, rarer perfumes, softer gowns . . . but leaves us this same luxurious cigarette. For there are a hundred perfumes and as many gems. . . . But in all the world, there's no cigarette so fragrant, so delicate, so delightful as Camel.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

This Curve sets the Billfold Style for 1931

Steichen

$10 is the price of this partition Bill-Tainer, in Ostrich Inlay. Most popular of billfolds, it ingeniously organizes all pocket miscellany. In several other leathers, $3.50 to $15.

CURVING the pockets of the Bill-Tainer shears away inches of leather, eliminates bulk, reduces weight. And at the same time, keeps the Bill-Tainer entirely practical. It has five pockets, surprising capacity . . . and a thinness, a smartness, altogether new and delightful.

Much of the charm of the new "cutaway" pockets is due, of course, to their trim, clean finish; their fine, hand-tooled edges.

Such refinement of design is possible only in the Bill-Tainer.

Where other billfolds are sewed together, the Bill-Tainer is folded. Folded so securely that the pockets can be cut away in a graceful curve without any necessity for reinforcing seams, or stitches, or ugly binding of any kind.

Since the Bill-Tainer has no threads to wear, no stitches to rip, it lasts as long as the leather. Should it give way at any point, it is replaced free.

Folding construction permits the Bill-Tainer to expand with its contents. Empty or full, it's always flat, shapely.

Several styles. Staple leathers and smart new ones. Priced from $2.50 to $15. At most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 417 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

This new trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer.

NOT A STITCH TO RIP OR TEAR

Buxton

BILL-TAINERS

This Seal marks each Selected Bostonian

For gentlemen who insist upon that "added touch of smartness" . . . in footwear

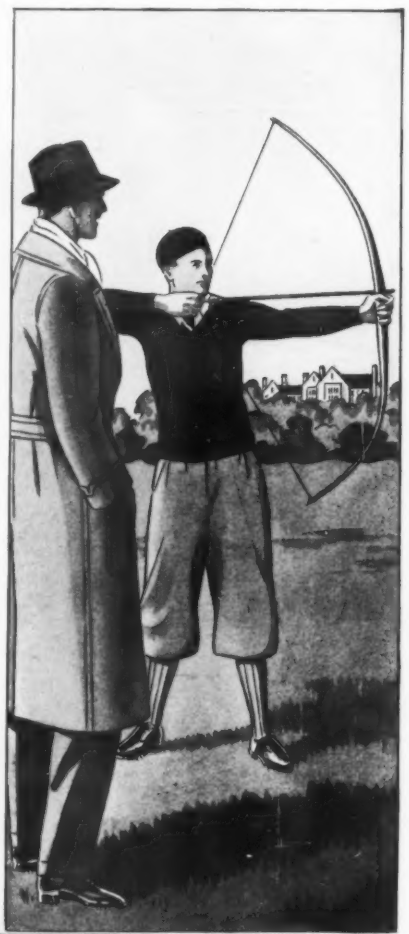
Bostonians Seven Selected Styles

Selected! The very word tells you to expect distinguished style in these seven smartest shoes of the season. Patterns that delight the masculine eye. Styles that bring a note of newness to active feet.

Chosen from over a hundred new patterns for their distinctive looks and refreshing comfort. In all the seven, not one twin. Each style is markedly individual—expressing the best taste, the newest lines of a particular type.

Let their smart appearance and exclusive style contribute to your good appearance—today! There's a Selected Bostonian for every taste, every age. All modestly priced at $7 to $10.

Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Company, Whitman, Mass.



The UNIVERSITY
SELECTED STYLE NO. 4

BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

Something pretty sweet in silk

(Continued from page 44)

and different colored gold bands; cylindrical vanity cases of black onyx with circles of diamonds; trifles in white jade. Little Chinese fans with carved ivory sticks for little currents of air faintly redolent of camphor and lacquer. I'd prefer her, in fancy dress, to follow the fashion of Spain, with great skirts and severe hair. No Marie Antoinette and never, never, the faintest whisper of the Orient. Fancy dress she would often, casually, wear.

Nothing could be more interesting than the consideration of a lady's mind. She wouldn't be stupid. But neither must she be a scholar. There is an especial wisdom which belongs to all women; the perception of how to be a woman; and even the greatest lady must be an impossibility without that. It is far more important than all abstract knowledge. A lady might not, for a moment, remember whether Cimabue was a painter or a musician, but never for an instant could she forget the arts, the profession, of her feminine position. She would, of course, collecting herself, know that Cimabue was not a musician. She would recognize the manner, the pictures, of Botticelli and the pictures of Goya and know the post-impressionist school from the impressionists. That would be enough about painting. Her understanding of history would be general rather than exact, except for the history of her own times. She would—interested in politics—be familiar with that. The politics, I ought to explain, she'd never be directly engaged in. She would make happy, support and even guide, politicians of the first rank. I am not, remember, speaking of the future; it may easily be that I am even a trace behind the present; but that doesn't trouble me.

Yes, history with a lady should be general—a little knowledge of Egypt and the old civilizations of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys; an understanding of how Arabs became the Jews; an idea of Greece and an appreciation of the resemblance between historic Rome and the United States; she'd have some conception of what the Reformation meant, and a scattered realization of German states and French and English kings. She must know the truth about two wars—the American Revolution and the late war in France; speak and read fluently at least two languages besides her own; and be slightly familiar with the classic literature of all three. English, or American—it is easiest for me to think of her as part of one or the other of those nations—she would like the novels of H. G. Wells and dislike any by Conrad. That is enough to admit about current books.

The lady I am engaged with, and by, would have a vague appreciation of science and of scientific discovery—she'd be interested in evolution but inaccurate about it. She'd know that the earth revolved around the sun in a fixed orbit together with the sun's other planets and that there were other systems of nebulae millions of light years distant from the earth. Relativity, in its whole conception, would naturally puzzle her, but she'd see that there was, perhaps, no reason why parallel lines, intoxicated with all space, must come together. She had never, at a school where exactness was less emphasized than manner, liked geometry. The fact that Mr. Einstein had, in a manner, displaced Euclid would, if she had known it, have gained her applause. Philosophy she had been fortunate enough to avoid in all its temporary and idiotic conclusions. However, I am forced to admit in her a regrettable passion for both social and sensational biographies.

A touch of superstition would inhabit her—add to her feminine quality—and, at times, a perceptible, unreasonable, vindictiveness make its appearance. I have not, I hope, given any impression that it is necessary for a lady to be reasonable. I am willing, as well, to forego justice. Except at wholly serious moments. A suspicion of arrogance, at moments of no importance, wouldn't bother me either. The truth is I'd like the lady I am describing to be arrogant. Occasionally. Elsewhere. Where other women were concerned she would have an amiable contact with a large number and be intimate with none. No mutual feminine affections, thank you. Well, there, mostly, she is. A lady! An idea, perhaps, out of the past. You must, in large part, go to the past for her. To yourself. Why not, since it is a question of imagination and desire. Here, then, is a lady I have made for myself. For my support, my amusement and reassurance.

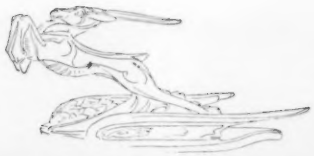
Life among the snobs

(Continued from page 94)

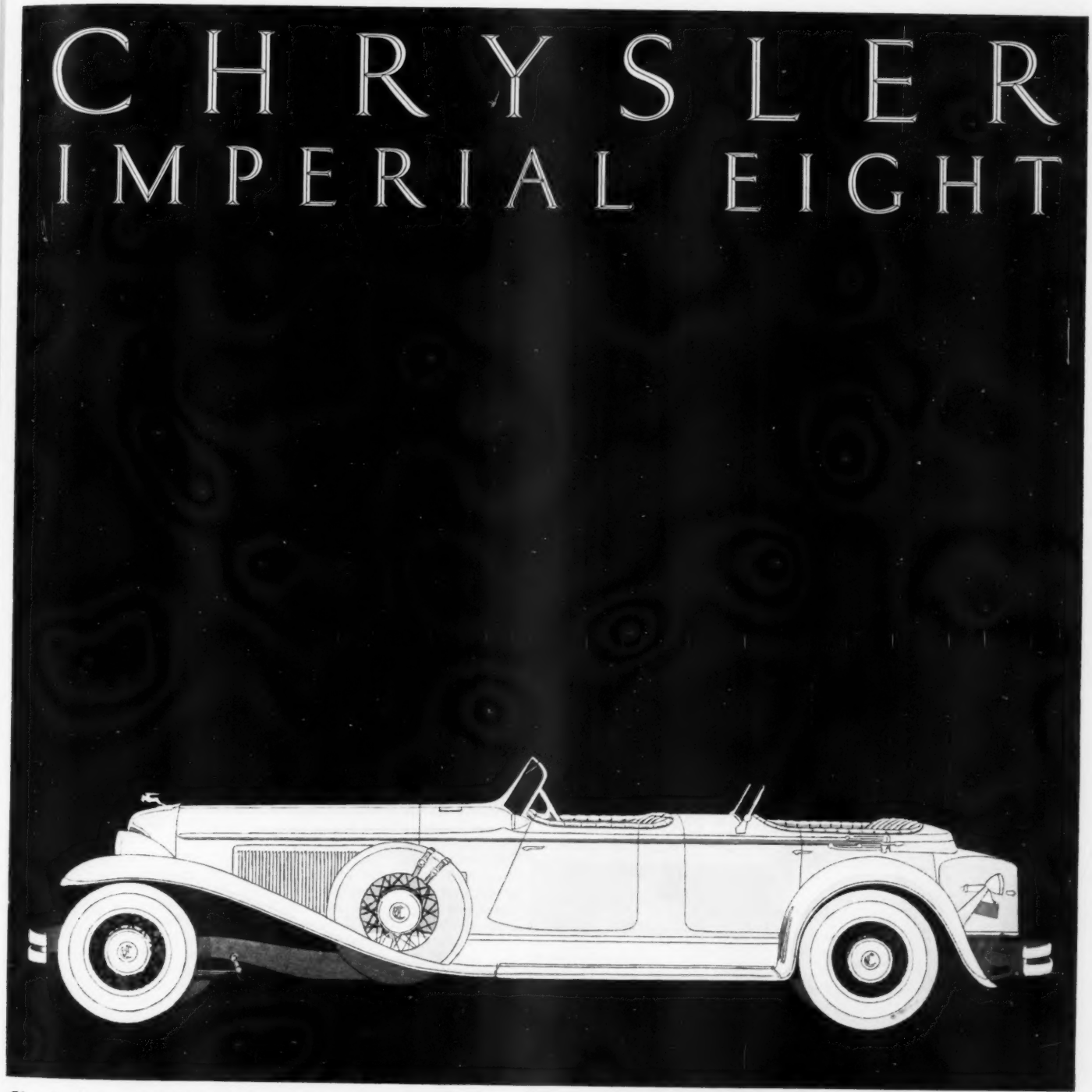
Mrs. Towerly arrived and with her she brought The Crown Prince and Princess of S——. Mrs. Topping, forgetting her regal aloofness, stepped forward to greet the new arrivals, beaming. "How very nice of you," said Mrs. Topping, "to come to my party." She led Mrs. Towerly and her guests to the entrance of the ballroom still chatting with grateful animation.

They stood there for a minute looking at the crowded floor where, to the alternating strains of two orchestras, hundreds of couples whirled and swayed in a mêlée of scent and jewels. And then Mrs. Topping, recalling her duties as hostess, turned to go.

To this day no one knows whether Mrs. Towerly realized that her dear friend had not *quite* gone. But Mrs. Topping and several other guests saw Mrs. Towerly turn to her eminent companions, with a deprecatory wave of her hand, and quite distinctly heard her say, "Poor Fanny. There's positively *nobody* here". . . .



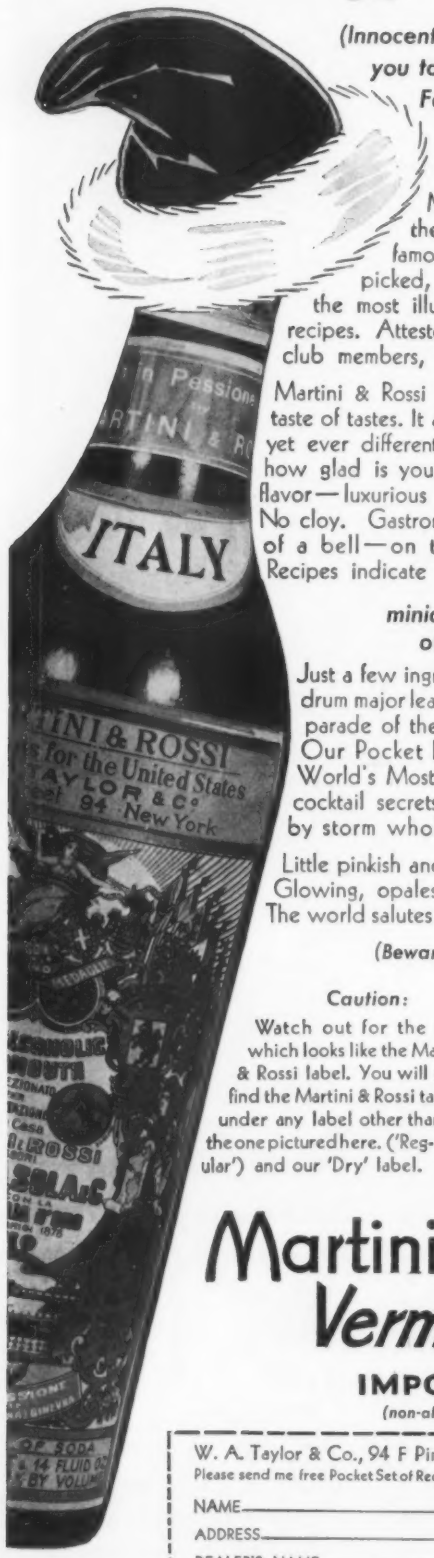
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT



Chrysler Imperial Eight Phaeton, body designed by LeBaron, displayed in Custom Body Salons in New York and Chicago. 145-inch wheelbase; 125-horsepower; Multi-Range transmission with *Dual High* gears.

5-Passenger Sedan $2745; Close-Coupled Sedan $2845; 7-Passenger Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145. Custom Body Styles: Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton (illustrated) $3575. F. O. B. Factory.

Holiday recipes



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This holiday business

(Continued from page 83)

where—to Dieppe say—or Fontainebleau or even dash down to Nice—or something—I feel I want a thorough change."

Mr. Balfour at this beamed aloofly—a smile of pity at the infinite errors of the human race—a smile such as Aristotle might adopt if he visited the Casino at Monte Carlo. And then he began to uncoil some of himself and almost sat up. "No!" he said, "NO! You will do none of these things. What you require is a holiday not a distraction. They are two different things. I have examined this matter with the greatest thoroughness. Allow me to give you instructions. And these instructions—" he fixed me at that with his imperial eye— "these instructions must be obeyed."

He then started to wag at me with one of his long square fingers. "You will," he said, "return at once to the Majestic—arrived there, you will go to bed. For luncheon you will drink a bottle of *Nuits St. Georges* and eat all that you can possibly swallow. You will then sleep till four. You will then read some books which I shall lend you. For dinner you will have champagne and foie gras—a light dinner. You repeat this treatment until Sunday at three—when you drive alone to Versailles and back. In the evening of Sunday you dine—again alone—that is essential—at Larue and go to a play. By Monday you will be cured." Having delivered himself of this oration Mr. Balfour unwound himself completely, and even rose from his chair—lounging off into some room beyond. He returned with a selection of the works of Oppenheim, Valentine Williams, Edgar Wallace, and Christie. He handed me these volumes with a touch of formality—as if they had been an anti-tetanus serum. And then he drove me from the room.

I tried his treatment (what else could I do?) and by Monday I felt again a young and vigourous man. I returned the books to Mr. Balfour and thanked him warmly for his prescription. He explained the physiological basis of his régime. "You see," he said, "over work means that certain lobes of the brain are congested and possibly inflamed. What is required is some treatment which shall immediately relieve that congestion. Had you in fact gone to Nice and back by the express, had you in fact walked with your *rücksack* in the forest of Fontainebleau, all that would have happened would have been that your mind would, in solitude, have returned to the very matters by which your lobes were congested. To the throb of the Riviera Express you would have thought back on Allenstein and Marienwerder, the beech nuts at Fontainbleau would have crunched for you with memories of Fiume and Porto Barosch. Now my treatment is far more scientific. It is the iodine applied to the aching tooth. It is the counter irritant. The detective novel of today sets other lobes aflame: these draw the blood from your congested regions: the cure is not merely, as you have seen, immediate: it is complete."

I confess, with gratitude to fate, that I have not since that time been obliged again to submit myself to Mr. Balfour's intensive system. But scarcely a month passes without my being grateful to him for the principle which he then inculcated—for the idea which he then inspired. For from that day I discovered the great truth that the ideal holiday is not rest—but change of occupation. If, for instance, it is your business in life to be a dentist, then, on your holiday, you should take to writing plays: if, on the other hand, you are by profession a playwright, then, when you take your well-earned holiday, you should go some place where amateur dentistry is not merely permitted but encouraged. The accountant of a large Bank should spend his time gambling at Le Touquet—feeding by this process, those lobes of recklessness which in his professional life are slightly starved. The architect, who works in terms of steel and concrete, should spend his week of holiday in the swamps of Malaya where the reed houses are tied together with little pieces of loin cloth. The man whose life-work consists in catching a few big fish with a fly, should go to where he catches a great many little fish in a net; the man who smokes cigarettes should smoke a pipe: the scientist should take to water colours—the painter to collecting butterflies: is it your business to deal in real estate?—then for your holiday go to Persepolis—where the eagles wheel in lonely circles above the palace of forgotten kings: are you the conductor on a sleeping car?—then, when you get your holiday, be the man that leads the horse along the canal. The one rule is never to look upon a holiday as a rest. On the contrary it should be a period of fevered occupation. You should make it your ideal to overwork—only your labours must be of a completely different nature to those to which you are usually accustomed.

A triangle in Andalusia

(Continued from page 62)

night and the hard highway.

Instead of this, the wanderer installed himself with the Chapmans, in their home and hearts. Mrs. Chapman liked him very much; her husband not quite so much. He was to stay indefinitely, or, at least for three years. A sort of verbal contract was agreed upon: Mrs. Chapman was to teach him English, and he was to pay her at the rate of $2,000 a year. There was some one in Baltimore who had some money for him (described by him in writing as 40,000$) and this he was soon to collect. He was always very generous with his money; he made a will in Mrs. Chapman's favor, payable in the City of Mexico. The amount left to her was named in the document—once as 15,000$ and once as 1,500,000$; the little matter of a zero or two was nothing to one of his warm impulses.

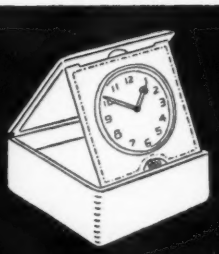
Soon, Mrs. Chapman and her pupil

(Continued on page 124)

JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

Gifts for a Man from a Man's Shop



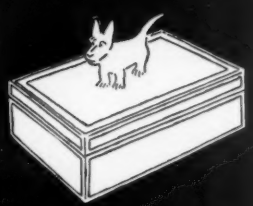
Leather traveling clock and hidden jewel case for studs, links and scarf pins. $20

Nests of ash trays are concealed in this decorative black enamel case with carved ivory animal motif. $12

Doubled silk reefer scarfs of English twill. Variety of colorings. Hand fringed silk ends. $10

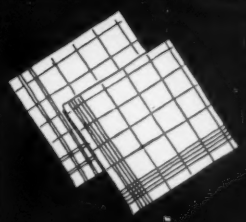
Jacquard robe, lined with silk. Satin faced collars, cuffs and pockets. All over patterns. $25

Smart new neckwear of imported silk in a variety of stripes and figures. $2.50

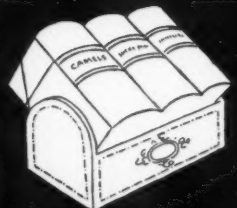


Imported black enamel cigarette box; chromium plated, lined with cedar. Amusing hand carved figures. $20

Heavy pongee silk pajamas. English coat style. Trousers have comfortable, broad elastic band. $10



Irish linen handkerchiefs with hand rolled hems. 55 cents each or $6 a dozen.



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The Yankee matador

(Continued from page 75)

knees, his only defense a thin, colored cape, he drew the bull forward and past him, time and time again. Then, standing erect, facing the bull, he executed the famous *mariposa*—body exposed, cape behind him extended at arms' length on either side like the wings of a butterfly, Franklin walked steadily backward, drawing the bull past him first on one side, then on the other, the charging animal so close that the slightest misstep meant serious injury or death. This brought the crowd to its feet cheering wildly. When this animal, too, was finally killed with a single thrust of the sword, pandemonium broke loose. Sidney Franklin was carried from the ring on the shoulders of the crowd.

Two weeks later Sidney Franklin fought again in Seville. Almost every American in that section of Spain was there to cheer their fellow countryman. And what a fight!

Horses were gored, men were knocked about like ninepins. Each bull that came into the ring seemed bigger, wilder, more ferocious than the last. Three times Franklin was tossed by his first bull, and kept on fighting. The second bull tossed him, dragged him, trampled him until he was carried from the ring unconscious. Before another *matador* could take the bull, for the law of the ring is that if one *matador* is killed or injured so that he cannot finish his fight, the senior *matador* must complete the job—before this could be done, word came that Franklin was returning to the ring. In spite of advice, protest or persuasion, he came back. Pale as death, limping, scarce able to stand, he demanded his sword and *muleta*, the red cloth that is used in combination with the sword until time for the final thrust—and killed his bull with a single stroke. Again the crowd applauded wildly, this time not only for his skill, but for his courage.

After the second fight public opinion was evenly divided. Sidney Franklin showed promise of becoming a great artist, he would be a second Joselito. Sidney Franklin was a *broma*, a joke. He may have learned to kill bulls in a Mexican slaughterhouse, as was rumoured, but as for the *quites*, the *naturales*, the *verónicas*—the high points of the game—of them he knew nothing.

However, his critics agreed on one point. Sidney Franklin deserved the red badge of courage. And courage is the most essential qualification of a great *torero*.

Franklin's next engagement was at San Sebastian, Spain's famous summer playground. There the king and his court go, and all of the embassies have summer quarters. On July 21 a special fight was arranged, featuring Sidney Franklin.

A few days later he fought in Madrid —and repeated on a smaller scale his second fight in Seville.

Within a short time Sidney Franklin's name was on every lip, his picture appeared in all the leading papers. He could no longer appear in public without instantaneous recognition. Could he really fight, or was it merely beginner's luck? Was he an artist, temperamental and erratic? Or a meteor, a flash in the pan—a braggart who had got the lucky breaks?

With his next fight, Franklin proved that not only was he a superb killer, but that he had masterly technique. Although yet a *novillero*, a beginner, he had appeared in most of the large bullrings of Spain. The older critics said that he had still something to learn. It is certain that, now, after more practice and hard work at the *fincas*, the ranch houses of the stock-owners—Sidney Franklin will command his own engagements at his own price.

He was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 11, 1903, fifth of a family of nine children. After his graduation from Columbia University, he appeared in a film *The Black Pirate*, with Douglas Fairbanks, played a season in stock on the legitimate stage, learned to fly, earned his pilot's license, then went to Mexico City to engage in commercial art. One afternoon he attended a bullfight, and, in discussing the affair, was drawn into an argument about the relative merits of national sports. His Mexican friends contended that bullfighting was not permitted in America because Americans could not learn to fight bulls. It was for the Latin races. Americans were temperamentally unsuited to it. With all due modesty, Franklin took the position that Americans could do anything that they made up their minds to do, and do it a little better than anybody else. One thing led to another. A wager was laid—and art was temporarily abandoned.

Franklin spent the following winter on a well known ranch in the hills of Queretaro, studying steers and young bulls, learning their habits, their ways, their reactions. That summer he saw many fights and made a careful study of the fighters' tactics. Every morning at four-thirty he went to the city slaughterhouse and watched the animals prepared for the market. He learned to handle the dagger, acquainted himself with the anatomy of the bull, discovered the vital spot between the shoulder blades that means swift death. After months of this gruesome, yet scientific study, he tried his first fight, only to find that in this, as in every art, theory must be augmented by practice. A skillful death stroke is the finish, but by no means the entire fight. It is the technique, as well as the final thrust, that makes an artist.

It is this technique that Franklin is acquiring in Spain. And after he is satisfied in his own mind that he has mastered it, he plans to give up his unique adventure, to resume his chosen profession of illustrative art and become an artist in a safer and less spectacular field.

But Spain, in the meantime, may steal our only American bullfighter. She has already made a good beginning. For, in spite of Franklin's American passport, a recent issue of a Spanish newspaper carried the startling tidings that a baptismal certificate had been found proving that Franklin was born in 1906 in the Basque portion of Spain, and that he is neither Sidney Franklin, nor *El Yanqui Toreador*. But Americans in Spain are not going to give up their only Yankee bullfighter so easily.

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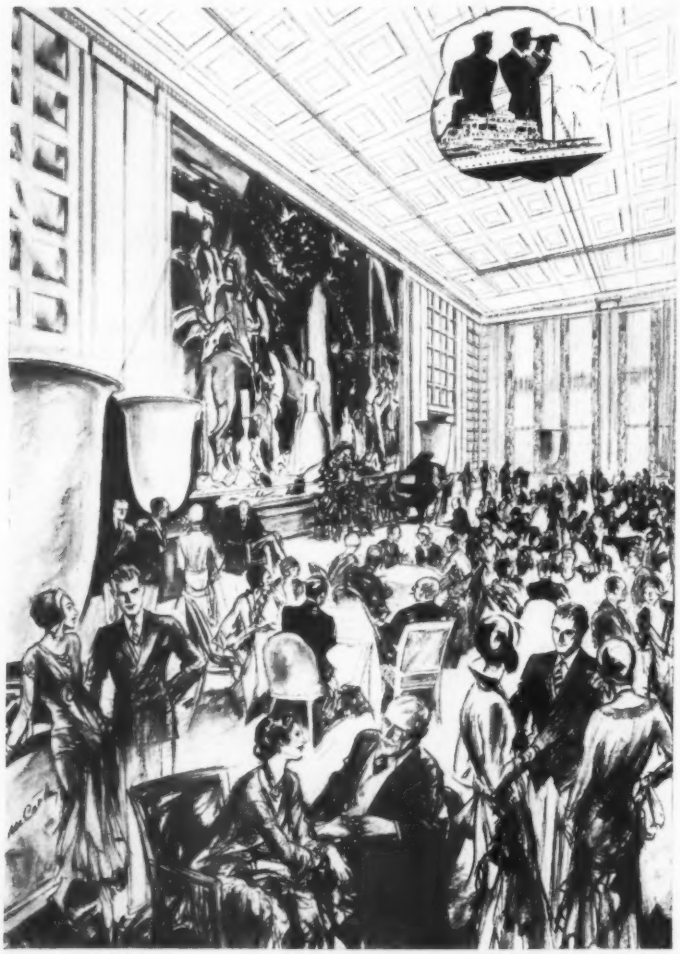

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Happily ever after

(Continued from page 49)

liberately banal. She smiled and said, "Titian would have loved to paint her."

Some of the chill definitely produced in Miss Gordon by the arrival of a wife in the midst of festivity now left her, and she stretched an emphatic white arm across the table. "Oh, he *has*, my dear—last winter, when he was in New York. You know, he likes to paint women with the animals they remind him of—but he couldn't find a tigress for me, so he painted me with a Persian cat. . . ."

It was Perry who tactfully discovered that she meant Tade Styka. Again, when Geoffrey had sneezed five times and confided in a loud whisper to his wife that he felt like hell, it was Perry who suggested that Geoffrey take Paula home and leave him to entertain Miss Gordon.

It was beautifully done. The lively Annabel was acquiescent as Geoffrey, with an alcoholic passion for detail, repeated Perry's suggestion.

"I'll take Paula home, and you stay here with Perry. You see," he explained seriously, "I have to get my head home before it rolls off into somebody's lap."

Undoubtedly he had a temperature, Paula thought as she guided him through a rosy haze of cigarette-smoke and balloons and the beating of saxophones, to the door. In the taxi, he put his arm around her and her head rested on his shoulder. It was the first time in months that they had been in a taxi alone.

"No more nights off for me," whispered Paula, reaching for his hand. "I do love you so, Geoffrey darling."

"You *do?*" Surprise fought its way heavily through the mists of alcohol and fever that clouded his brain. "You do love me?" His arm tightened around her as he sat back to consider this exquisite revelation. By the time that the taxi had stopped before the door of their apartment house he had realized that here was something important—an occasion to which he should rise. But he could not . . . his head felt as though it were stuffed with cotton and lined with flames, and his eyes hurt. He shut them tightly and frowned. There, in his mind, was the picture of Paula, dear and desirable . . . only it kept changing into a picture of Annabel, an Annabel with scarlet hair who whizzed on great, green wings through the corridors of his brain. Shuddering, he tried to dismiss the nightmare.

"You've got a chill, too," he heard a voice say tenderly, from a distance. He was in bed now, and it seemed necessary to kick off a great many blankets that someone was piling on him.

Darling Paula. There was something he had to tell her, something terribly important about love . . . if only Annabel would get out of the way. He addressed the dreadful image with scorn, attempting to discard it; but there it was again, flapping its great, green wings and obscuring entirely the lovely vision of Paula for which he longed. It was a fantastic and outrageous thing. Annabel was of no importance to him—she was just somebody to telephone on odd evenings. And here she was, riding like a locomotive through his brain.

Somebody had put out the light now. The tender voice was saying, "Good-night, darling . . . *darling* Geoffrey."

Once more, he fought his way valiantly against the spectre with scarlet hair. He made a mighty effort, and his voice came thickly from the depths of an unutterable drowsiness.

"Good-night, darling . . . *darling* Annabel," he said.

. . . Geoffrey and Paula have never since spoken of that night. Geoffrey is a little vague about it, and sometimes looks at his wife thoughtfully, as though he would like to ask her a question. But Paula realizes that discussions involve explanations, and that there are some things which can never be explained. Besides, they have very little time for such things. Their life is made up pleasantly of two separate confusions, and in the attendant whirl they consider themselves adequately content. They are not concerned with divorce. They are not notably concerned with marriage, either.

When Night-Clubs Were in Flower

(Continued from page 65)

bottle in the angry hands of her jealous sweetheart; and a serious songster from the Metropolitan Opera House sang *O Sole Mio.*

Captain Ross estimated his adventure in the dry precincts of New York as not uninteresting. "Nothing like this," he admitted, "happens in Singapore or Suez, Shanghai or San Francisco. There is, after all, drama on land as well as on sea."

If, as it has been said, the night club is disappearing we should not let it go without a word of regretful adieu. It has been and it still is in a limited way a refuge for persons who for the moment have no better thing to do.

To the night clubs credit must be given for much that has made visitors to the several Capitals content with leaving their happy rural homes. In New York, these ruddy retreats divide with the despised and persecuted Theater the responsibility of amusing the city's guests after the sun has set. The tall buildings, the shops, zoos, parks, and museums are hospitable to them in the daytime, but night leaves them unoccupied. "Leisure is pain" unless drugged by doses of diversion, and the long hours between the end of the play and bedtime are irksome. Therefore it is to sanctuaries run by Miss Texas Guinan, Mr. Jean Malin, Mr. Barney Gallant and other nocturnal impresarios that one sometimes turns for refreshment between midnight and dawn. Though the blossoming vogue of the smart hideaways has reduced their numbers there are yet hundreds of night clubs in operation ranging in character from exotic dives in Greenwich village to jungle hippodromes in Harlem. In the opinion of students of human behaviour their influence is less destructive to morality than is that of their seductive successors, the elegant speakeasies.

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Reduces germs 98%

Bacteria on the surface of the mouth and in the saliva are actually reduced 98% by it. Such amazing killing power is shown by exhaustive tests after the methods employed at Johns Hopkins and Yale University. To maintain this reduction at all times frequent gargling is necessary.

In view of the above facts, you cannot question the wisdom of using Listerine every morning and night as a precaution against mouth and throat infections incident to colds. And as a treatment, more frequently.

Twice a day as a precaution

Every 2 hours as a treatment

Gargle every 2 hours

Colds usually develop when body resistance is lowered by bad weather, overexposure, chills, fatigue or overeating. Germs easily make headway. Nature then needs an extra attacking force to keep them under control.

That is why physicians urge the gargle every two hours with undiluted Listerine. Every gargle results in the death of millions of disease-producing bacteria.

Safe—healing to tissues

At the first symptom of cold or sore throat, begin using Listerine. Use it full strength to get full germicidal effect. Remember, Listerine is absolutely harmless—non-poisonous, safe and pleasant to use, and actually healing in effect. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the safe antiseptic

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

(fastest killing time accurately recorded by science)

Correct in usage . . . in flavor and goodness

No desserts can replace the time-honored Plum Pudding or Mince Meat for holiday dinners. In fact, very frequently through late autumn and winter your menu should contain one of these two, with an alternative in the lighter Fig Pudding. Many, many years of usage have made these three desserts correct and favored for winter dinners.

So few hostesses bother now with making their own Plum or Fig Pudding or Mince Meat—even when well-staffed with servants. They have found that they can rely on Heinz Plum Pudding, Heinz Fig Pudding and Heinz Mince Meat to have all the delightful, full-bodied flavor and richness one could want.

They know that no matter how ambitious their dinner—how delicious—how elegant—these three Heinz holiday desserts will be in keeping.

The Heinz label on any jar, bottle or can is a sure promise of flavor inside—flavor in its happiest form!

57

★ HEINZ ★

★

SOME OF THE 57 • • Heinz Plum Pudding
★ Heinz Fig Pudding • Heinz Mince Meat ★

Dining for profit

(Continued from page 76)

luting his. Big Shots are like prima donnas, especially in politics, and are consumed by chronic jealousy. The great rule is: don't try too hard or appear too eager.

But that is the worm's eye view. From above it is more alarming. The superior looks down upon a mass of subordinates seething with ingrowing ambition, the loftier of whom would weep neither long nor loud if the superior broke his neck or could be forced to resign. Things sometimes go wrong with the best-arranged bureaucracies. A high official may guess wrong on public opinion, he may burn his fingers playing party politics, he may be delicately tripped from behind by an ambitious colleague and pouf! another little post to be filled by somebody else. A politician must keep his fences repaired, he must preserve his patronage, he must head off rivals, he must keep solid with the Party leaders, with Labor, with the Anti-Saloon League and with Business. A diplomat must watch his P's and cocktails. A lobbyist never knows when an investigating committee will be turned loose on him.

For the higher-ups, therefore, there is only one rule: Entertain, entertain, entertain always, frequently, discreetly and not too lavishly. They must build up some social inertia on their own behalf, must remain on "Ned" and "Charlie" terms with their bitterest rivals, must make sure that their wives call repeatedly upon the wives of their logical successors. Disarm them with drink, frustrate them with food, harry them with hospitality!

For these reasons dining for profit is the most prominent feature of Washington society. No one is immune from it, no one has to observe it more meticulously than the President.

If you scan the social notes carefully, you will see that among the White House guests have been such names as Amos 'n' Andy, and such newspaper publishers as Adolph Ochs, just as Coolidge entertained Will Rogers and hobnobbed with Hearst. You get your answer if you tune in on the radio at seven P. M. or pick up the New York *Times* and turn to the editorial page. The White House correspondents are specially favored. Some of their ringleaders are constantly eating Presidential food and then supporting Presidential policies.

There are a few exceptions to this rule, but the exceptions, curiously enough, are the very men whose power is undiluted and whose influence unimpaired.

Even the exceptions, however, deserve no particular credit, except for intelligence. They have simply reversed the rules of the regular Washington game and instead of dining for profit are deriving profit from their refusal to dine for profit. By adopting the Catonian pose and appearing contemptuous of conquest by cocktails, they are obtaining power by a route just as sure as any which can be travelled over the embattled dinner-tables of the Capital.

British golf—and weather

(Continued from page 69)

face of bad luck, bad play, and bad weather. Thus, physically and temperamentally they seem to be better equipped for tests of endurance than Americans. This may also be partly due to the simplicity of their golfing life. They arrive at most of the matches by train; are not preoccupied with elaborate or handsome golf togs. They wear practical, everyday, weather-defying clothes, and, perhaps most important of all, after a match they return to their hotels or their homes and do not linger around the golf clubs, spending their strength in social activities.

It is interesting here to note the use to which British women golfers put their golf clubs. With few exceptions they merely change their shoes there and perhaps have a bit of luncheon or tea. Their social life lies wholly outside their clubs.

This does not, however, mean that there is no entertainment for golf competitors or for golfing invaders during the periods of tournament play. On the contrary, the interest in golf is so widespread and so deep in Great Britain that entertainments are the rule, rather than the exception.

I suppose that Joyce Wethered, the greatest woman golf player in the world, is the national heroine. She is a splendid sportswoman and a golfer without an equal. It is a pity for her country that her high-strung temperament has forced her to withdraw from the wear and tear of competitive golf. Another great name which has recently passed from the British competitive lists is that of Cecil Leitch. This formidable player and brilliant personality has turned her back on the thundering golf galleries to settle down among the quiet shadows of a London antique shop. And Diana Fishwick, the present Ladies' British Open Champion, is just beginning her golfing career. She is a slender, nineteen-year-old girl, fearless and ambitious, and it is quite certain that she has many years of brilliant golf ahead of her. Another girl who can always be counted upon as a dangerous opponent for American players across the seas, is Enid Wilson. There is no British player more conscientiously devoted to outdoor sports than she.

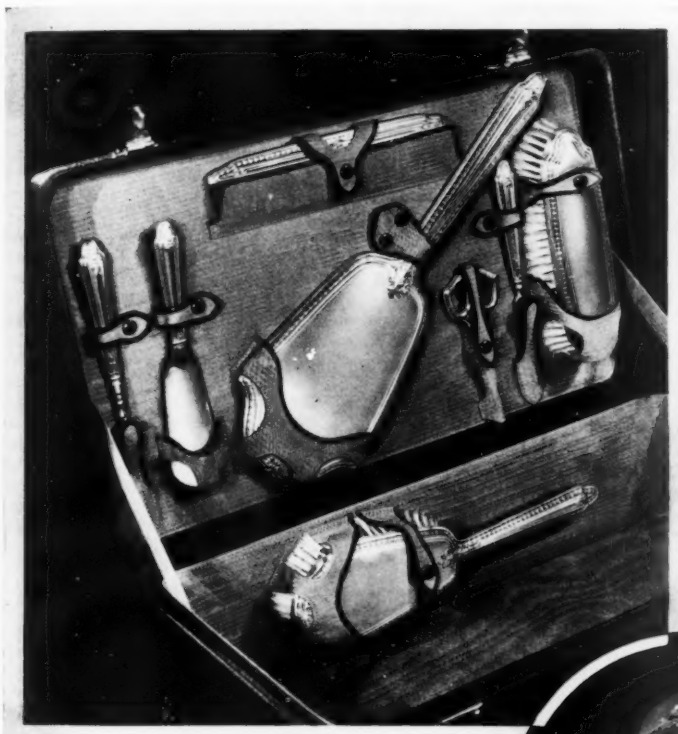
Perhaps it is their single-souled devotion to sports, their healthy, simple outlook on the game, which has been responsible for the soundness of the golf of the British women players. At any rate, the sixteen American team players who went to England this year and there met the representative players of Great Britain, returned to America with an entirely new conception of sportsmanship, and with an increased respect for sound golfing form.

And, I might add, an inordinate respect for the British weather.

Gifts of Enduring Beauty—

BEARING the FAMOUS NAME of *Gorham*

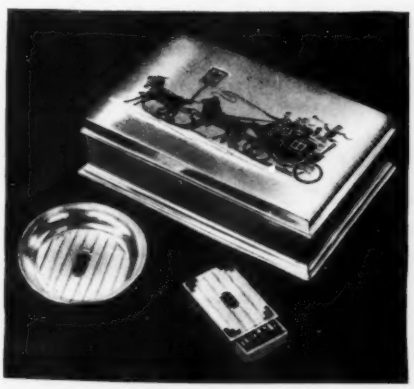
■ Sterling silver is the most superb of Christmas gifts, and Gorham is the most famous name in sterling. Each of the Gorham pieces on this page has the elegance and beauty which fine taste instantly recognizes. Each is a gift which, irrespective of price, carries a subtle compliment to the recipient. There are prices to fit every gift budget. Your own jeweler will show you these and many other Gorham gifts which are of enduring beauty and high distinction.



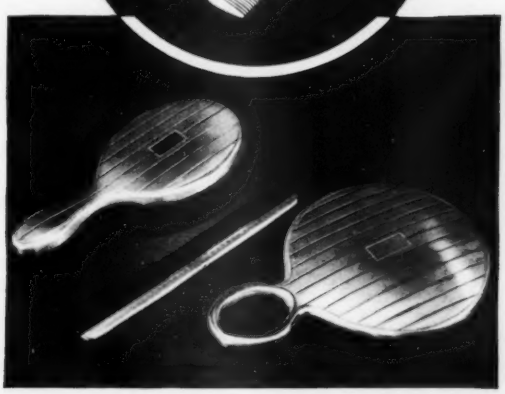
■ The appointments of this smart 18-inch traveling case are in the Gorham "Queen Louise" pattern, a very delicate, exquisite design. The case is of imported pigskin with hog-hide grain lined in petit point and moire silk. A gift to delight the smartest woman on your list and a lasting reminder of the giver. $110.

■ Gorham's new 1931 "Hunt Club" flat and hollow ware has the aristocratic distinction of the Hunt Breakfast with a sparkling modern simplicity. Any piece in this pattern would delight the hostess as a supplement to her own sterling. Platter, $130; 10½-inch bowl, $40; salt and peppers, $30; vegetable dish, $45.

■ A gift to enchant the most fastidious small girl's heart! A sterling comb and brush set of her own, with a fascinating colored enamel inlay of Mary and her lamb. Sterling brush, $12, sterling back comb, $5.50.

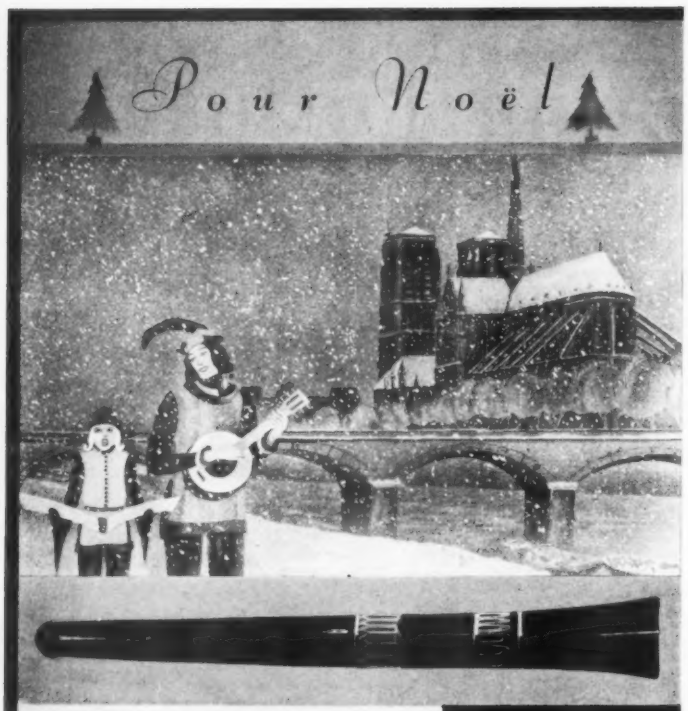


■ A spirited coach and four in brilliant enamel inlay gives richness to the fine simplicity of this heavy sterling cigarette box. The individual ash tray and match-box holder are exquisite in their simplicity. The box is $50, the tray $5, the holder $4. A dainty cigarette-pack holder to match is $15.

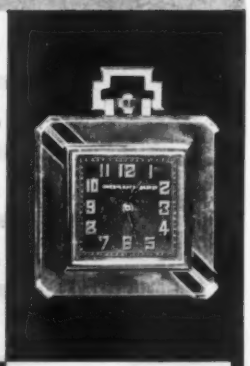


■ That most perplexing question at Christmas—what to give a man—is superbly solved by this sterling set of ring mirror, brush and comb. It is obviously a masculine design—handsome, rich and yet beautifully simple—a gift which will be welcomed by the man of the most conservative taste. The set is $60. Other finely designed sets at your jeweler's.

■ The soft, gleaming surface of this silver frame is the perfect tribute to a lovely photograph. Such a gift is always welcome. It comes in three sizes at $15, $20, $25 . . . The night bottle of cut glass with sterling top is an unusual gift for the person "who has everything." It costs $27.50.



Above, a Cigarette Holder of French Jet with gold and red enamel decoration + To right, Gentleman's Watch in two shades of 14 kt gold with crystal in center + Below, a French Clip-Clasp of round and baguette Diamonds + The Turquoise Ring is set with round and two square Diamonds



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1000 Lincoln Road
Van Cleef & Arpels Paris — Deauville Le Touquet Nice Cannes

The heresy of King's Mountain

(Continued from page 52)

have not only a home at Newport or Southampton, but also a home in the city, a home in Palm Beach, and the most winning of the winners among our winning set also have a shooting lodge in Scotland and a villa on the Riviera. We consume at least four times as much gasoline in our yachts as all the servant girls, and we have not only at least twice as many automobiles per capita as the plumbers, but they are twice as fast, twice as shiny, and they have better balloon tires. We have four times as many telephones in our homes, eleven times as many polo ponies on our estates, and per capita we own more boxes at the opera. Our use of food, and may I add, champagne, of clothing, and, may I add, emeralds and ermine, is far greater. We have proportionately not one-twentieth as many of our relations in the poor house or upon public charity."

It is not likely, I suppose, that this speech which I have just sketched out will be delivered in any public place. It would not be safe to make such a speech, for I am afraid that Americans are not sufficiently loyal to the national philosophy which Mr. Hoover imputes to them, to bear patiently with such an application of the logic of this philosophy. It may be safe to throw such a philosophy in the face of Englishmen, Germans, Italians, and Czechs, it being impossible to throw a brick back across three thousand miles of ocean, but it would not be prudent to say such things to Americans. Yet if Mr. Hoover's utterance is indeed the national philosophy, for which the men who died at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton and Yorktown, Antietam, Gettysburg, Belleau Wood, and the Argonne were fighting, then he ought to be able to apply that philosophy not only externally but within our frontiers as well.

Happily for the internal peace of the Republic not even the newest of the newly rich would dare to offer himself publicly as an illustration of the Coolidge-Hoover doctrine. Thus our latest Presidential philosophy seems to be applicable to the American nation as a whole but not to Americans individually. We are asked to believe that it is patriotic to say of Americans collectively what it would be excruciatingly vulgar to say of them separately.

There are, to be sure, many things permitted to men collectively which are prohibited to them personally. They may kill collectively. They may trespass on their neighbor's lands. They may burn cities. They may starve babies. They may seize property. They may denounce contracts. They may hold themselves above any law of God or man. And so perhaps it is permitted them to say collectively that they are richer than their neighbor's friends because they are more virtuous.

We should, however, miss the peculiar essence of this new Presidential gospel if we saw in it only the latest manifestation of the tendency in all nations to proclaim themselves the chosen of God. There is a special quality in the current doctrine of national self-approval which is, I think, new. I do not know any precedents for it in the utterances of the pre-war Presidents. To be sure I have not read all their utterances, but where among the memorable addresses and state papers from Washington to Wilson can one find a national philosophy which equates affluence with virtue, and compares American good fortune, loudly and repeatedly with the fortunes of the rest of mankind?

Mr. Coolidge did not, of course, invent the doctrine. It could be shown to those who are curious in these matters that he came by it honestly, and that what we have in his view of life is a rare specimen, perfectly preserved, of the tradition which once flourished in certain sects of dissenters among the commercial classes of Seventeenth Century England. Just as one can still find traces of the Elizabethan speech in the mountains of Tennessee, so here from the granite hills of Vermont is the commercial morality of the rising business men of two and three generations before Queen Anne.

Thus, for example, in Richard Steele's, *The Tradesman's Calling*, published in 1684, the theory is advanced that success in business is a proof that a man has labored faithfully in his calling and that "God has blessed his trade". Historians like Sombart, Max Weber, Tawney and others showed that this new ethic played a great part in the development of modern business by helping to break down the deep distrust of the acquisitive motive which is characteristic of the main feeling of Christianity. This commercial ethic was transplanted to America, but until Calvin Coolidge it had never become identified with national patriotism.

The introduction into the national philosophy of this peculiar mixture of piety and acquisitiveness was due to a combination of coincidences. It happened that about 1924 the United States was on the upside of a business cycle, that the older nations were still weakened and distraught by the effects of the war, that the United States had unexpectedly become the strongest world power and had gone through a revulsion of feeling against responsibilities which it was unprepared to bear, when, by a series of political accidents, there was elevated to the Presidency a man who sincerely and naïvely believed that the boom in our trade was the consequence of our superiority in civilization. He preached the dogma of pious acquisitiveness; stocks went up, twice his party swept the country, and the dogma was carried to all corners of the land on the gasses of the great bull market.

Much was permitted to Mr. Coolidge that is not permitted to Mr. Hoover. He is mistaken if he thinks that the success of the Coolidge gospel was anything but a temporary aberration in an era when so many values, financial and moral, were false. Mr. Hoover is living in a time when the hard realities are evident, and it should be evident to him that a great people, composed as it must be of rich and poor, of winners and losers, and of many, very many, who are not "racing", but trying to live, can never be united by a creed which has as its central thesis the odious comparison between those who own much and

(Continued on page 126)

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Preferred by Londoners of fashion . . . Lavender in Yardley gift packages to bring fragrance to an American Christmas

Soap, Shaving Bowl, Shaving Stick, Talc and Aftershaving Lotion, $5.

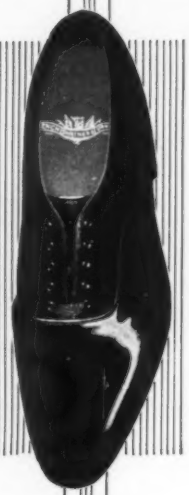
Soap, Complexion Cream, Cleansing Lotion and Face Powder, $5.

Lavender Bath Salts and Soap, $1.50.

The Compendium Set, containing complete lavender series, $12.50.

The Yardley Triple Compact, $3.50

More than a hundred and fifty years have passed since the first fine Yardley soaps and perfumes were offered to a Georgian world of grace and elegance. In London today, Yardley toiletries are still the choice of smart Mayfair and aristocratic Berkeley Square. And now they are offered to *you,* distinguished gifts for an American Christmas. No farther away than your nearest store, enchanting gift sets in that treasured fragrance of English Lavender await your choice. There are too many to be catalogued completely, but here is a bath bowl, amusing and luxurious invention. Here are those delightful crystals to perfume a bath so refreshingly; dusting powders like fairy mist; a silken, fragrant complexion cream, in a cunning carved pot, the color of old ivory; English Lavender itself, to bring back the wind-blown perfume of purple moors. All these and others you will find, packaged interestingly and distinctively, at prices from $1.25 to $12.50, wherever you are accustomed to shop. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris.



The Perfect **Shoe** *for* **EVENING Wear!**

The smartest dress clothes from the most exclusive tailors are no more at home 'neath gleaming lights than are these dress oxfords from the benches of French, Shriner & Urner craftsmen.

Half a century of style leadership is but one reason for their almost universal choice as correct and comfortable evening wear for gentlemen.

F., S. & U. models for dress, street or sport are always available at the shops below.

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
America's Finest Shoes for Men

BOSTON
212 Washington St.
430 Stuart St.

BROOKLYN
367 Fulton St.

CHICAGO
106 Michigan Ave. (S)
16 So. Dearborn St.
Carbide & Carbon Bldg.
(230 N. Michigan Ave.)

CINCINNATI
Doty Clothing Co.
429 Walnut St.

CLEVELAND
1935-1945 E. 9th St.

DETROIT
230-234 Michigan Ave.

HARTFORD
Horsfall's Shoe Dept.
93-99 Asylum St.

KANSAS CITY
1002 Walnut St.

MILWAUKEE
8 Wisconsin Ave.

MINNEAPOLIS
91 South 6th St.

NEW YORK
350 Madison Ave.
153 Broadway
131 West 42nd St.
365 Broadway
1263 Broadway
253 W. 57th St.

OMAHA
214 So. 15th St.

PHILADELPHIA
100 So. 16th St.

PROVIDENCE
Sullivan Co.
159 Westminster St.

ST. PAUL
339 Robert St.

SCRANTON
Maurice Silverberg & Co.

SEATTLE
1214 Fourth Ave.

WASHINGTON
Saltz Brothers
1341 F. Street, N. W.

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 88)

not show any notable change except that it is slightly longer. But it is more important than ever to guard against exaggerated lapels, over square shoulders or unduly pronounced waist-line.

But the glory of the masculine wardrobe is, as we all know, the evening dress suit with its tails, which seem longer than ever. The line of the coat should melt imperceptibly into that of the trousers. The lapel is no wider and the facings are of corded silk as usual.

The backless waistcoat is more popular than ever because the back of the older type always shrunk; but there is a preference for its being made by the tailor and not by the shirtmaker. We show three types, all eminently correct, but not equally suitable for everybody. Those who have figures like young symphony conductors can carry off the double-breasted type of white diamond pattern marcella and two buttons at each side. The pointed waistcoat, usually with three buttons, is preferable for aesthetic reasons, which together with ideas of practical comfort are governing the design of masculine dress to an increasing extent.

The lounge suit for use in town in the autumn and winter is perhaps the most interesting of all our clothes because here we have liberty and encouragement to express our taste with a reasonable freedom. This autumn, in London, the single-breasted seems to be gaining over the double-breasted and is certainly smarter for any but the particularly slender. The notched lapel on the single-breasted and the pointed on the double-breasted are now compulsory, but the lapels must not be exaggerated.

The topcoat, however, should be in navy-blue saxony, the double-breasted being preferred to the single, and our sketch shows the broader lapels and longer coat length that is now being worn. A faint herring-bone pattern is still good.

There are at least five different kinds of shoe which every well-dressed man will find necessary and we show a few of the latest specimens. There is the indispensable plain black box-calf Oxford, to be carefully treed at night. There is a dark brown semi-brogue willow-calf, perfect for going out of town. Beyond is a smart deer-skin and brown leather shoe correct for golfing. For evening wear the patent leather Oxford shown with the plain toe-cap is preferred this season.

Smartest of all for week-ends in the country is the brown, so-called antelope or buckskin, which is soft and good wearing.

A pleasing revival of the old evening "pump" shoe is the black patent leather Grecian shoe from Fortnum & Mason which we illustrate and which has made its appearance at country house parties recently and deserves to become extremely popular.

Balancing the books

(Continued from page 78)

Nightmare by Ward Greene (Cape and Smith); *The Men in Her Life* by Warner Fabian (Sears).

To give to Great-Uncle Abner who lives on West End Avenue, plays a little bridge, has no children, subscribes to a lecture course at Carnegie Hall, prefers biographies to fiction because there is more *meat* in them, by George, and is expected to shuffle along any time now and leave you something quite substantial, in addition to getting the books back again:

Daniel Webster by Claude M. Fuess (Little, Brown); *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives* by Russel Crouse (Doubleday, Doran); *Goodbye to Western Culture* by Norman Douglas (Harper); *Pre-War America* by Mark Sullivan (Scribner); *I'm Sorry If I Have Offended* by Clarence Knapp (Putnam); *Letters of Henry Adams* (Houghton Mifflin); *Etchings of Levon West* (William Edwin Rudge); *Swift* by Carl Van Doren (Viking); *A Book of Days for 1931* by Christopher Morley (John Day); *Adams Family* by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown); and any of the *Masters of Etching, Colour Prints* or *Sporting Print* Series published by William Edwin Rudge.

To give to Floyd Gibbons (to keep):

The Autobiography of Floyd Gibbons by Floyd Gibbons (Gibbons).

To give to a seductive lady in black in an apartment in the West Fifties, with a tattooed (left) thigh and a slight foreign accent that shifts with the European watering seasons, who is seen occasionally at *The Eiffel Tower* in London and *Casanova* in Paris, whose lips can determine with equal ease the year of a wine or the years of a gentleman, and whose books are calculated, like her perfumes, for a certain purpose:

Salome by Viereck and Eldridge (Liveright); *Parties* by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf); *Smart Setback* by Wood Kahler (Knopf); *Via Manhattan* by Hawthorne Hurst (King); *Between Dawn and Sunrise* by James Branch Cabell (McBride); *The Sweet Cheat Gone* by Marcel Proust (Boni); *The Fountain of Life* by Havelock Ellis (Houghton Mifflin)

To give to a Younger Brother in New Haven, with a crushed-in felt hat, raccoon coat, no garters except an orchid one hanging over his dresser, a slight purple discoloration under his right eye, and a young lady awaiting him (for two hours) in a speakeasy on 52nd Street:

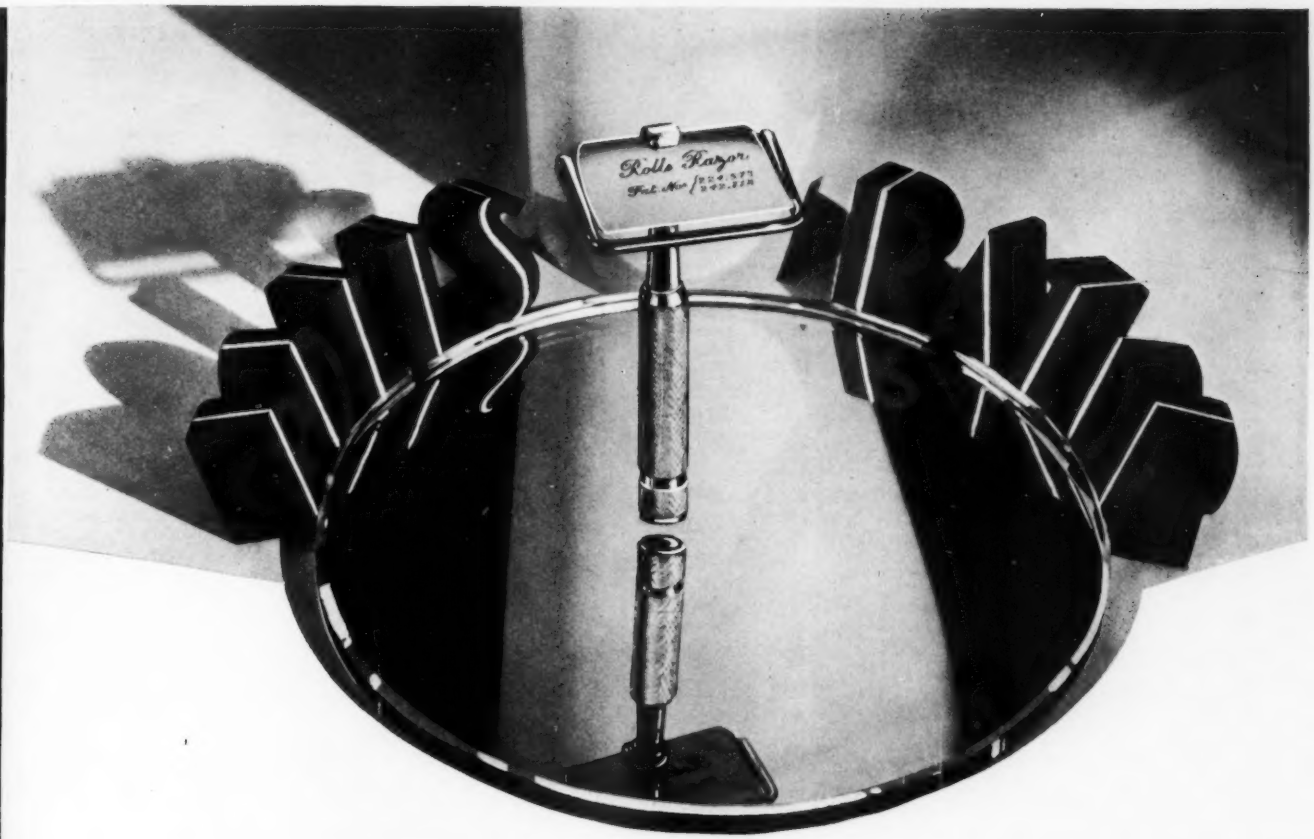
In Our Time by Ernest Hemingway (Scribners); *Laments for the Living* by Dorothy Parker (Viking); *Thirteen Men* by Tiffany Thayer (Claude Kendall); *Charlie Chan Carries On* by Earl Derr Biggers (Bobbs-Merrill); *Lone Cowboy* by Will James (Scribners); *Instigation of the Devil* by Edmund Pearson (Doubleday, Doran); *The Great Jasper* by Fulton Oursler (Covici-Freide); and any of the current crop of mystery stories.

To give to John Cowper Powys (across his back-side):

In Defense of Sensuality by John Cowper Powys (Simon and Schuster).

To give, "with thanks for our delightful weekend at the Rookery," to a Montclair, N. J. hostess with a bright mole under her right shoulder blade and a daughter who calls her "Babs", who plays contract on Tuesdays, exhibits every year in the Grand Central Flower Show, never sits twice in the same box at the opera, and *adores* reading in bed:

(Continued on page 116)



The ONE BLADE Safety

An English Importation

Compact and complete in its metal-plated case is razor, strop and hone. Automatically stropped in its case before shaving—honed in its case when necessary, the One Hollow Ground Blade of finest Sheffield steel is always ready for a perfect shave.

Reflect on the Razor that stands alone

It's more than worthy of your serious consideration for it stands "blade and handle" ahead of the field of safety razors for many reasons.

It's *not* made by the mile and cut off by the inch. It's *not* made to give away and then pay dividends to somebody else for years and years thereafter.

A Rolls Razor is a carefully tested precision instrument, designed solely to give you as fine a shave as you could possibly wish for, and to continue giving them day after day, and year after year for many years to come, without making you waste your time and try your patience with innumerable packages of blades that cost—and cost—and cost.

It's complete—the first cost is the last cost. You can pack a Rolls Razor in your kit and spend years in the wilds of Africa, or on the plains of Siberia, without worrying about where to purchase packages of blades.

It's compact—the perfectly constructed metal-plated case contains everything—Blade, Handle, Strop and Hone.

In the final analysis, a razor is only as good as its blade. You have probably found that out to your sorrow with various blades during the past. Just examine the One Blade of a Rolls Razor and you will be convinced that it is a *real razor blade* requiring no springs, levers, or vises to hold it in line.

Made of the finest Sheffield steel, perfectly tempered and hollow ground, this One Blade has *real* steel in its backbone that gives it the necessary strength and elasticity to enjoy shaving the toughest bristles and never asking to be thrown in the discard. The One Blade of a Rolls Razor properly handled will give you a lifetime of perfect shaves.

Ask your dealer to show you the Rolls Razor way and your shaving worries will be over forever.

Imperial No. 1 Silver Plate $15.00
Imperial No. 2 Nickel Plate $10.00
De Luxe Gold Sets and Travel Kits up to $45.00

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money order and we will fill your order postpaid, promptly.

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Dept. V.—305 East 45th St., New York City

Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

For those who really enjoy a soft, creamy lather that does not irritate or easily evaporate, we recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic bowl, **$1.50** or Rolls Shaving Cream in tubes **75c**

To feel doubly sure of being kind and gentle to your face, we suggest an Imperial Rolls Razor Shaving Brush with the finest of badger bristles, priced from . . . . . **$8.50 to $15**

He would choose this *Gift* for himself...

. . . For birthdays, Christmas, "bon voyage" gifts

Hamley solid-leather Travel Kit

All men like convenience. They appreciate *genuine quality* and hate fussy loops and monkey-business. That's why the Hamley Kit is such an instantaneous success as a gift.

You will find these hand-made solid leather cases in the leading stores. Examine one carefully. Feel the leather in it . . . thicker, more rigid—a superb quality which can be obtained from only a very few sources—oak bark tanned—a long, slow process that ripens leather fibres, and makes them improve with age.* A beautiful russet color, which takes on a rich dark glow with the passing years. Will last a lifetime.

The Hamley Kit is a gift he'll *really use*. Traveling is so much easier with this convenient kit, which has plenty of room, and none of the trick loops and gadgets which used to make packing a nuisance. For the price you can't find anything he'll like better!

Mail orders filled direct if your dealer hasn't Hamley Kits

Hamley Kits are on display at smart shops. However, should you have difficulty locating them, we will be glad to fill your order direct, mailing the kits postpaid. Hamley & Company, *Saddlemakers since 1883*, 313 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon.

Inside Measurements

$ 6.00 size..... 8⅝ x 3⅞ x 1⅞
7.50 size..... 9½ x 4½ x 2¼
10.00 size.....10½ x 5⅜ x 2¾

Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra

Look for the Cowboy Saddle tooled on the bottom

*Be sure you get genuine Hamley quality. Look for this Cowboy Saddle trademark tooled on the bottom of the kit you buy.

© 1931 H & CO.

HAMLEY KIT

MADE LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE OF GENUINE *Solid Leather*

The laws of Backgammon

(Continued from page 68)

point which may, in the course of a game, develop into a moot question. Therefore, *Vanity Fair*, at the request of the leading backgammon writers, teachers and experts, was asked to codify and issue the Official laws of Backgammon, and Chouette for the year 1931.

DICE

1. Each player must always throw his dice into the table on his right hand.

2. If either die jumps into the other table, on the bar, or off the board, both dice must be thrown again.

3. To constitute a fair throw each die must come to rest flat upon the board; and if either die is "cocked" against the other, or against the edge of the board, or a man, or in any way so that it does not lie flat on the board, both dice must be thrown again.

4. If a player throws his dice before his opponent's play has been completed, and his opponent's dice have been returned to his box, the throw is void and the player must throw again.

5. If a player picks up his dice, returning them to the box before he has completed his play, his opponent may declare the throw void and compel the player to throw again.

6. The men should be set up with the inner tables nearest the light. To determine choice of this position and color of the men, each player throws one die. The one whose die shows the greater number of pips has the choice of both.

7. To determine the right to play first, each player throws one die. The one whose die shows the greatest number of pips, adopts both numbers as his throw and makes his opening move accordingly.

MOVES

8. A man is considered "played" when it has been moved the correct number of points, in accordance with the dice, and has been quitted.

9. When a man has been moved the correct number of points, and quitted, the play is considered completed and cannot be changed.

10. If a player moves a man an incorrect number of points, fails to enter a man before moving, or enters a man incorrectly, or bears off any of his men, when all his men are not in his inner table, his opponent must require the move to be corrected before another throw of the dice is made: otherwise the error stands, and cannot be corrected except by mutual consent.

11. The pips on both dice of a throw must be played if this is possible. If either, but only one of them can be played, it is obligatory to play the highest number.

12. In bearing off, the highest number of the throw must be played first.

13. The player first removing all his men wins the game.

14. If at any time after the game has begun, it is discovered that the men have been incorrectly set up, play ceases, and that game is declared void.

SCORING

15. If, on the throw for the right to play first, a tie results, the stakes of the game are automatically doubled. If the second throw also results in a tie, the stakes are again automatically doubled, and so on for as many ties as may be thrown. Automatic doubling may be limited to one, two or three doubles, or eliminated entirely, by mutual agreement, before the game starts: otherwise it stands.

16. After the initial throw, or any other throw, either player may, before throwing his dice, propose a double.

17. If a player rejects a proffered double, he forfeits the game to the doubler.

18. There is no limit to the number of times the stakes may be doubled, provided that the doubles are offered alternately by each player.

19. The stakes are automatically doubled when the loser has not borne off one of his men. This is a *gammon*, and is scored in addition to all other doubles. The stakes are automatically tripled when the loser has not borne off one of his men, and also has a man, or men, in the winner's inner table or on the bar. This is a *backgammon*, and is scored in addition to all other doubles.

Perhaps the rule about which backgammon authorities most often disagree is Rule 8 which defines when a man is considered played. Mabardi is strongly in favor of having this and Rule 9 incorporated into one rule which shall read: A man touched *must* be played, if possible. This would be an excellent rule and one which, if observed, would certainly cause Backgammon to be considered

(Continued on page 122)

Bridge alibis

(Continued from page 80)

second lead of Clubs should have been permitted to win. South discarding a heart that he has absolutely no use for. If West can now find a lead that will save the game, he may go to the head of the class. The Declarant must take four Spades, five Diamonds and the Ace of Hearts and obtains a discard of one perfectly good alibi.

Alibis, especially when coupled with bad mannerisms, do not tend to improve a player's popularity. At a leading Card Club on Park Avenue in New York a player who freely (and often) admitted his superiority went to his one remaining friend there for advice and condolence.

"I know I am not well liked at this Club," he admitted, "and just now a member offered me five hundred dollars to resign. Don't you think it a bit of an insult?"

"I certainly do. Don't take it! Don't take it! I can get you a thousand."

THE 25-FOOTER—165 H. P. LYCOMING STRAIGHT 8 ENGINE—38 M. P. H.—PRICE, F. O. B. WORKS: $3200

DODGE BOATS are true to the tradition of luxury in fine boats · · · Yet Dodge methods of quantity production have brought them within the reach of thousands who never before could own such boats · · · Sleek, flashing hulls of genuine Mahogany over frames of stout white oak · · · fittings of lasting beauty · · · appointments complete to the last detail of comfort and convenience · · · a smooth flow of dependable power · · · unmatched speed · · · The vast new Dodge plant, equipped throughout for the most modern methods of quantity building, has produced all this at prices hitherto impossible · · · Models of 16, 21, 25 and 28-foot length, powered by Lycoming with motors of 40 to 300 horsepower and speeds of 30 to 45 m.p.h., start at the amazingly low price of $945 · · · Complete catalog will be mailed on request.

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AT LAST . . . PEN AND INK GEARED FOR PERFECT PERFORMANCE AT ANY WRITING SPEED

EXCLUSIVE with Carter . . Pearltex, lustrous as fine mother-of-pearl, is the newest, most distinctive of fountain pen finishes.

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Carter alone styles pens in Pearltex. Handsome as mother-of-pearl. In white, black, rose, green, blue.

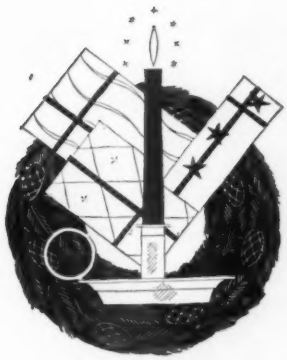
Carter's Inks are sold everywhere—but Carter's Pearltex Pen is new, so if your dealer is not yet supplied, write The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Mass.

Free Ink! Enjoy Ryto's smooth, velvety flow. Send for above sample (writes 40,000 words). Enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover postage. The Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

DESK STAND of rich green Brazilian onyx, fitted with Carter Pen in lustrous black Pearltex.

Carter's

PENS AND INKS



Give Telechron Time this Christmas

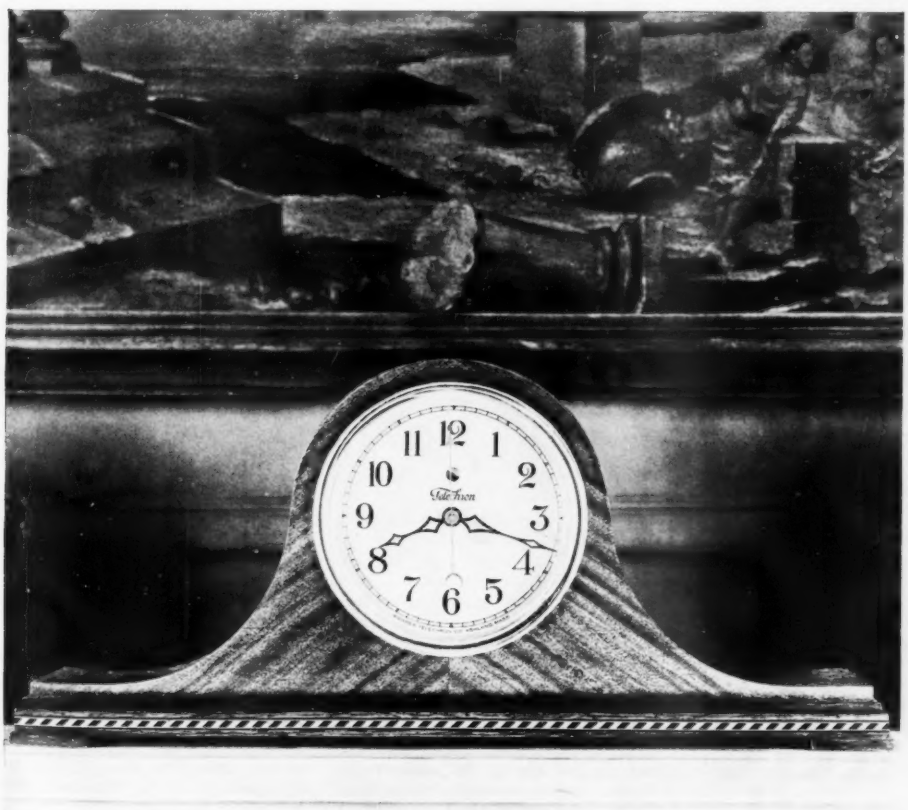
WHAT gift could be as acceptable—or as permanently useful—as a Telechron* Electric Timekeeper? Every minute of every hour, day and night, it's on the job—keeping fresh by faithful service, grateful memories of the giver.

Give Telechron Clocks and you give to the entire family. They compensate for a good many neckties, carpet slippers and boxes of candy. They eliminate many sources of family friction—the alarm clock that fails father because he forgot to wind it—the mantel clock that makes the children late to school—the kitchen clock that brings dinner to the table too soon.

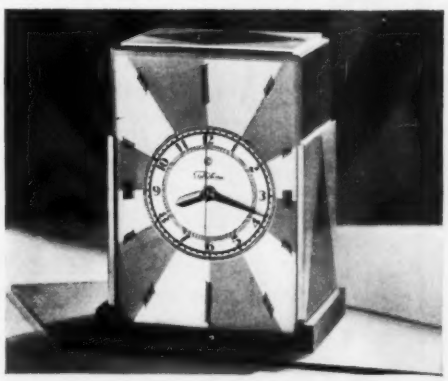
Telechron means convenience, accuracy and efficiency to the most absent-minded household. It never needs winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating. Plugged into the nearest electric outlet, it transforms impulses of alternating current into time that can't be questioned. Its uncanny precision is the result of Telechron Master Clocks, placed in America's power houses by the Warren Telechron Company.

Give Telechron, because it is the true, the original electric time. Because it offers the greatest variety of models (for every room in the house). Because it provides the widest range of prices ($9.75 to $55). All genuine products of the Warren Telechron Co. have the word "Telechron" on the dial. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors—at prices ranging up to $1200. There's an authorized dealer near you, listed in your classified telephone directory. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

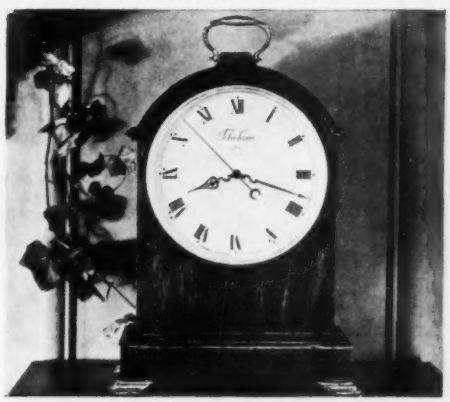
★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in U. S. Patent Office, of Warren Telechron Co.



No. 664—Case of finest satinwood, with inlay. Nineteen and nine-sixteenths inches wide. Price $33

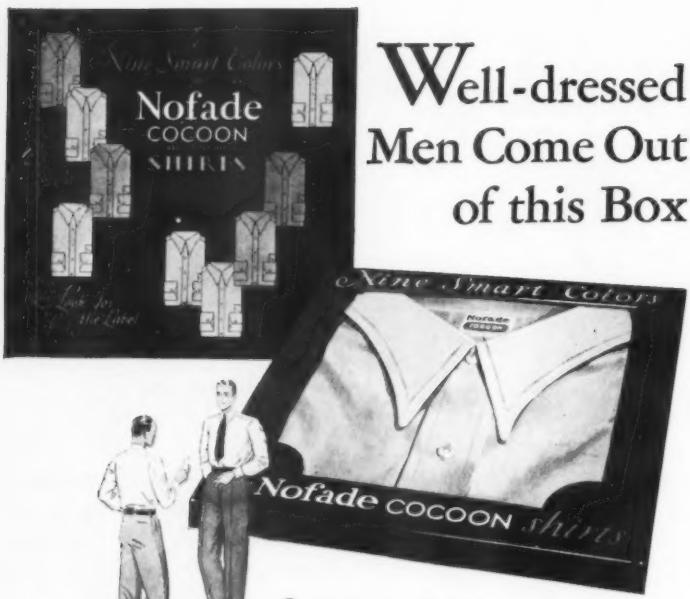


No. 431—Metal case. Brushed silver finish. Price $50
No. 431-B—Metal case. Brushed gold finish. Price $55



No. 605—Mahogany case. Bronze trimmings. Price $40

Telechron



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SHIRTS

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The Admiral—Richard E. Byrd

(Continued from page 45)

This time, he could not manage the electioneering job single-handed, despite his magnificent energy and his devotion to the job. He employed an agent: to all intents and purposes a collection agent, who gathered in the dollars on a percentage basis. I do not know whether this agent or himself invented the crucial detail which made possible the accumulation of that equipment worth seven hundred thousand dollars. But the detail was invented somehow. It concerned advertising. And before the *City of New York* had weighed anchor (to the elevating strains of the Star Spangled Banner) the press of the country was carrying notices from the manufacturers of all gadgets from fountain pens to electric motors: "As used by Commander Byrd. . . ."

He had free samples in the holds of his ships.

It was a pretty fine expedition. Now and again somebody got rather cold—perhaps a little homesick—but surely nobody got hungry. Surely nobody wondered very seriously whether he was to live or to die. And finally, one bright morning, his pilot lifted the ship from the ice and flew her over the pole. His scientific assistant in the cabin made observations. His radio man sent back that really stirring word for all the world to hear: "We are now flying over the South Pole." However innoculated we may be to empty excitements, we simply cannot take a message like that in our stride.

It was a good flight, then, even if it did cost nearly a million dollars—for it must be remembered that the dash to the pole was really the critical element in the expedition. The encampment at Little America lasted a year, as a background for that sixteen-hour flight under conditions that were neither particularly good nor particularly bad. Perhaps the scientists were toiling through that long interim, but the radio dispatches so carefully edited by the Commander did not bother much with them.

Sixteen hours of flying—and a thousand fellows that haul your mail across the mountains every night could do it just as well. But, perpend. They couldn't make you groan with hope and terror while they fled across that icy wilderness. Byrd can. Furthermore, lest the point elude us, he can make you believe it is all for science—for that vague encyclopedia which somehow, you believe, will make living a simpler and a sweeter thing.

Well, I trust that the scientists are permitted, by their contracts, to write a little of their findings—and I am a little sorrowful that scientific knowledge is not fished from the murk in an airplane going a hundred miles an hour.

The expedition paid graceful devoir to the gentlemen who put up the cash. Bays, rivers, coves and snowy humps were christened to immortalize the names of the biggest contributors. Unless I grow dotty there is even a glacier that pursues its stately course somewhere abaft Little America under the euphonious name "Charles V. Bob Mountain". Mr. Bob contributed handsomely to the expedition, and even though his business affairs are in a rather dubious state at the moment, there is every likelihood that the glacier feels a certain pride in being called after him.

As for the Admiral—let us call him a wise and competent leader of men. Let us call him the best promoter of his time. Let us wave at him as an appealing fellow, struck through with a perverse charm for the reason that he knows his own tricks by their proper names. Let us wink (because we have seen him wink) at his dreadful pomposity and his pretentious gravity. Even in his cool and gentlemanly aplomb, he is not infrequently bewildered, and we like that for it resembles our own unhappy shortcomings. Let us call him, in fine, a pole sitter in the grand manner—and let us confess that so long as pole sitting is a fashion in our confusing world none can do it with such grace, such intimations of importance, as he.

The midget golf revolution

(Continued from page 70)

ventors for cotton seed hulls, the attorneys exhibited no foolish limitation of viewpoint. The patents they obtained from a considerate government covered not only cotton seed hulls, but any other "comminuted flocculent vegetable material," which in every-day American means just about anything from oatmeal to spinach mash.

And what happened? All during the summer of 1930 the vested interests were busy selling their patented courses. All during the summer the vestless proletariat were just as busy building their own. Up to the end of July the corporations had managed to sell about 3,000 courses, an amazing $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 business, which had been non-existent the year before. But while they were selling the 3,000, at least as many outlaw courses were built by individuals throughout the country, in complete disregard of corporate right and economic order.

Miniature golf, of course, may prove to be only a passing dementia. Another year and Hollywood may find herself again the undisputed capital of Western civilization, the arbiter of morality, culture, fashion and amatory technique for the whole world. But it is plain that the movie magnates, who would be the first to believe that, are not entirely optimistic. They are confronted by two gloomy facts: First, this golf rebellion, this flocking of the multitudes from the movie cathedrals to the sawdust meadows, comes just at a time when the deplorable quality of talking photoplays being gold-bricked on the public has become an editorial issue in the newspapers. The second gloomy fact is that the golf mania shows no signs of abating, as might be expected, with the coming of cold days.

WHY STETSON HATS MAKE GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A MAN appreciates receiving a Stetson at Christmas for the same reasons that lead him to buy Stetsons himself at any other time. He knows that Stetson styles are original, authentic, fashionable. He knows that good style in the beginning is of little avail unless his hat will *hold* it—and he has found that a Stetson's unmatched quality keeps it looking right.

So many men reason this way that more Stetsons are sold, from eight dollars up, than any other brand of hat, no matter how low its original cost! You're always right when you give a Stetson.

If the men on your list own Stetsons now, what of it? Few men have appropriate headwear for every occasion. There are soft, luxurious Stetson caps, for sports and motoring. Silk toppers and opera hats. Correct derbies. Felt hats in beautiful color-mixtures. You never yet heard a man say, "I have too many hats."

STETSON HATS

JOHN B. STETSON CO., PHILADELPHIA

Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, panamas, leghorns, silk top hats, opera hats, caps. Also women's hats for town, travel and sports wear.

SOLD AT THE BETTER STORES

Smart — In Any Company

The waistcoat can make or mar the evening ensemble. Every other detail may be correct, but if the waistcoat happens to be out of perspective, well—it's just too bad.

Dress and dinner waistcoats, fashioned from distinctive Catoir Fabrics, are a perfect solution of the problem.

In waistcoats of Catoir Vestings, the novel design and exquisite texture of the fabrics enhance the aristocracy of the tailoring.

So—when you next add a waistcoat to your evening wardrobe, tell your outfitter that you want a Catoir Vesting. Then you will *know* that this important element of your evening apparel is absolutely correct.

"Look for the label of Catoir Vesting on the strap of your waistcoat."

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THE SHOPS OF VANITY FAIR

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The
WIMBLEDON
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This superb semi-brogue oxford features the Fortmason non-skid combination heel. Equally smart in tan willow calf or black calf.

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(between 63rd and 64th Streets)
The New York Shop of Fortnum & Mason
Piccadilly, London

Balancing the books

(Continued from page 110)

Mysterious Waye by Percival Wren (Stokes); *The Little Dog Laughed* by Leonard Merrick (Dutton); *Shepherds in Sackcloth* by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harpers); *Blowing Clear* by Joseph C. Lincoln (Appleton); *Queen Anne's Lace*, by Francis Parkinson Keyes (Liveright); *24 Hours* by Louis Bromfield (Stokes); *Years of Grace* by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin).

To give to her coloured upstairs-maid, who doesn't know how to read:

Parties by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf).

To give to a very good friend with a churchwarden pipe and a red leather armchair, two Llewellyn setters at his elbow, crossed guns over the fireplace, and a smoke-stained library decorated with trophies of his latest expedition to Sumatra:

The Gun Club Cook Book by Charles Browne (Scribners); *Desert Islands* by Walter de la Mare (Farrar-Rinehart); *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* by F. Yeats-Brown (Viking); *The Wreck of the Dumaru* by Lowell Thomas (Doubleday, Doran); *The Last Rustler* by Lee Sage (Little, Brown); *Lone Cowboy* by Will James (Scribners); *John Held Jr.'s Dog Stories* (Vanguard); *Beasts Called Wild* by André DeMaison (Farrar-Rinehart); *A Yankee Adventurer* by Holger Cahill (Macauley); *Animal Children* by Paul Eipper (Viking); *Ancient Life in the Southwest* by Edgar B. Hewitt (Bobbs-Merrill); *The Sea and the Jungle* by H. M. Tomlinson (Harper); *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives* by Russel Crouse (Doubleday, Doran); *Famous Sporting Prints Series*, particularly *Boxing* and *Hunting* published by William Edwin Rudge.

To give to the garbage man (thus saving a five-dollar tip as well as the necessity of reading the book):

Parties by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf); *Seed* by Charles G. Norris (Doubleday, Doran); *Years of Grace* by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin); anything by Will Rogers; *Strangers May Kiss* by Ursula Parrott (Cape and Smith); *Meucken and Shaw* by Benjamin De Casseres (Silas Newton); *Salome* by Vierick and Eldridge (Liveright); *24 Hours* by Louis Bromfield (Stokes); *The Men in Her Life* by Warner Fabian (Sears).

In addition, there are a few titles on the above conscientious list which, for one reason or another, demand special comment.

THE SHOPS OF VANITY FAIR

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Presenting
CAMELOT
A Game by George S. Parker

Far livelier, brighter and more interesting than checkers—immeasurably simpler and easier than chess!
Milton C. Work pronounces **CAMELOT** "a brilliant game of extraordinary fascination."
Elizabeth Clark Boyden hails it as "America's contribution to the world's greatest games."
E. V. Shepard calls it "a masterpiece!—a new delight."
Easily learned, **CAMELOT** is the latest game sensation! *Lancelot edition, heavy board, 2.50. Tristram edition, heavy board, 5.00. Fine edition, in rich binding, 10.00.* Second Floor.

5 O'CLOCK

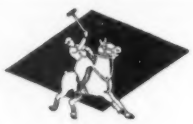
THE CROWDED HOUR FINDS THE YOUNG BLOOD AT THE CASINO, CENTRAL PARK, ENJOYING THE MAGIC DANCE MUSIC OF

LEO REISMAN

▼

SPECIAL TEA MENU
(including Couvert)
ONE DOLLAR SEVENTY-FIVE

CASINO
Central Park



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Specializing in
LADIES' MAN-TAILORED
RIDING AND HUNTING ATTIRE
FOR CROSS SADDLE USE

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N. W. Corner 47th Street
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BRITISH SHOES

● It is not difficult to distinguish our British-made shoes from domestic ones. That sturdy, jaunty English look cannot be successfully copied. The leather is notably of the finest quality. The styles are typically British.

● The shoe illustrated is of Viking calf with a perforated wing tip, and may be had in black or a currently correct shade of tan. $16

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Gentlemen's Outfitters—Importers

Bobby Jones could play winning golf from tee to cup with a mashie—yet few other men could survive such a handicap and few men indeed can survive the handicap of ready-to-wear clothes. We make CUSTOM TAILORED CLOTHES *exclusively—*TOWN *and* COUNTRY *clothes that give a man distinction! Faultless* EVENING CLOTHES *a specialty.*

VAN SICKLE
GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR

570 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, Between 46th and 47th Sts.

By Appointment to H. M. King George V

By Appointment to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales

Evening Tails

THE work of Weatherill is recognized both in England and America as the epitome of correctness . . . in choice of fabrics, in precision of fit, and in design.

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Civil and Sporting Tailors
557 FIFTH AVENUE . NEW YORK

Only Branch in U.S. of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd. of London . . . Royal Warrant Holders.

Balancing the books

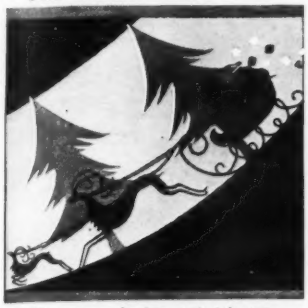
First and foremost, let me urge you, do not fail to secure Russel Crouse's *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives*—a triumphant job if ever I saw one, the book that you (not to mention the shades of Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives) have been waiting for, all these years. It is an interpretation of the spirit of the Currier and Ives prints and the age they represent, illustrated with excellent reproductions; and written in crisp, happy prose that, with some magic sympathy, comes as close to the pompous, pathetic, grand old lithographs as prose and line can ever blend. I think this is my own favorite book of the whole year.

Another imperative. Do not, I urge quite as emphatically, miss *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, an autobiographical interpretation of India by Major F. Yeats-Brown. Here is sensational stuff: a beautiful book, the real thing. I had not read more than a couple of pages before I was captured by it. This man Yeats-Brown has a prose that races with the clean gallop of one of his own polo ponies; a lean, eager, well-muscled style which carries you confidently, with all the winds of adventure in your teeth. The humour that is exclusively British is blended here with the delicacy and poetry of India; the dance of Masheen of the Mirrored Thumbs, for example, is exquisite, and the chapter on Polo, one of the most thrilling I have ever read. Here is no Halliburton taking a glorious scrub-bath in the pool of the Taj Mahal; any more than it is a gossipy *Mother India* lifting the covers of garbage-cans to peer at the contents beneath. The author shows more sympathy for India—incidentally he makes India more sympathetic for me—than any other writer on the subject whom I happen to have read.

Clarence Knapp's famous *Sob Ballads* have been gathered by Putnam's into a book called *I'm Sorry If I Have Offended;* so that settles your Christmas problem in a nutshell.

(Continued on page 122)

MAYFAIR PLAYTHINGS
for Christmas Gifts



The latest games for home entertainment . . . the most amusing playthings . . . the finest novelties . . . gathered from the mastercraft shops of Europe and America.

Things that make you a beloved Santa Claus with the grownups as well as the children. Come . . . **See the Display.**

Our Christmas Catalog is the distant Santa's Gift Guide — and it's yours for the asking.

What You Get at Mayfair is Always the Best of its Kind

Mayfair Playthings Store
9 East 57th Street New York City

Gay Christmas Wrappings

Ten sheets of decorative paper in a tube, jade green, Chinese red and gold, and blue and silver, $1.10 . . . 12 assorted enclosure cards with star lined envelopes, 60¢ . . . two rolls of Japanese paper tying tape, 60¢ . . . 12 tags and 12 seals of Christmasy design, 50¢ . . . or complete group for $2.50 postpaid . . . your favorite shop or direct.

Amy Brevoortstedt
31 East Tenth St., New York

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■ Here's a happy Christmas gift. An oak bottle from France—one qt. capacity—bound in brass—$5.00 postpaid. Write for yours now.

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VIOLA ROOT CAMERON
Genealogist
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For table decoration

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The art of dying

(Continued from page 59)

livious of the world around him.

We have to skip two centuries to find once more the elegance of the ancients. The French language contains a popular phrase, "death with few words". It reflects especially the national virtue of France, good taste (a virtue which Rousseau and his romantic successors came very near losing).

Montaigne, quoted before, said that no life should be judged until it is ended. Doubtlessly he thought, like the ancients, that *in morte veritas*, or, as in the proverb, that "the last words are the best". At the supreme moment it often occurs that man betrays all that is at the bottom of his soul, revealing himself in voluntary or involuntary avowals that give the lie to his whole past life. Everybody knows that Voltaire was a firm and militant atheist, and yet he asked for the holy rites and took the last sacrament like a good Catholic; after that he searched for an excuse in the endeavor to square himself with posterity: "When one dies at Surate," he said, "one has to hold a cow's tail in one's hand." The famous blasphemy throughout Europe.

The Spanish writer, Lope de Vega, asked his physician with great insistence if he was quite certain that he was going to die, if there was not the slightest chance of his recovery. He had a revelation to make, he said, of such a nature that, after he had made it, life would become impossible for him. Upon the physician's affirmation that he had only a few more seconds to live, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Well—Dante makes me sick!"

How true and touching was the lament of the English poet Wolcot: "My youth!" And how refreshing the naturalness with which Mme. du Barry, at the sight of the guillotine knife, fought, yelled and screamed for help; her cries twisting the

(Continued on page 124)

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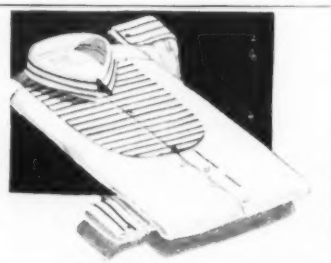

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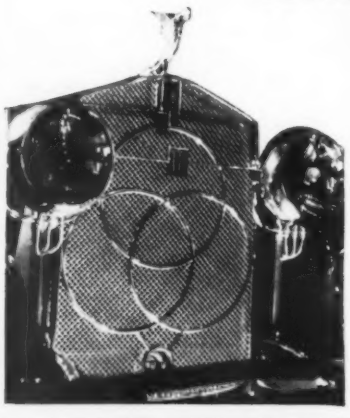

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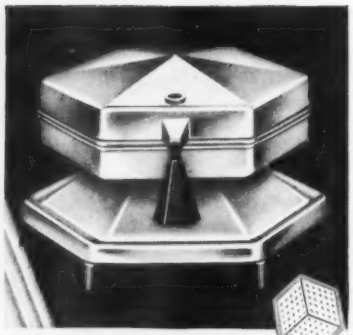

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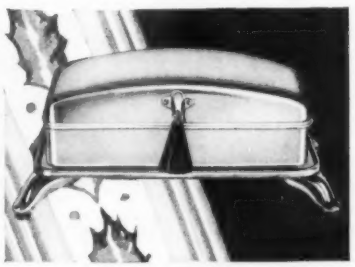

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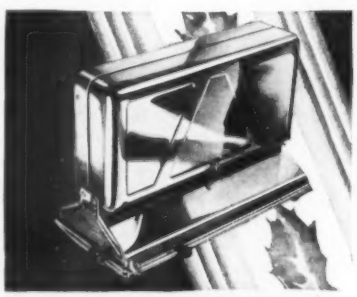

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The panic in politics

(Continued from page 57)

ship from pink-whiskered, dripping-wet Jim-Ham Lewis. In Massachusetts, only the candidacy of "Bossy" Gillis of Newburyport diverted sufficient wet votes to give the Senatorial nomination to dry ex-Senator Butler, who then faced Marcus Aurelius Coolidge, a wringing-wet Democrat who expected to give the Bay State two Democratic Senators for the first time since the Civil War. In New York, the Republican Party flopped squarely against the Administration on the Prohibition issue and nominated the wet Tuttle for Governor against Franklin Roosevelt. In New Jersey the Morrow victory over Franklin Fort had shaken Administration nerves and in California, the Hoover crowd took a terrific beating from Hiram Johnson in the Republican gubernatorial primaries. Johnson switched his support from Governor Young to Mayor Rolf of San Francisco—a dripping wet—and snowed under the dry pro-Administration also-ran from Los Angeles. The stakes now held by Johnson, devourer of Presidents, include probable control of the California delegation at the next Republican National Convention; already there have been whispers of a possible 1932 Morrow-and-Rolf ticket.

All these developments were mere grist to the political mill, for politics—believe it or not—is a clumsy but adequate system of registering the popular mood. The public mood of November 4, 1930, was a mixture of resentment, surprise and pain. Part of this resentment had been adroitly diverted to the question of Prohibition, although the Democratic National Committee made a bold and equally irrelevant play on the "Billion Dollar Tariff", tax refunds, and corruption. Unquestionably, Prohibition was the most magnificently false issue that could possibly be devised for 1930. Prohibition was a national issue, but one which could not be dealt with before 1932, at earliest. There will be no Constitutional roses blooming in the Volsteadian desert before the next national election. All that can be done about it before then is to clear the decks for action. In the face of the ecclesiastical Inquisition which mounts guard on the Methodist Amendment, this is a useful and necessary precaution, but it was hardly a candid meeting of the vital issue of the hour. It simply meant that politicians were trying to ride back to office on the wave of resentment, by labelling it as "wet", rather than to cure the actual causes of that resentment, which were Four Horsemen of the Economic Apocalypse: hunger, cold, unemployment, and fear of the future.

The Administration also, quite naturally, attempted to survive the storm. To do so it indulged in a series of not too brilliant manoeuvers. The belated decision of Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission to go to the bottom of the Prohibition question was another commission to the public thirst for less nobility and more experimenting with booze.

So far as the economic depression was concerned, the Administration spokesmen repeatedly announced that better times were coming and, more recently, that it was all Soviet Russia's fault.

It only remains, therefore, to state the irreducible situation. We are still going through a serious and disillusionizing economic depression, which is a severe indictment of our collective intelligence, as expressed in our political institutions. Our politicians are not to blame for these institutions and have strained them to the limit, to prescribe socialistic remedies for economic disorders. Other countries are suffering similarly and more intensely than are we. Violent political upheavals and upsets have occurred in a number of other governments, and are universally attributed to the economic depression.

In America, as elsewhere, the panic in politics was confined chiefly to politicians who hesitated to enlist themselves for service in the army which will decide the issue of the economic struggle, the army of the unemployed.

Have one on me, Mrs. Doran

(Continued from page 55)

Already the pages of my copy are dog-eared and thumbed from constant use. In fact, I can say honestly that I would not be without a copy.

This simple device of mine, which has transformed "Prohibition Punches" from a useless volume into one of the most indispensable adjuncts of my cocktail library, consists merely in adding to each recipe enough whiskey or gin to make it a civilized drink. The required amount may be left to the discretion of the reader. In general, a workable rule to follow (as in Smedley Butler's contribution) is to substitute the word "gin" for the word "tea". On other pages, the reader will doubtless recognize certain old and tried recipes from the "Bartender's Guide", which have been emasculated and presented here by Mrs. Doran as her own; and in these cases he has but to restore the deleted ingredients in their original form, and thus achieve as nice a Gin Fizz or Rum Swizzle as ever warmed the throat of a Prohibitionist. In still other recipes, notably the "White Fruit Cup" invented by Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the W.C.T.U., the reader has only to follow Mrs. Boole's directions to the letter, and then allow the mixture to stand in a warm place for about ten days.

In fact, so handy is Mrs. Doran's book, once this simple key has been applied, that it would be a pity if it failed to attain a wide national circulation.

In conclusion, may I wish Mrs. Doran all success in casting her beam of light across the Dial of Life. As Dr. Wiley has stated, Prohibition is a part of our Constitution, and it is time we turned our attention to finding something to fill our national goblet legitimately. And Mrs. Doran has certainly pointed the way.

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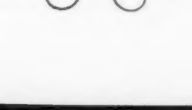

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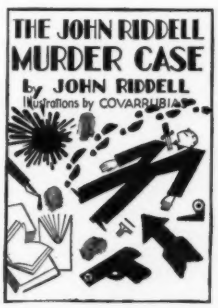

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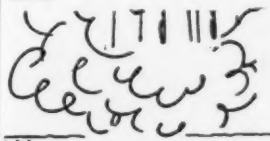

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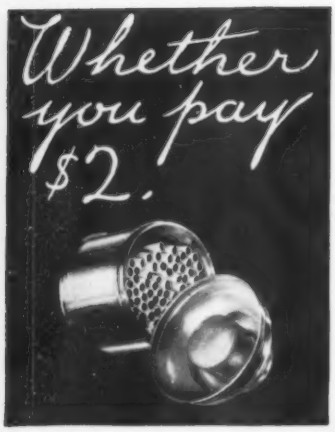

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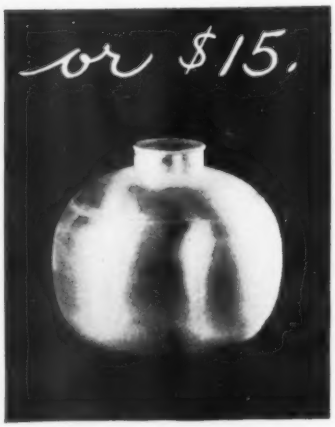

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The laws of Backgammon

(Continued from page 112)

a more serious game than it is at the moment, but the enormous and obvious difficulty in enforcing it would only make it, like the Eighteenth Amendment, a noble experiment in self-control, but one which by being constantly broken, would bring all the other laws of Backgammon into disrepute. The Official Rules 8 and 9 as they now stand are temperate and enforceable among the vast majority of players.

Rule 12 is observed by many excellent players, but it is still under discussion, and has not the approval of many other good players. It is included on the advice of Georges Mabardi, who considers it of prime importance. The final decision on this rule will be announced later.

Rule 10 comes in for a certain amount of criticism, some backgammoners of a more severe school of play insisting that when a player, by error, has borne off a man or several men while he still has a man on the bar, or in the outer tables, his opponent may force him to reenter in his opponent's inner table, not only the man on the bar, but *all the men he has already borne off*, before he can continue to play. This penalty is not only severe, but can be very unfair, since it is conceivable that an opponent, observing that a player is bearing off with a man on the bar, may call it to his attention only after it is too late for him to win, and by forcing the player to reenter a number of men, assure the opponent of a gammon or a backgammon.

Rule 20, which defines a backgammon, is the second rule which great numbers of backgammoners are wont to ignore completely,—a great mistake and a decided handicap to the player who is combating a backward game. For not to observe the backgammon permits his opponent to leave a man, or two men, as a constant threat in the player's inner table until the player's last man is borne off. This gives an undue advantage to the lucky opponent who may, by a fortunate throw, pick up the player's last man or one of his last men, which even the most skillful or conservative player is sometimes forced to expose. Few opponents would remain so long in the player's board if they knew that to be left with a man there would cost them a triple game.

CHOUETTE

1. To start a Chouette, each of the three or more players throws one die, and the player who throws the highest number is said to be "in the Box" and plays *against* all the other players combined.

2. The player throwing the next highest die becomes the Active Player, and plays *for* all the remaining players, who are termed his partners.

3. In the case of a tie on the throws, only the tieing parties throw again, the others retaining their positions as indicated by the first cast of the dice.

4. Each of the partners and the Active Player plays for a single stake, while the man in the Box plays for a total to match, paying or collecting (with all doubles) on this basis.

5. The man in the Box remains there until defeated, and then resigns his position to the Active Player who defeats him.

6. When the Active Player becomes the man in the Box, he plays against his former partner (or, if more than three are playing, the player who threw the third highest number at the start of the match), who then becomes the Active Player, playing with the remaining partners *and* the defeated Box.

7. Promotion to the position of Active Player is made in rotation, the Active Player changing after every defeat at the hands of the Box.

8. The players against the man in the Box may consult as to plays. In case of disagreement the final decision rests with the Active Player and is binding upon his partner or partners.

9. The players against the man in the Box may consult as to the acceptance of doubles and redoubles but any partner may reject a proffered double by forfeiting his stake up to the time of the proposed double, in which case the Active Player must assume that partner's responsibility and take over his position whether for profit or loss.

10. If an Active Player elects to refuse a proffered double of the man in the Box, he forfeits his stake up to the time of the proposed double, and resigns his position as Active Player to the next partner in line who elects to accept the double.

11. In Chouette the laws are the same as for the two-handed game, and all doubles are scored.

In Chouette, five players are the limit for comfort, and three is the most successful number of players.

Balancing the books

(Continued from page 117)

I see I'm going to have to keep these reviews shorter. So many swell books; so many temptations to expand upon them. Milt Gross' hilarious *He Done Her Wrong*, for example, a burlesque novel in wood-cuts that is one long sustained laugh. Or *The Wreck of the Dumaru*, a true tale of cannibalism in an open boat, recorded by Lowell Thomas, a cadaver in prose which I found as exciting in its way as *Robinson Crusoe*. Or *Madman's Drum*, Lynd Ward's superb new novel in wood-cuts, a thing even superior to his recent sensational *God's Man*. Or *Daniel Webster*, a complete and definitely important biography by Claude M. Feuss, readable and valuable to student and casual reader alike. Or (am I going too fast?) the grand good time Knut Hamsun (of all people) really has in *Vagabonds*, his delightful new novel. Or the grand good time the readers have with Margaret Kennedy's *The Fool of the Family;* and if you loved *The Constant Nymph* as utterly as I did, that should be all I need to say. I do not even need to say that much about Ernest Hemingway's reprinted collection of short stories *In Our Time*. You buy *that* book, or I'm off you from now on.

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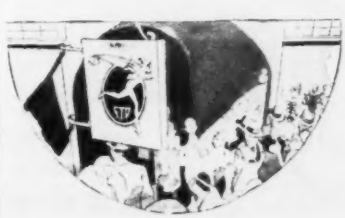

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A triangle in Andalusia

(Continued from page 100)

were rather celebrated for their expeditions together; as they drove through the country the young caballero reclined with his head in the lady's lap.

Then, one day in June, I think, Don Lino Amalio went into Philadelphia, wearing a pair of false whiskers. He asked at a shop for some arsenical soap —he was engaged in stuffing birds. They had no such soap, and he replied that it did not matter, let him have the arsenic and he would make the soap. This is a novel variant from the old reasons for wishing arsenic; the usual excuse is to kill rats or to beautify the complexion. He got the poison, and returned to Andalusia. Now Mrs. Chapman, or Don Lino, or both of them together (all the lawyers of Pennsylvania never got it satisfactorily cleared up) brewed some chicken soup.

The remainder of this soup was later thrown outdoors, and a strange and painful event took place. There was a neighbor who kept ducks, and these, as soon as they saw the soup bones thrown out, made a dash; they came staggering home, and all were soon *in articulo mortis*. Not one recovered.

In the Chapman's home an even more tragic disaster was under way. The master of the house lingered for a few days after eating the chicken soup, and then died, in great distress. To the amazement of her friends and neighbors, Mrs. Chapman and Don Lino departed for New York, where, exactly twelve days after the death of Dr. Chapman, they were married by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk.

Don Lino departed to collect his 40,000$ in Baltimore, and Donna Lucretia Espos y Mina, as she now called herself, went to visit her sister in Syracuse. The newly married lovers exchanged some bizarre letters.

Yet he—who seems to have taken with him a good part of her household furniture—could not repay her in any more satisfactory manner, for his friend in Baltimore had mysteriously vanished, together with the 40,000$. So he went on to Washington, to lay his complaints before the highest authority. In a few days he wrote to Donna Lucretia that three times last evening he walked to see the President of the United States, and with him walked "a Duke of England".

"My misfortunes have no end," wrote Don Lino. "The martyrdom of Toledo was nothing when compared with mine." And, "Consider, my angel, that I am more than crazy."

His wife thought there was something in this last remark, when she got back to Andalusia, to the former Chapman Institute, for a tavern bill of Don Lino's had been forwarded from Baltimore, where, it seemed, he had run up an account for himself, two ladies, and the use of a private parlour.

Don Lino Amalio fled to Brewster, Massachusetts—of all places—but he was at last arrested and fetched back. In September, officers exhumed the body of Dr. Chapman, and as a result, the two lovers went on their trials for murder early the next year.

The defense of Lucretia rested on the question whether arsenic had caused the death of her husband. At Lino's trial, he gallantly asserted that the lady had alone committed the murder, and had, by her importunities, practically bullied him into marriage.

Nevertheless, they took Don Lino to Doylestown, and there in a wide open space, they hanged him high on a gallows. And ten thousand people came to see the good work done.

The art of dying

(Continued from page 118)

nerves of the mob so that it almost interceded in her behalf. The Terror might have been less bloody if the victims had shown less resignation; if they had, like Louis XV's favorite, pleaded for a respite; "How pressing you are, O cruel goddess!"

But death is not always cruel; sometimes it is even welcome. "This lovely thing, peace!" whispered young Alfred de Musset, as he died after a life of love, suffering, and excesses.

Talleyrand, defrocked priest, grand lord of regicide, who was a minister under Napoleon and betrayed him for Louis XVIII, moaned on his death-bed in the presence of his sovereign: "I am suffering the torments of Hell!"—"Already?" murmured Louis XVIII.

It is claimed that drowning persons see their entire lives pass before their eyes. I wish that this was a privilege accorded to all forms of death, and that the last moment of consciousness, might contain a condensed view of our whole existence, and be expressed in a few words which would sum up everything. Napoleon was a fine example of this. His last words, uttered with eyes closed were: "My son . . . the army . . . Desais . . ." (Desais was the friend of his youth, killed at Marengo.)

And Goethe, who at the death of his son had spoken so resolutely: "Forward march! Yonder the tombstones!" sighed: "More light!" Alas for these beautiful words, so often quoted! They are not always authentic. If one can believe an eye-witness, Fraülein Seidler, Goethe is said to have addressed his sister-in-law very simply with the words: "Give me your dear little hand!"—And that recalls the story of the American general, reputed to have died with a holy name on his lips. What he really said was: "Jesus, I'm shot!"

Let us distrust historical phrases: they have been bestowed too generously, particularly on those dead least capable of uttering them. Old Patru said that during one's last moments one only talks from weakness or from vanity. Is it so painful then to keep still, when eternal silence is awaiting us? For my part, my preference is for taciturn deaths, those in which the lips do not deliver up their secret, those in which the eyes are turned away to gaze upon the Invisible. Their majesty surpasses all majesty of the human order; it is, to us, incommensurate.

During the holiday festivities the need of pure drinking water is acute.

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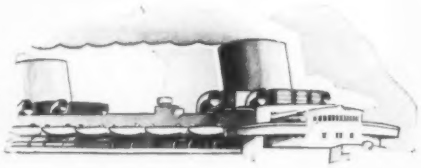

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INVESTMENT SECURITIES

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

(Continued from page 39)

unstintingly by the Bar; that one year after he was impeached by the House of Representatives that same body withdrew the charges by a vote of seventy to twenty; that in the opinion of Henry Taft he is one of the seven smartest political leaders in America; that he was elected to the United States Senate in September after he had carried on a fight against every one of the fourteen daily newspapers in Louisiana and in winning recorded the largest majority ever received by a candidate; that it nearly broke his heart to see his photograph on the same page with such people as Tom Heflin, Queen Marie and Cecil De Mille; that the late William Howard Taft told Congressman Aswell that he was the most brilliant lawyer that ever practiced before the United States Supreme Court; that he paved more than eight hundred miles of concrete highways in two years, while Governor, when all the other governors before him had only paved sixty-seven, and that he is now beginning work on paving three thousand miles of paved highways in the state; that he is the youngest governor ever to hold office in Louisiana, achieving that honor when only thirty-four; that he passed his Bar examination after studying at Tulane University for only nine months; and on and on *ad infinitum*.

I can tell more if you're interested and give you a decent likeness of Huey.

JOHN KLORER
Editor, *Louisiana Progress*
New Orleans, Louisiana

Vanity Fair suggests as a theme song for the state of Louisiana—There's a Long, Long trail awinding.

Monopolies of manners

Sir: I wish to protest against Mr. Nicolson's article in the October issue on American manners. I am an American. My residence is in England. I have lived there thirty years. I have spent months in India and the British colonies, so I can speak with authority. The English have not a monopoly of good manners, though some of them presume to think so. Class for class, it is about an equal thing between the two countries probably. But I am very inclined to think the English excel at rudeness and my statement is proven by just such insulting gratuities as Mr. Nicolson's article. Most Englishmen think of America as a colony gone wrong and many seem to resent its importance.

If our Government has made an unfortunate appointment in our Diplomatic Service, it has distinguished company in its faults. Such instances would fill a book.

I am sorry you printed Mr. Nicolson's article. I like *Vanity Fair* and I always read it, but I resent such sweeping insults to my countrymen and I fail to see why it should be condoned. . . .

N. J. JOHNSON
New York, New York

Mr. Nicolson is a sincere admirer of many American manners and customs. The Editors are sure his article was not intended as a *sweeping insult* to Americans in America but as a pointed one against *some few* Americans in England. *Vanity Fair* regrets that Mr. Nicolson, able diplomat that he is, should have so far belied the attributes of his profession as to offend even the most insignificant citizen of a friendly power.

Hail, Fair Regent

Dear Sir: Permit me to point out to you that I consider the department in *Vanity Fair* headed "We Nominate for Oblivion" an entirely unnecessary, ignoble and cowardly bit of literature. Why do you persecute Queen Marie? I know that lady well, and therefore take strong exception to your insulting paragraph concerning her, especially when you know that she is in no position to defend herself. I doubt very much whether by such methods you will add friends or subscriptions. Your poisonous paragraph about this charming and gifted person has caused me great pain and annoyance. . . .

ADELE NEVILLE

Ave—atque—vale.

The heresy of King's Mountain

(Continued from page 108)

those who own less. I do not dwell upon the imprudence of such a philosophy in a world torn by class and sectional and even continental jealousies. I would suggest simply that Mr. Hoover ask himself whether the instinct of American national leaders was not sound when they refrained from identifying the national destiny with national prosperity.

For has it never occurred to him that no one, not even the Republican Party, can guarantee that America will always be more prosperous than other lands, that America might lose the economic preeminence which it so recently acquired, for fortunate as she is, she is not immune from circumstances and the unending changes in human affairs? What, then, of patriotism, institutions, ideals, if the coming generation of Americans were to accept and believe the theory that the most prosperous state is the best one? It would be better to found American loyalty now, as in the past, upon the immeasurable and mystical affections that men have for the land to which they belong, and to let go altogether, to reject and extirpate the heresy that the possession of seven times as many automobiles as some other nation has anything whatsoever to do with American institutions and ideals. For there may come a time when some other people may have more worldly goods per capita than we have. It is conceivable.

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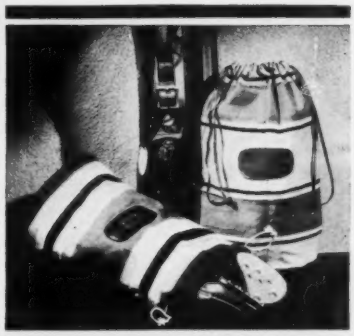

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The bedroom telephone is a convenience particularly appreciated by women. It saves many steps and much time throughout the day—and adds a reassuring touch of protection at night.

THE attractive atmosphere of lovely homes frequently lies in little things: gay colorings to make a cheery room . . . soft lamps by deep, inviting chairs . . . *telephones* at convenient points for saving time and effort. Everywhere, in smaller homes as well as large, women are welcoming this new aid to living comfort.

Telephones contribute to the livability of nearly every room. They help regulate your household. They save wearisome journeys, and the annoyance of things left undone. They bring friends instantly . . . whether they live in other neighborhoods, other cities or other countries . . . to every corner of your home. They allow you to talk from room to room over the same telephones used for outside calls. No special operator is needed.

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